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THE

MONTHLY

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1848

VOLUME XXXVI.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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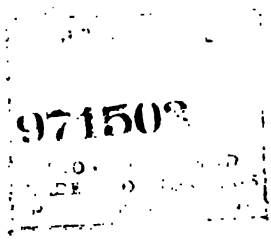

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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REPLY TO REV. DAVID A. WASSON.

REV. SIR, — I have your letter addressed to me in the June number of "The Radical." In this you complain that I have used "unbecoming words," and you vouchsafe a more extended criticism upon my Cambridge address. I said your criticism started with a falsification of my meaning. I knew it to be so; and that the falsification was not partial, but total, through and through. I did not say nor believe that the falsification was intentional. I said it was "audacious," for I thought it reckless; made without any care to get the meaning of what you were criticising, but with the intent of producing something very taking and spicy to be read. I am sorry if I did you injustice; but, as your article abounds in very flippant personalities, I submit that you are not just the man, Mr. Wasson, at least in this connection, to deliver moral lectures on courtesy.

I did not believe you had so far investigated the subject as to make your criticism of any value in evolving truth. I did not believe even that you had read my address thoroughly through; or that you had read Kant so as to know what you were accepting, when you adopted his doctrine of the speculative reason. I will tell you why. Kant does not say, that, while the "Verstand" is not competent to argue

from phenomena to the realities beyond them, the "Vernunft" on the contrary is. He denies that man has any sort of reason which can do this, or any kind of faculty which can get beyond natural appearances to things as they are. This was Kant's doctrine as I stated it; and stated it to refute it, and reject it as atheistical. *You* accepted it: "We shall not say nay to all this." Just before, in your "Radical Creed," you accepted exactly the contrary. The cosmological argument, which Kant had repudiated, you there adopt with the greatest delight. "I believe in my soul," you say, "that this visible universe exists only as it expresses God." And now in your letter you get back to the same thing. The speculative reason which Kant had imprisoned in phenomena, with your full approbation, can "scale the skies," can "look on the blessed face of Truth herself;" and your happiness carries you away in the prospect.

Is it not just possible, my good sir, that you may be a little "confused" yourself? At any rate, you must not blame me if I thought so; and that, believing you were on a subject which you had not investigated, I amused myself with your lofty, judicial tone; and when, at the close of your article, you seemed to mount the tripod of criticism, charge me with "word-mongering," and remand me oracularly to the shades, with the sentence, "Let him be silent," I thought it the comico-sublime of audacity, and that not a Daniel but a Dogberry had come to judgment.

Let this be put in as a plea at least, in palliation for the emphatic language I used; and then let all personal matters, which I am sure you introduced yourself, pass by and be forgotten as hindrances in the way of truth. In your letter, your tone is changed somewhat, else I should not be writing this reply to it; and I concede to you just as good motives as I claim for myself, and a spirit just as truth-loving, — the only conditions on which a discussion of great themes could be of any profit to us or our readers. Not that I expect very much to enlighten you as to my meaning. Your misunderstandings multiply as you proceed. They are not superficial, but cubical. They have length, breadth, and

thickness; and, if there be any other dimension, they have that also. This you think is my fault, and not yours. That is very natural. I see, on looking over the address, that it is sometimes elliptical, in my attempt to compress my matter within the hour I was to occupy. For instance, when I cited Kant, and said he made the inferences of Paley's natural religion null and void, and his method worthless, I might have thrown in the phrase, "if you admit Kant's doctrine of nature," which certainly I had not the least idea of doing. Or when I stated the dilemma of Kant's successors, — which reduces them to pantheism or atheism, — I might have added, "Please understand, gentlemen, this is *their* dilemma:" but my hearers knew this from the whole line of argument; and to stop for such explanations I should have thought an affront to their intelligence.

I said that naturalism had nothing to show. This was too unqualified. The nature-religions certainly have had something to show. What I should say is, Naturalism, old or new, has nothing to show worthy to occupy the place of what it would pull down; and that modern naturalism, in its ablest advocates, verges towards nescience and nihilism.

With these preliminaries let us come to the question. I do not accept the issue as you state it; for, though you state one side clearly enough, you caricature the other. It presents itself to my apprehension in this way. Man is the child of God, capable of indefinite growth and progress in goodness, in wisdom, and in holiness. To unfold these capabilities, and to make the soul rise towards himself in nearer degrees of resemblance, is the care of the infinite Father; and to this end he manifests himself in three ways: First, in nature, where in lowest forms he makes the imprint of his wisdom and goodness. Secondly, in the soul, by the universal influx and imbreathings of his spirit. Thirdly, by revelation, by disclosure to the human reason of divine truth, which the reason was not competent to discover; but which it is competent to recognize when revealed, and appropriate for its own strength, enlargement, and illumination. Naturalism as you represent it, — when not in your *quasi*

Kantian moods — affirms the first two, but denies the third. Christian theism, as I understand it, affirms all three. It affirms the immanence of God, both in nature and humanity; and openings down of the Divine reason to the human, which are not the deliverance either of nature or humanity, but which illustrate both. Naturalism affirms truth, as it comes from nature without and from the soul within. Christian theism affirms truth, as it comes from without and from within and FROM ABOVE.

Man in the infancy of the race, as of the individual, is involved in nature and dominated by the senses. It is the plan of the wise and good Providence to evolve him; to release him from the grasp of nature, and place him above it. The nature-religions do this but partially; they are provisional, and infested with all manner of superstitions; for the most part, fetish, polytheistic, or pantheistic. But all religions are educational, have elements in them of the good and the true, and are preparatory for the more broad and full disclosures of revelation.

The question as between us, my dear sir, converges to this: Does all the truth which man needs to know come from nature without, and from the natural force of his own being within? Naturalism says, Yes. Christian theism says, No. Therefore naturalism sees in the Christ only a development of human nature. It makes him the result of the culture of his age, and resolves him into our sinful humanity. His word is the utterance of our native, natural reason; and all the contents of Christianity are man's instincts and intuitions as they came into speech eighteen hundred years ago. Christian theism does not resolve the Christ into "the carpenter's son," but sees in him the Word descended from above; an opening down of the Divine mind upon the human, not to "repress" the latter, but to penetrate it with life and strength, and lift it up into heavenly illuminations. Human reason, thus exalted and strengthened, and its vision made open and clear by Christian faith, sees natural phenomena as the types and shadows of the eternal substance; sees immortality brought to light; sees nature therefore, not on its night side,

but on its day side, and made a living symbol to represent — not as through a glass darkly, but as through a crystal transparently — the great spiritual and divine realities. Human reason, thus exalted and clarified, learns its own native deficiencies; learns a lesson of humility and modesty; learns its own profounder needs, and the wealth and bounty that supply them, — learns them, as "intuition" had never disclosed them from within, but as they have been brought into vivid consciousness by light from above. All this Christian theism affirms; I do not say as everybody apprehends it, but certainly as it finds me, and as I understand liberal Christians generally hold it of all churches and denominations.

Naturalism says, if consistent with its own theories, Christianity is one of the nature-religions, and as such we have done with it, as we have done with all the past superstitions. It is eighteen hundred years old, and is become obsolete. Man's "native abilities" brought it forth in an age not near so enlightened as ours; and now man's native abilities can evolve something better, and eighteen centuries in advance of it. Christian theism says that the Christ and his word are not only above his own age, but all ages that have followed, keeping steadily over us their serene and lofty ideals, held down out of the heavens to bless, to guide, and to draw us upward; that man's native abilities do not supersede them, but, as yet, have not more than half learned and understood them, and need as much as ever their guiding and cleansing power; that science, art, civilization, and philosophy are not substitutes for Christianity, but interpreters that serve to evince more perfectly its inexhaustible riches.

I do not forget that there is a sense in which the light of nature and of the soul's native intuitions is from above; for all comes originally from God. In this we are agreed. But, when we speak of Christ and his gospel, Christian theism affirms a divine word, which has not come through the lower and grosser medium of nature, nor been reasoned out of the sinful medium of our proper humanity; therefore superhuman and supernatural, and so I call it distinctively *from above.*

Such being the issue, let us look for a moment at my poor

effort of an address, which seems to have raised such a dust about your eyes, that you have been hindered from seeing me ever since. What were my scope and purpose? They were, first, to show what naturalism has done in the way of negative criticism, or in clearing Christianity from false mixtures, which corrupt and hinder it: secondly, show what it can do in the way of reconstruction, working alone and without the Christian revelation; and how here it miserably fails. This measures its ability "as a means of religious knowledge." Lastly, of what all this is the preparation and the prophecy; of a Christianity more perfectly apprehended, in which both the spirit-world and the natural "shall come to their full rights, and illustrate each other with a harmonization of both, such as the Church had never seen." This was the argument, unfolded in its successive steps nearly as I have put it now. In showing the incompetence of naturalism to build, I did the best thing I could think of which the hour permitted. I looked to its master-minds, its ablest thinkers and representatives; not of a naturalism mixed up with Christianity, but of a naturalism which moves on its own feet, and which, beginning with Kant, inaugurated the new movement of thought which some call "the spirit of the age."

I showed its logical landing-place to be pantheism or atheism; for it imprisons us in phenomena, and is impotent to find a way out. It says the Cosmos gives us nothing beyond ourselves. Nature stops short of God. It reports nothing from beyond nature, not merely to the "sensuous" or "speculative" reason, but to any faculty of man whatever. If you do not "say nay to all this," I do a thousand times over. Instead of regarding Paley's books as waste paper, I think his argument perfectly good as far as it goes; for it shows incontestably a Divine intelligence working in nature, guiding it to ends, and envisaged in all her phenomena. The old nature-religions only saw darkly what nature represents, but they saw that it represents something beyond itself. Kant, the high-priest of the new naturalism, denies even this. I repudiated his doctrine as atheistical. I said in this very connection, "My speculative reason" (for this is Kant's

term to designate the reason employed with natural phenomena) "went from outward nature to something beyond it, — from the exquisite traces of design to a Designer; and the beauty that broods around me on landscape and hill, I thought must be the transparent shadow of an everlasting beauty, too dazzling for my naked eye." And when I go on to show how this impeachment of the reason makes its conclusions equally worthless when employed with moral phenomena, how it knocks all the foundations of faith from under us; and when afterwards I complain of Kant for having mutilated the reason on one side, broken one of her wings, split her in two, made one-half of her an arrant liar, — you thought, did you, that I was attacking the reason, and in league with Kant to murder it? — you really did, Mr. Wasson?

Please be informed, once for all, that I was not. Moreover, I ascribe to the moral reason, or, as I prefer to say, to man's spiritual nature, in its highest and best estate, a great deal more than Kant has done, or than you seem to have done yourself. Kant makes to it a very pinched and niggardly allowance. It can prove syllogistically, he says, that there is a God and a supersensible world. But this world must be described only by negatives; and the moment the reason declares any thing positive about it, she is "flapping her wings among chimeras." I believe not only that the phenomena of the spiritual consciousness may represent God truly, but with an indescribable power and fulness. My consciousness at one time may give me an inward scene of moral chaos, or of privation and disorder. I may see a creation rise out of this chaos, more goodly and fair than the order of external nature; changes may be going on within, more auspicious than all the ongoings without; experiences more rich than the regalements of sense; a sunshine from the Divine face may be there, more bright than summer glories; a peace more sweet than the tranquillity of the morning; affections purged of self, and enlarged to universal love; calls to duty, more loud and clear than matin bells, and which put all private wishes and passions in the hush of silence; strength to suffer and to do,

that comes by prayer; a power back of my personal volitions, transfusing my whole being, and creating it anew; convictions of truth, growing bright to the perfect day, — all these may be the phenomena of the spiritual consciousness, the work of God within, representing him on a higher plane than his works without, with more fulness of power and tenderness of grace; may beget in me a perfect assurance that it is not my work, nor the work of man nor angel, but of God alone, and give me a sense of refuge under the shadow of his wings. All this may be and has been, — I do not say in my own experience, but in that of multitudes; and it demonstrates most clearly, not only that natural but moral phenomena may represent to the clarified and enlightened reason something above themselves, — even God in his transcendent being and his adorable perfections.

From the tenor of your letter, I perfectly anticipate what you would say now, were you to take the floor: "Ah, yes: that is all in favor of naturalism, and shows what man's native abilities can do. Your whole argument goes to the right-about, and falls to the ground; for, if man's nature has such capabilities, there is no occasion for supernaturalism." Possibly I may show you, that the argument, instead of falling to the ground, goes forward with cumulative strength.

Whose reason, and how developed and enlightened, do you imagine, Mr. Wasson, I am concerned here to vindicate and glorify? Is it human reason as we find it in Patagonia and among the half-idiots of Sidney Cove? Is it the reason of the South-Sea Islanders, whose love of each other is the result, not of a spiritual, but culinary process? Is it the reason of the Chinamen, whose "native abilities" have had a very long time to develop; and which report "the grand eternal relations in which man's being is placed," as holding him to the gloomy gulf of Buddhist annihilation? Is it human reason as we find it in the Hindus, developing, in long ages of culture and civilization, into pantheism on the one hand, and into atheism on the other? Is it the reason of the Greek, who deified lust, and installed its ritual in the groves of Astarte; of the Roman, who deified both lust and brute force,

but whose rituals to any divinity, in the first year of our Lord, passed empty and meaningless through the hands of the pontiffs and augurs? I assure you, my dear sir, I do not mean this; I mean the human reason as penetrated, warmed, quickened, enlarged, and clarified in the light of Divine revelation, — developed, not solely from without and from within, but also FROM ABOVE. We have no debate as to man's native abilities, or the inborn capacities of every human soul which God has created. We differ somewhat as to the amount and range of the schooling that woos them forth. You make it more meagre and partial; I make it more complete and manifold, and one which gives to the creature all the wealth and bounty of the Creator.

If in Christianity, as I hold it, — a boon descending from above, — you can see only "a system of blocks and pulleys," and not a quickening and regenerating power, I will not quarrel with you about it. You must see with your own eyes, not mine. Only have some respect to the position and experience of the goodly multitudes who have found in it more than you do; in whom it opens new springs of life and joy; to whose whole being, affectional, moral, and intellectual, it brings unwonted accessions of strength and fervor.

In vindicating the competence of man's soul to know all that concerns it by its own "proper force," you have a dread of any "sheer impositions from without," of any truth reported "only verbally" and "to the ear." We are agreed, I presume, that reports to one's ears are valuable only as they reach one's being. But, if you were deprived of every thing that reached your being from without and through your ears, I imagine your being would have been exceedingly shrunken, and your "proper force" exceedingly small. Your "*à priori* forms of consciousness," space and time, would have gaped dreadfully for want of furniture. In your "Radical Creed," you speak rather disparagingly of babies that are grown up; but you have no objection to babies proper. But how in your babyhood did you receive nature into your being, to absorb it, except as an imposition from without, appealing to your mouth, eyes, and ears? And how did all

the traditions of science and discovery come to you, except through your eyes and ears? The truth which comes to us solely from within, and out of our insulated individuality, I take to be quite infinitesimal; and, if we had refused to receive from without and through our ears Newton's system of nature, till we could produce, by our "proper force," his Celestial Dynamics, our babyhood might have been prolonged indefinitely; we might never have got out of the wilderness of unrelated phenomena, or ceased from seeing the universe inside out and upside down. But I am very much at a loss to know how truth received from above, though it reaches us through our eyes and ears, is any more of an imposition than truth received from without, especially when it touches the soul and wakes all its responding harmonies; enlightens the reason and vivifies it; and enlarges its horizon, till it reaches beyond the earth and the stars.

The Sandwich Islander, from immemorial time, murdered his children, and lived in dread of the great demon who inhabited the neighboring volcano. For uncounted centuries he had received what nature reported from without, and the proper force of his native abilities within. How did he get on? But there came one day some missionaries, with a revelation claimed as coming from above. It reached the islanders from afar; and I presume it went through their eyes and ears, for I never heard of any other highway by which it could have got into their souls. But it went in, and the demon left the island; the besotted idolatries and immoralities began to disappear, and the consciousness of a new manhood and womanhood has at least its beautiful dawn. Some centuries ago, your ancestors and mine were in a condition about as bad. They lived by theft and murder, and they worshipped the war-god of the North. So their "native abilities" exercised themselves; and such was the religious truth reported from without and from within,—better than no truth, I grant, for the worship of Wodin was better than sheer bestiality. But there came one day a message offered and received as from above, the gospel of Jesus Christ; rudely apprehended at first, but received nevertheless. I presume

it went through their ears. And with what result? Why, you and I are writing these, as I trust, friendly letters to each other, basking in the open splendors of Divine truth, worshipping the Father of mercies, and teaching the brotherhood of man; instead of quaffing libations from human skulls, and, by rapacity and piracy, earning an immortality in the halls of Valhalla.

You see that Revelation, as I apprehend it, is not a factitious addition nor afterthought, but belongs to the original prospective plan of the infinite Providence, in the education of the race. It comes in its own time, not in the interest of a single race, but of the whole world. God manifests himself first on the lower planes of being, and successively on the higher ones; first in the more exterior phenomena, and then in the more interior, guarding tenderly man's freedom, but ever seeking to evolve him from nature, his first rude envelopment, into angelhood at last. But, in every stage of the process, reason is the faculty he must use, and phenomena are the data he must reason from. Doubtless he reasons from them at first very clumsily: but the nature-religions give him truth in such crude forms as he can appropriate, till the higher manifestations are made to him; and they produce in him a religious consciousness, preparatory to the more open revelation. But ever and everywhere, phenomena must authenticate noumena; else they are not authenticated at all, and the only result is atheism. What do we know of the essence of things, but by their existence? what of substance, but by its form? what of reality, but by its manifestation? I do not expect through all eternity to see Kant's "things in themselves," or to know the Divine noumenon, except as he is presented phenomenally to my exterior or interior perceptions. On the naked essence of God neither man nor angel can gaze. Revelation itself is phenomenal; for it is made by symbols and manifestations, and the infinite can only be known in the finite.

But if we say that any order of phenomena, exterior or interior, represents no realities, or misrepresents them, then the universe is a cheat, and all the flooring, both of knowledge

and faith, is knocked out from under us. This is the crime against religion which Kant, helped on alike by Comte and Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, was bent on committing. Doubtless the reason may bungle at the interpretation of phenomena, especially in its childhood; but that is not saying that the phenomena are intrinsically mendacious. They will not manifest to me the whole of God, but they will manifest him as much as I can bear. Nature, or the most exterior phenomena of consciousness, represent him partially and very remotely; the phenomena of the moral consciousness more nearly and on a higher plane of being, or, as Swedenborg would say, in a higher degree of the mind; the phenomena of the spiritual consciousness, — when that is opened by God's highest truth, and that truth kindled by his Spirit, — more nearly still, and with sweeter and more tender suffusions of his grace and love.

It is plain enough, from the signs of the times, that no religion will satisfy the wants of humanity that does not reveal the future life, and show its relation to the present. Nature itself is seen only on the night-side, unless a light pervades it from the spirit-side to explain and transfigure it. Three millions of spiritualists to-day attest the hunger of the heart and mind for some sufficing knowledge of immortality. I said in the address, that naturalism did not give this; and, in the nature of things, could not. I said that from its standpoint I had wants and longings and hopes, and from these only came to a presumption or a tremulous perhaps; and I denied Mr. Parker's assertion, that immortality is given as a fact of consciousness.

You think I was "hasty." in my statement, though you do not seem to take direct issue upon it; and if you had, I think you must see that your position could not be defended for a moment.

What do we mean by immortality? Not merely that we shall survive the dissolution of the flesh, but that we shall live for ever. Our fear of personal extinguishment does not arise solely from outward decay, but from a sense of separation

and alienation from the eternal Source of life. With that sense of separation we feel ourselves at the mercy of outward change, waning into the night and towards the gulf of annihilation. This gives us the fear of death; and it may be just as potent, for aught I see, after we have left the body as before.

What do we mean by consciousness? As Reid defines it, it is that by which we cognize the contents of our own minds; and as Coleridge and others have enlarged the definition, it includes those universal truths which we know intuitively, and not empirically, such as the prime truths of the mathematics. They are universal and necessary truths, and so we say they are the deliverance of the spontaneous consciousness.

Is immortality in either of these senses a fact of consciousness? Are we conscious that we shall be alive a thousand ages hence, when all that we can be conscious of is our present state of mind? Or is immortality a universal and necessary truth which men see intuitively, as they see that one and one make two? You must perceive at once, that the first proposition is logically absurd; and the second, historically false.

What is the light which my reason craves, touching man's present and future condition? It is not merely to show that I personally shall survive the flesh. It is to show *how* I am to survive it, and what relations the other world holds to this, and how the crushing burdens and miseries of this may be alleviated; how its dark and bloody places may be illumined, so as to give beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for heaviness to the toiling children of earth. You admit that science cannot give us this light. You speak of a higher road, and call it "philosophy." You say, "There is, indeed, a higher road, on which the great Swedenborg sought to journey. He would show the *spiritual significance* of phenomena, both in themselves and in their mutual relations. But here science becomes philosophy; that is, *it seeks to explain the visible world, not by itself alone, but by the soul, the invisible world.*"

The soul is to explain the visible world; but what is to explain the soul? The invisible world is to explain the visible, but what is to explain the invisible world? You must be aware that the great Swedenborg — for whom, without being a passive "receiver" of him, I profess a profound regard as a helper — attempts to explain both the visible world and the soul, not by themselves alone, but from a light above them both. His work, for the most part, is to release the Divine contents of revelation from their rugged literalism; and explain thereby man, nature, and the spirit-world, and their essential relations to each other. Whether or not we adopt his exegesis in its details, which I certainly cannot, his doctrine of the resurrection and the immortal life, to my mind, is incontestably a deliverance of the Christian revelation. And how is the invisible world to explain the visible, unless the former be so far disclosed as to show natural phenomena, not only related among themselves, but related to spiritual realities, which they represent and image forth?

Kant seems to me perfectly right when he says, that the reason from any subjective grounds can only argue that there *is* a supersensible world, not with "apodictic certainty," but as a balance of probabilities; and that to say *what* it is, would be "to give reins to fancy, and let it run riot." "Though I have a well-grounded idea of such a state," he says, "I have no knowledge of it whatever, and can acquire none by any stretch of thought. The idea denotes a mere somewhat, . . . that the sensible system is not all in all, but that beyond lies somewhat ulterior. But this ulterior is a vast unknown and blank." *

Plainly the grounds for a full and sufficing faith in immortality are twofold. Revelation (*re-velare*) is withdrawing a veil, when the supersensible world is given to us, not as the last link of a syllogism, in which there may possibly be a flaw, but emerging into day light out of the dark and voiceless inane. It is not that some one comes and asserts the fact, and then "works a miracle" to prove that he tells the truth;

* Grundlegung der Metaphysik. See Semple's edition, pp. 81, 82.

but the grand realities of a future life are so given as to compel the assent of the reason. I do not receive the Copernican system merely because scientific men have said I must, or because I have studied Newton's Principia, or reasoned out Kepler's law of planetary distances. I know it to be true as soon as I understand it, because I see at once that it groups the wildering facts of sense under all-harmonizing laws. Exactly so do I know the disclosures of revelation to be true when once given, though my reason might never have made the discovery. The supersensible world, no longer "a vast unknown and blank," but emerging into clear and open day, explains also both man and nature; gives both worlds, not disjoined, but in harmonious adjustment; gives the whole universe, — spiritual, moral, and natural, — not in dark and chaotic fragments, not as severed members of a dead body, but in organic and living unity. And my reason, instead of being "repressed" by the disclosure, is strengthened, elevated, and endowed with new eye-sight. It commands a vaster horizon, and lives in immortal air.

But this is not all; for this might only give me an intellectual faith. Truth which comes not through the grosser and lower medium of nature, and which has not been filtered through our sinful humanity, but which comes more directly from above, may reveal God to the soul as he has been revealed in no other way. This is what Christianity, conceived as both supernatural and superhuman, claims to do. It claims so to reveal God as to bring the soul into a communion with him, which is more regenerative, plenary, and tender. In this way the sense of separation and alienation from him, which generates the fear of death, is removed, and the believer knows himself to be living in God, and a sharer of his highest boons. It is what Christ calls the gift of "eternal life;" which is not merely endless existence, but the life of God within. Whoever has this, has no fear of annihilation, for he has consciously his life in God; and he has not a doubt that he will be a sharer for ever, with increasing measure, of the same exhaustless bounty. If I have this, I believe my existence will extend on through eternity, not

because that is given beforehand in the consciousness, which would be a solecism of language, but because it comes as an unquestioning faith from the life I have now. This state of mind is not only supposable, but it is the auspicious achievement of Christianity in human nature for these eighteen centuries; and has inspired the lips of countless multitudes with their songs of victory over the grave.

That immortality is not an intuitive or necessary truth of the consciousness is well enough attested from the fact, that not only philosophers, but whole nations and peoples, have denied it, and deny it still. Brahminism sublimes the human personality till it dissolves in the all, and Buddhism makes it dwindle till it goes out in night. Modern naturalism, in trying to get on without Christianity, has travelled exactly the same road. From Kant to Comte the ways are open. We can be resolved into God, and lose our individuality in the Divine ocean of being, with Schelling or Hegel; or we can go back to the earth with Schopenhaur, and be quenched in its damps and glooms. If immortality be a truth of the spontaneous consciousness, it is rather singular that the keenest-eyed philosophers, who have been turning human nature inside out for half a century, and manipulating all its conceivable contents, have failed to find it.

You devote a page of your letter to show that God may be presented by the moral consciousness, without being included within the limits of man's individuality. If you mean simply that God is present in the individual without being "included within the limits of his individuality," your task was very easy and quite supererogatory. But you ought to have known, when you first undertook your criticism, that the writers with whom I was concerned do not mean this, nor any thing within a thousand miles of it. They make the nature of man *presentative* of God, in distinction from *representative*. This, as you will see, was their only escape from atheism. For if phenomena are mendacious or meaningless, if either they do not represent God or if they misrepresent him, then God must be known, if at all, without phenomena; that is, he must be present *noumenally*,— his very substance and essence

must be in man. This is exactly what they affirm. The human and the Divine essence are one and the same. It is the famous "identity of contradictories," of infinite and finite, of man and God, of subject and object; in other words, they escape from atheism into pantheism. Do you mean what they mean, that God is presented noumenally in human nature? If you do, then the horn you are lodged upon is something more than wet paper. If you do not, then we are agreed so far; and what was the sense of your criticism, and what the use of this playing at shuttlecocks with words?

But we have, you say, an "idea of the good," of "absolute and universal obligation," which is present in all men, but not shut up in the individual as his *proprium*. Very true. Now, is this "idea of good," or this sense of obligation, the very God himself; or is it representative of God? Is God only an "idea," and a "pole" of our consciousness; or is he a personal, self-conscious, and intelligent Being, from whom the idea came, and by whom the law of universal obligation was laid upon the consciences of men? If you say the former, you merge God, not in the individual, but in universal humanity; and affirm no God out of and above humanity. If you say the latter, then I agree with you; and rejoice that theism has — in this respect at least — so able an advocate.

Whether it is you or I, Mr. Wasson, who is "switched off the track," that is to say, whether Christianity is to be left behind as a spent force, and naturalism is to evolve a better religion out of man's "native abilities;" or whether Christianity, whose Divine contents have been but half understood, is to be disencumbered more and more of false traditions, and be the light of future ages, more bright and full-orbed than in the past, is a question we may not settle by this correspondence. The real spirit of the age beats through its heart, not on its noisy surface. You ask me to name the metaphysician with whom I would adventure my cause. I name one, whose truth all the metaphysicians have not superseded; and whose spirit, melting through all the Christian ages, has been the chief power to purify them, and make God dear to man, and man dear to his brother; and to whom the world

never turned more eagerly than at the present hour, — Jesus Christ himself. Will you tell me either of men or systems which are to take his place? Has naturalism discovered a substitute? I am all ear in that direction, and have read its best utterances, from Tübingen to Music Hall. If you are on the track, and Christianity is switched off and away behind, please signal something new to us from the land of promise. The Critical Philosophy, you say, has no right to represent the capabilities of naturalism. Well, then what has? It represents its ablest thinkers; and they inaugurated the whole movement, and furnished its fundamental ideas. If Christ is a sinner, and the Gospels fictions, and naturalism is in advance of them, it is bound to give us something better in their place. But it must beg no questions. It must not take the truths of revelation, and then give them back to us as its own discoveries. It must give us something extra-Christian, something which the nature-religions, or naturalism pure and simple, have produced out of themselves alone. Not any natural religion which Christian men have taught, such as Paley, Butler, Tucker, and Peabody, who already saw nature illustrated by revelation; not Mr. Parker's half truths, evolved and modified through his Christian nurture; not your Radical Creed, the best parts of which have long been the commonplaces of the Christian morality, learned in Sunday schools and taught by "cottage dames," — not any or all of these are any proof of what comes of man's "native abilities" and "proper force," but evidence rather of Christianity in its ever-unfolding power. I do not deprecate the naturalistic movement, as you imagine, but regard it as a necessary stage in the Christian development; already, by its achievements and its failures alike, showing the Christian evidences, external and internal, — but the latter more especially, — eternally strong. You think the Christian Church an institution only for "coddling babies." Among the clouds of witnesses who come under this category, I recognize Augustine, Oberlin, Luther, Cudworth, Swedenborg, Wesley, Newton, Locke, Channing, Wayland, the Beechers, and the Wares — say nothing of the long illustrious line of noble and saintly

women. These coddled babies must evidently have had considerable nourishment on which to grow and thrive. Or, to put my thought in language, which pardon me for thinking rather an improvement upon your own, "It hath pleased the Father to conceal these things from the wise and prudent, and reveal them unto babes."

Yours, in the love of truth and the fellowship of humanity,

E. H. SEARS.

EUREKA.

A TALE IN VERSE.

IDLING beside a mountain stream,
That plashed and broke in endless play,
We sat and watched the dying day,
What time the sun, with level beam,

Sunk westering; and, fold on fold,
The envious clouds did round him swim,
As fain they'd lose their dusky rim,
And change their purple into gold.

We sat apart; the rest had grown
Impatient of our quiet talk, —
"And would we join them in their walk,
And let such sober themes alone?"

We sat apart, my friend and I;
She with a sweet, unwonted grace,
A charm new-kindled in her face,
I longed, yet feared, to question why.

The perfect air, that round us curled,
Faint bird-notes brought us now and then;
Some thrush, belated in the glen,
Crooning his trouble to the world.

Then silence fell. She raised her head:
"I think the earth has happier grown
These two weeks gone. We are alone,
And shall I tell you why?" she said.

Nor paused for any answer, save
A pressure of my clasping hand,
A look, half plea and half command,
As I might be her lord or slave.

"And yet, not much have I to tell," —
Her words ran on, — "although it be,
As I have said, the world to me
Has happier grown since it befell.

"It happened this wise: sick and faint
With city smoke and dust and heat,
I wandered late, where two ways meet;
That, leading backward to the taint

"And grim of city walls, and *this*,
Sweet with the telltale breath of woods,
Whose infinite, deep solitudes
Gave hint of quiet limitless, —

"Such quiet as the soul bespeaks,
Grown weary in the treadmill round
Of social cares and frets that bound
The limits of the tiresome weeks.

"And yet, not such my mental ail,
But rather *Doubt*, that sat apart,
And tortured still my aching heart
With subtle questions, that assail

"The faith, and leave it stranded, dry,
On barren reaches of despair,
Where Wisdom clamors, 'Soul, beware!
He soars amiss who soars too high.'

"Who knows his danger? I but knew
That I was weak as any child,
And tired of wandering through the wild,
Still searching for some hidden clue, —

"Something wherewith to answer Doubt,
And put the dusky fiend to flight,
That, bat-like, shuts the happy light,
And fain would put Truth's candle out.

"The tranced woods wore their deepest spells
That August afternoon, I ween.
In measured pauses, far between,
I heard the distant city bells

"Throb out the hours, yet heeded not
The lapse of time, so lost was I.
What was the charm of earth or sky
To me? — their marvellous sweetness, what?

"So lost was I, the woodpecker
Beat his monotonous, low drum,
The insects trilled their lazy hum,
The crickets chirped, — I did not stir.

"The crickets chirped beneath my feet;
And far away I heard the moan
Of waves, the tender undertone
Of tidal waters, distant, sweet.

"And with the sound my soul gave way,
And lapsed into a gentler mood:
What better is than solitude
To keep these tiresome doubts at bay?

"'O rest! O peace! Here let me sit,
And dream my life away!' I cried.
'And wherefore?' straight a voice replied:
'Life was not given to squander it.'

"With that, I started up, intent
On flight; but, truly, need was none,
So gracious was the manly tone,
So kind the look that on me bent.

"And, once assured, I could recall
To whom the kindly voice belonged;
For I had heard it where the thronged,
Tranced people listened in the hall,

"To cadenced measures, fitly wed
With looks that were all eloquence,
And needed not the subtle sense
Of speech, to be interpreted.

"So, yielding without much ado
To what I deemed a happy chance,
I took my cue from circumstance,
And answered lightly, 'Even so;

"'And yet, sir, you, methinks, of all,
More gracious judgment should allow;
Men name you, "Dreamer:" read me now
The riddle your own lips let fall.

"'*Are* dreams the worthless stuff they say?
And do they squander life who dream?
Ah, sir! who looks on you might deem
The verdict false, and answer, Nay.

"'But, for myself, I cannot tell.
My dreams are little worth in truth,
And mock me with a bitter ruth,
When I do wake and break the spell.'

"I paused, alarmed that I had dared
So much, and lest that he should take
My candor wrong, and should not make
Excuse for thoughts so lightly shared.

"'Ah, could he look within!' I sighed,
'And see the trouble in my breast,
The heavy thoughts that will not rest,
The doubts, the void unsatisfied!'

"And still the happy insects sang
Above my head; and still the whirr
Of crickets, in the grass astir
Beneath my feet, melodious rang;

"And still the muffled undertone
Of tidal waters smote the ear;
But I was deaf, — I did not hear
Or hum or chirp or deep sea-moan.

"He read my trouble in my face,
And deftly, as a father might,
Interpreted the cause aright,
Or so I guessed; though, for a space,

"He talked of other things, — the skies,
The changing clouds, blind Nature's laws,
Obedient to the primal Cause,
The first great Soul that underlies

"And governs all: anon he spoke
More plainly, — how God's mighty plan
All culminated in the man
Christ Jesus. Then my soul awoke.

"'What think you of the Christ?' I said,
My courage rising with my needs:
'I've searched for him in all the creeds,
And find him not alive, but dead.

"'And yet I clasp this shadow dim,
This dead Christ, to my living soul;
Still asking, Who for me shall roll
The stone away that covers him?

"'He is arisen, the priests reply,
Then straight dispute above the sign,
The sacramental bread and wine,
Till, *Your* Christ is not *God's!* I cry,

"'And so he is not what I need;
The Christ I seek must come to me,
Or I to him, whiche'er it be,
Unclaimed of any wrangling creed.

"'Sweeter than psalm or liturgy
The rhythm of his solemn voice,
If one could hear it for the noise
Of all the sects that disagree, —

"'The carping wisdom of the schools, —
"Lo, Christ is here! Lo, Christ is there!"
Ye doubts, that drive me to despair!
'Twas there ye learned your cunning rules.

"'For oh! the cruel doubts that jeer
And mock at my bewildered quest!
The vague misgivings unexprest!
The echoed taunt, "Lo, there! Lo, here!"

"'Till I am fain to cry, Give o'er!
There is no Christ; or, if there be,
I doubt there is a Christ for me:
I will not seek him any more!'

"I looked up passion-flushed; but he
Stood grave, yet kind, — as though reproof
Were for the instant held aloof
By stronger force of sympathy.

"'Poor child!' he answered, 'not alone
You walk, encompassed by this cloud;
But, where one speaks his trouble loud,
A thousand die, and make no moan.

"'And yet, not blameless in his sight,
His pure and holy sight, you stand,
Whose fan is in his purging hand,
And who will judge all hearts aright.

"'Think you, the flaws of creed and sect
Will plead for you, when God shall roll
The curtain from your separate soul,
And bid you look on his Elect,

"'His Well-belovèd, whom you slew
With cruel doubts, because, forsooth,
He showed unsightly and uncouth,
For the poor lens you viewed him through?

"'O fear! who stumbleth on this stone
Is bruised; but ground to powder he
On whom it falls. No empty plea
Will much avail before His throne.'

"A hoarse wind smote the forest boughs
That bent and shrieked. For all reply,
I pointed to the threatening sky.
'And you are far from any house,'

"He said, 'and may I lead you hence?
The storm is gathering: hasten! come!'
And like a child he led me home,
Unwitting of the finer sense,

"The subtler meaning, that my soul
Gave to his words, 'Oh, hasten! come!'
And how *indeed* he led me home,
Doubt-cured and ransomed and made whole!

"O Christ of God!" and reverently
She raised her eyes, "Thou art the Way!
Sects differ; creeds may lead astray:
Blest is the man that follows thee!"

She ceased. The setting sun, alight,
Fell on her golden curls, and shed
A sudden glory round her head:
I looked, and read the symbol right,

And thought, "O beautified and crowned!
O friend! how fair, how blest thou art!
Who follows Christ with single heart,
All good in heaven and earth hath found."

A laugh, a gay tone on the breeze —
The merry loiterers had returned:
Our hearts within our bosoms burned;
They could not cope with sounds like these.

"'Tis late, and let us go," I said,
And led the way home through the dew,
She following, — though, of the two,
She was the leader, I the led.

C. A. M.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Now, without faith we cannot be saved, for we cannot rightly serve God unless we love him, and we cannot love him unless we know him, neither can we know God unless by faith. Therefore, salvation by faith is only in other words, *the love of God by the knowledge of God*, or the recovery of the image of God by a true spiritual acquaintance with him.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

It may seem a very simple thing to say, that God is a person. Who, it may be asked, denies it? Why attempt to prove it? It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to prove it. It is presumed, that no believer in God denies it. There is really no alternative to the acceptance of this truth, but blank atheism. But few have so vivid a sense of it as they might have. Few habitually feel all that is implied in it. The coldness and inefficacy of piety are chiefly owing to the dimness with which it is perceived. What is needed, in order to give life, depth, and strength to all right affections toward God, is a vital apprehension of his personality. Instead of undertaking to prove this truth, I shall endeavor to unfold it, and to bring distinctly to consciousness what is contained in that faith in God which all have.

The word "person" stands in little need of definition. Every one knows what it means, by his own consciousness. The only difficulty in transferring this idea to the Supreme Being lies in the fact, that he is not an embodied person, and that he is infinite in all the attributes of his own nature and character. Person must not be confounded with body. Body is only the form by which the person is manifested to the eyes of others, and the instrument by which it works upon the outward world. But personality belongs to the spirit. If we believe that our departed friends still live, act, remember, and love, we must still regard them as persons, though they have left the bodies that they once inhabited. Among the attributes that constitute a person, are will, intelligence, affections; a capacity of forming intentions and purposes, and devising means for executing them; and the power of reflection, of self-contemplation, of considering one's own actions, character, and nature. They are the attributes that distinguish a rational being, to whom alone we give the title of person. When we speak of the personality of God, we ascribe to him these attributes, divested of the limitations

and imperfections which belong to them as they exist in ourselves. In him, too, they act with a directness and intensity unknown to us. We, for instance, arrive at truth by slow and laborious processes: to the Divine Mind, all truth is ever present. Our wills act upon the material world, only by means and instruments. Every fiat of the Divine will is immediately and necessarily followed by its effect. But, notwithstanding these differences in degree, and in modes of operation, these acts of the Divine Mind are the same in their essential nature as the corresponding acts of our minds. So, too, when we ascribe moral attributes to God, we show that we conceive of him as a personal being, for such qualities belong to persons only; and we must understand by the words that we use, the same that we understand by them when applied to ourselves and to our fellow-men. When therefore we speak of God as a personal being, we assert that all this universe that we behold, with its wondrous beauty and its beneficent provisions, and all the mysterious course of events going on around us, were originated and are continually governed by an intelligent being, whose mind is kindred to our own; that he had a plan, an intention, a purpose, in his creation, which he is continually fulfilling; and that it is a wise, righteous, benevolent plan, intention, and purpose. We assert this, in opposition to a vague conception of God as an impersonal law or force; and in opposition to the idea, that all this vast and exquisitely contrived system of things is the product of a subtile sort of chemistry, which is sometimes designated by the half atheistical term, "nature."

If we consider the several manifestations by which God makes himself known to us, we shall see, that, just so far as they reveal him to us at all, they reveal him as a personal being. God is made known to us through his visible creation. It is full of indications of order and design, and of manifest adaptations of means to ends. The material world is one great mass of such indications. Wherever we penetrate into it, and whether we search it with the microscope or the telescope, we everywhere find traces of mind. We

find them where we least expect them. A handful of loose earth might be supposed to afford no illustration of creative intelligence. But analyze it, and it will be found to be composed of elements that are always combined in definite proportions. Examine it in another way, and it will be seen to be teeming with animal and vegetable life. A survey of the heavens on the broadest scale that has become possible, by all the help that art has afforded to the natural sight, reveals the grandest and most refined mechanism. On the fact that the whole material creation is thus replete with mind, all science is founded. The progress of science consists in finding traces of design, where they had not been observed before. And an instinctive expectation of everywhere finding such traces, prompts and encourages scientific research. The fundamental principle of experiment and observation is, that every thing in nature has a purpose and a use. When an anatomist, in examining the structure of a newly discovered animal, finds a muscle or an organ of which he does not see the use, he does not turn away from it, and conclude that it has no use; but his curiosity is stimulated: he does not rest satisfied till he has found out why that muscle or organ makes a part of that animal economy; and, if he does not succeed, he publishes the difficulty, and all other anatomists become interested in it; the question is placed among the problems of science, upon which all labor, till at last, after many years perhaps, a satisfactory solution is attained. So, constantly do we show, that, in studying nature, we feel ourselves to be communing with a mind like our own. As, when we take up a book, we expect to find in it thought and meaning, and to hold converse, by means of it, with the author, whom we suppose to be a man like ourselves; so when we look into the great Bible of God's creation, printed with real objects instead of representative characters, we expect to find in it thought and meaning, and to converse by means of it with the mind of the author, which we assume to be kindred to our own. God has been, from the beginning, constantly conducting the intellectual education of man by means of the material crea-

tion, leading him on from a knowledge of its simplest facts, and the most obvious uses of its materials, to the profoundest sciences and most elaborate arts that mark his present civilization. He has been our teacher, and the office of teacher is strictly personal. The teacher communicates himself to the taught.

In another way does God make himself known to us, and converse with us in his works. Not only does he address our intellect, but also another, quite distinct, part of our nature, — our sense of beauty and sublimity. He might have filled his works, as full as they now are, with indications of skill, and made them as subservient to manifold uses; and there stopped. But he has superadded the charms of loveliness and grandeur. His whole creation is clothed with beauty. We meet it in ever-varying forms, in the exuberant freshness of the young spring, in the rich maturity of summer, in the mellow tints of autumn harvest-fields and orchards, in the sterner aspect of snow-clad winter, in the restless motion of the outspread sea, in the majestic repose of the everlasting hills, in the silent magnificence of the midnight heavens. If, here and there, we see tracts that seem to us unsightly, it is because we do not take in the whole picture, of which they are a part. We see its shades without the corresponding light. But whenever, from a great eminence, we get a view of a vast portion of the earth's surface; of whatever elements the prospect may be composed, we never fail to receive from it an impression either of beauty or grandeur. And could we get to a sufficient distance from our world, we could probably find a point, at which all the features of its scenery — continent and ocean, mountain, forest, lake, and river, cities, cultivated fields, luxuriant wildernesses, and sandy wastes — would be all blended and harmonized into one faultless picture, and the whole earth be seen to be a perfect gem of beauty. We look upon this sublimity and beauty of the natural world, and we feel our inmost souls stirred by unutterable emotions, akin to those awakened by the poetry and eloquence of the rarest genius. Why is this? Can mere forms of dead matter ex-

ercise such mastery over our living spirits? No; but the creative spirit of all beauty, that is in them, manifests itself through them, and speaks to us from them. We are holding communion with the Supreme Genius, the fountain and inspiration of all genius. This universal beauty and sublimity are the poetry and eloquence of God.

Turning now from those intimations of God's presence that meet us in the outward world to those which we find in the inner world of our own souls, let us look first at the fact of conscience. It has been well called, "God's most intimate presence in the soul." In common language, we call it the voice of God within us. That is scarcely to be regarded as a figure of speech. Conscience does indeed express to us God's counsels, directions, commands. A clear conviction of duty is the highest thought or feeling that can exist within us. It is the most sacred, the most authoritative. We feel that here is something within us, which nevertheless is higher than we. It cannot be rightfully overruled. Passion may plead with us to take an opposite course; appetite may attempt to seduce us into disobedience; interest may present the weightiest considerations against adherence to the right; the world may seek to sway us by the dread of its opinion: but we know in our hearts, that here is a greater than appetite or passion, than any worldly profit or human authority. We cannot escape the feeling that we ought to obey that conviction of duty. We can never, till conscience is utterly perverted or seared into insensibility, excuse ourselves for disobedience in consideration of the strength of the opposing temptation. We feel that a decision of conscience, considered as a motive of action, is altogether of a peculiar character; that there is no common measure between it and other motives; that no possible or imaginable accumulation of other motives can counterbalance it; that, where it exists, all others are as nothing. Thus absolutely imperative is a decision of conscience. It may be truly prefaced with, "Thus saith the Lord." When, in the course of reflection, we have come to the conclusion, "This is my duty," we stand face to face with God. We behold in him a moral

being; therefore, of necessity, a personal being. We bow before him, as our moral governor, towards whom we stand in strictly personal relations.

We see God in all his other manifestations, with a clearness proportioned to the rectitude of our own hearts; we discern him, so far as we are at one with him, either through faithful obedience or true penitence. It is promised to the pure in heart, especially, that they shall see God. But in this aspect of moral governor, under which he presents himself through conscience, he is seen by the impure and disobedient. The most hardened contemners of God, and the most flagrant violators of his law, who are insensible to all other manifestations of him, and refuse to listen to him as he addresses them in any other way, are sometimes obliged to acknowledge and listen to him as he manifests himself in conscience. They cannot escape the feeling of remorse. Within their own souls they find something higher than themselves, which they cannot shun, and before which they tremble. It pursues them with a vague, indefinite terror. It torments them with a fearful expectation of judgment. In vain do they seek refuge in unbelief. That relief is denied them. They may deny even the existence of God, with their lips; but they cannot shun the dreadful intimation of his presence which they carry in their own hearts.

We are met by tokens of God's presence, in our inward, spiritual experiences. In the secret chambers of the soul we converse with him. We call upon the Lord, and he answers us. He says to us, "Seek ye my face;" and the heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." In our weakness we resort to him for strength; and out of weakness we are made strong. We are unable, amidst many perplexities, to see the way of duty; darkness overhangs our path, and we feel the need of a wisdom superior to our own to direct our steps: we ask it of God; and soon the needed light is given, the clouds that lay upon our path are lifted, and our way lies clear before us. Fear and despondency settle upon our hearts, the future looks gloomy to us, and dread of possible evil to ourselves and ours oppresses us; but we commit ourselves to the

Eternal Providence, which can cause all things to work together for our good, and cheerfulness and hope revive within us. Sorrow and suffering overtake us; earthly sources of enjoyment and comfort are cut off: we take refuge in the bosom of the infinite Father; we resign ourselves in filial submission to his will, and ask from him the support and consolation that he alone can give, and his peace flows into our souls, and in the lowest depths of affliction, we experience the tenderest assurances of his love. We fall into sin, and in true penitence we go to God, desiring and seeking pardon and reconciliation, and a renewal of our filial relation to him; and, in the peace that follows that act, he assures us that he has met, forgiven, and received us. With whom is such communion possible, but with a spirit to whom our souls are affiliated; a being who knows, loves, pities, and is able to help us? We could not pray to mere law, or to blind force.

The manifestation of God in Christ is eminently a personal manifestation. The aspect under which the gospel specially reveals God to us is that of a Father. We can imagine no title that could have given us so distinct and vivid conception of him as a being who has a watchful care and tender love for us, or as connected with us by more numerous, intimate, and interesting relations. This infinite, and, in some sense, incomprehensible being, who appears under such varied aspects, according to the point of view from which he is regarded, — to the mere intellect, tracing the signatures of his intelligence in his works, as an impersonal principle of law and order; to the conscience, as a sovereign and judge; in the motions of his spirit in the soul, as a helper and guide; as he draws nearer to us in Christ, and the features of his countenance grow more distinct, and the general benevolence of which his creation and providence assured us softens into a tender and personal love and pity, — stands before us at last as the Father. And the truth is repeated yet more impressively in the method of God's revelation of himself by Christ. By all previous manifestations of himself, God, we may conceive, had com-

municated to man as much of himself, as it was in the nature of those means to convey. But when he would reveal more of himself than was possible by those methods, so that he should be better known in the world than ever before, he manifested himself in the person of his Son. So only could the Divine Person be most perfectly manifested. So only could some things be revealed, which it intimately concerned us to know, respecting the infinite personality of God.

Personality is the highest type of being that we know. We see about us various orders of being, rising one above another in manifold gradations of completeness. The lowest is the mineral department of matter. It has no life or growth. If a rock or mineral increases, it is only by outward accretion. Next, the vegetable kingdom, comprising the humblest moss and the gigantic pines of California. It has a sort of life, and a capacity of growing by assimilating foreign substances to itself; of reproduction by seed. The animal has all the attributes of the plant, and adds to them sensation and locomotion, two important steps in the ascending scale. Among animals, also, are many gradations of excellence and completeness; and some are endowed with wonderful instincts and sagacity, which it is often difficult to distinguish from reason. But not the most perfectly organized and sagacious of animals do we ever think of calling a person. That title is reserved for man, who, in addition to every class of faculty possessed by the brute, has reason, free-will, reflection, the power of choosing his own ends and devising means for their accomplishment; above all, a moral and spiritual nature, and a capacity of indefinite progress. We conceive of gradations of intelligent beings superior to man, in other parts of God's spiritual realm. To them also we should ascribe personality. Throughout this series, each grade may be said to have greater fulness, a larger amount, of being, than that below it. But God is the infinite and absolutely perfect being. In him every excellence that belongs to any one of his creatures must reside in immeasurable degrees. "He that planted the ear," says the Psalmist, "shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he

not see? . . . He that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know?" So we may say, He that impressed on man the type of being that constitutes him the lord of this lower world, must he not possess, in boundless measure, every attribute that he has conferred on his creature?

Just as these material bodies need a material earth on which to stand and walk and lie and live, do these finite personal spirits need an infinite personality, as the substratum of their being, as the necessary foundation of their existence, without which they could not live and move. As when we describe a geometrical figure, bounded by lines, the idea of infinite space is a necessary correlative of that limited space, and as, by a law of our thought which it is impossible for us to set aside, we cannot conceive of that figure as surrounded by any thing less than infinity; so is not the idea of an infinite personality the necessary correlative of these finite personalities of which we are conscious? and, if we were as distinctly and vividly conscious of spiritual as of material objects of intellection, should we not find it equally impossible to set aside the idea of infinite personality?

It may be readily admitted, that personality is necessarily contained in our idea of God, and is reflected in every manifestation by which he is made known to us. There may be no difficulty in receiving the truth into our minds; but difficulties may arise, when we attempt to make it a reality to our hearts, and to use it as a source of comfort and strength in our religious life.

We may be led anxiously to ask such questions as these: Does not the infinity of God's nature and the perfection of his character separate him from us? Can there indeed be close personal relations between the infinite Creator and the finite creature? Can he condescend to our feebleness and imperfection? How completely would an infinite, a divine sympathy with our wants, sorrows, sufferings, weaknesses, fill the deepest needs of our souls! but can there be such between the all-sufficient being and ourselves? Can we be sure that we so much as know what is meant by the moral attributes of God, existing as they do in him in abso-

lute purity and perfection, and operating in an unlimited sphere? Is it not possible that some things would be consistent with such qualities in him, that would be contrary to them in us? Must not the holiness and righteousness of God give a tone of severity to his love? Can he have for us, erring and sinful beings, the tender and affectionate love that would best meet the craving of our hearts?

Certainly, we can and do clearly understand the moral attributes of God, and what we have to expect from the exercise of them in reference to ourselves. The words that express moral qualities are among the simplest words in human language. We know their meaning, from the moral nature God has given us, and which is the reflex of his own character in our souls. We distinguish the diverse qualities of characters and actions by our faculty of moral perception, as we discern the different colors of natural objects by the outward eye. And, in both cases, the ideas we obtain from these sources are single. There are not several sorts of red, yellow, and blue, though each is found in endlessly varied shades and degrees of purity. Neither are there different kinds of holiness, righteousness, and love, although these qualities exhibit themselves in different degrees of intensity and purity in different individuals. These qualities are, in their nature, the same in God that they are in human beings. Only, in him they are free from every impurity, and act with perfect wisdom and almighty energy in an infinite sphere. The assumption that we cannot understand the character of God because he is an infinite being, and therefore that moral qualities in him may be quite different from those that are called by the same names in us, has been a fruitful source of pernicious error. Men have been led by it to ascribe to God acts which they would shudder to commit themselves. It is true that the operations of God's providence are often on too grand a scale for our comprehension, and, for a time, what we are able to see, appears to us inconsistent with equity or benevolence; but faith suggests, that it is only because we see but in part, and that the consummation of all God's dealings with us cannot but be in accord-

ance with our own innate sense of justice and goodness. We could not do greater dishonor to God than to suppose otherwise. The appeal put into the mouth of the prophet, "Hear now, O house of Israel! are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?" is an appeal to the universal reason of man. God is continually repeating it, by his voice in our hearts; and inviting us to judge of his dealings, on the same principles on which we judge of our transactions with each other. All worship, every ascription of praise, every act of submission and trust, implies a judgment of the Divine character. It is as justice, holiness, and goodness appear in our fellow-men, and in proportion to the purity and intensity in which they appear, that they are objects of our approval, reverence, love, and confidence. If in God they are something essentially different, how can they inspire the same sentiments? What are they? What is there to win our worship, love, and trust? We worship we know not what. No. The perfection and infinity of God's moral attributes do not separate him from us. They are among the bonds which unite us most closely to him. When we ascribe to him moral qualities, we express most emphatically our conception of his personality; for moral qualities belong only to persons. And he has given us a moral nature, by which we are enabled to know him; and by the cultivation and exercise of which, to approach continually nearer to him.

The thought that God's moral perfection gives a tone of severity to his love, though it may naturally occur to superficial contemplation and to certain moods of mind, is dispelled by profounder meditation. What is the highest expression of God's love to us, — his rational, moral, and spiritual children? Not the bestowment of ease, enjoyment, pleasure; immunity from care, labor, and suffering, — what most men mean by happiness: but it is the promotion of our moral and spiritual well-being, the purification and exaltation of our character; the production within us of holiness and righteousness. This is the chief end of all God's dealings with us in his external providence, of all his influences upon our spirits, and of all his revelations of himself and of his will.

His direct and principal aim is not to make us happy, but to make us good; then we shall be truly blessed through goodness. Unless this thought be firmly fixed in our minds, we shall perpetually misjudge God's love. The greater part of the mysteries we find in the dispensations of Providence arise from our measuring them by a false standard. We assume that it is the business of Providence to make us happy in the way of our own choosing; and then we account every thing which does not immediately subserve that end, if not wrong, inscrutably mysterious.

Herein is shown the love that God has for us, that he stands ever ready to confer on us, in the largest measure in which we are capable of receiving it, the greatest good we can possess. He has adjusted all the varied discipline of life to the attainment of it. He has revealed himself in various ways, and given his Son, and offers the continual influences of his spirit, to aid us in gaining this highest good. His will and desire concerning each one of his children is, that he should be fully blessed with it. In the end that he chooses for us, God's exceeding love is unquestionable. How is it with regard to the way through which he leads us to it? It is often a steep and thorny road; and we travel it with much toil, and with bleeding feet. It must be so, from the nature of the case. We are here, at the beginning of our existence, weak, ignorant, imperfect creatures, to be educated for immortality; and it cannot but be, that the severity of the discipline will be proportioned to the greatness of the destiny for which we are to be prepared. God's goodness is manifested in the innumerable outward blessings with which our daily path is strewn, — which are indeed blessings, tokens of his love, not to be accepted merely with stoical indifference, but enjoyed with thankful hearts, the use and enjoyment of which is indeed a part of our moral training; and it is manifested again in the fact, that he will withhold from us no bitter experience, no sorrow, no pain, that he sees to be necessary for us. Nor is his love satisfied with having provided the end and the means. He does not leave us, when those means are toil and agony, to struggle on alone,

unaided and unpitied. His love attends us at every step. Not one sigh is breathed, or one tear shed, unheeded by him. He will give sympathy, comfort, strength, help, to his suffering children. We read the method of the Divine love with our suffering humanity, in the story of the Saviour's agony. He passed through the bitterest of human experiences. He was brought to utter that human prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" and the Father heard that prayer, and in tender pity answered it; not by removing the cup from his lips, but by a visitation of comfort and strength.

Love is the central attribute of the Divine nature. It is the one that most deeply concerns us. It is this which makes all the others interesting to us. It is when we learn that omnipotence means almighty love; infinite wisdom, all-wise love; omnipresence, all-pervading love, — that they touch our hearts, and excite in us an affectionate reverence. Why, then, should we ever feel that the perfection of the Divine love removes it to a distance from us? Rather is it a pledge of nearness and intimacy. What is our idea of a perfect love, but that it broods, with ever-present and unceasing care, over its object, — is acquainted with his thoughts, feelings needs, and sufferings, — knows unerringly what is best for him, and is perfectly able to accomplish it; that it is constant and unchangeable; that it is not chilled and discouraged by ingratitude or neglect, or quenched by the moral degradation of its object, but follows him in the paths of sin with pity, and with earnest desire and effort for his restoration? What sets human love apart from us, and sometimes renders it unavailing when most needed? It is human imperfection. No one of our friends is thoroughly pure and good, and therefore an object of unqualified approval, love, and confidence. Then, again, the possibility of intercourse between friend and friend is necessarily limited. It is only a small part of ourselves that we can make known to the most confidential of earthly friends. Only within a very limited range are our thoughts and feelings susceptible of expression by language. The profoundest of them lie far too deep for words. Hence, in the experience of a great sorrow, we feel

that we must tread the winepress alone. The heart alone can know all its own bitterness. Words of hmman sympathy may convey a measure of consolation, but no one can fully know and share another's grief. In such cases the disciple may feel, as his Master once did, that he is left alone, though not like him, by the desertion of his friends; and he may add, as the Master did, "Yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me." And the Father is nearer than any earthly friend. To him our whole souls lie open. The very existence of thought and feeling in our hearts is an expression of it to his all-conscious mind. Even within the range of possible communication, we may have wants, weaknesses, sins, which it would not be proper, or would be useless, to reveal to any fellow-being, because he could afford no help: we can repose them in the bosom of God, assured that he will perfectly understand, and can effectually relieve us. Even where the sympathy of friends might be justly expected, it may fail through selfishness, insensibility, or pre-occupation. With the sincerest wish to do us good, they may err, through lack of wisdom; or the wisest and kindest purposes may be unfulfilled, through inability. All these defects of human love serve to illustrate the perfection of Divine love.

The infinite fulness, the absolute perfection, the all-penetrating presence, the almighty energy of God's love, imply that there is an element in it for every possible want and exigency of his dependent creatures. They who have stood by the side of Niagara may have noticed, whilst all the thunders of that mighty mass of waters filled their ears, that the full volume of sound included every sound that falling water ever makes. The shrill hiss of the little stream, as it rushes through its narrow path among the rocks, the light plash of drop falling after drop, the tinkle of the brooklet as it pursues its quiet way through the fields over gentle obstructions, were all there distinctly audible amidst the roar that shook the earth. You may listen for any voice of the water, and you will hear it. So in the vast flood on which the infinite love of God is bearing the destinies of mankind

and of his whole universe on to ultimate and perfect good, there is a voice for the lowliest individual, and a tone adapted to the condition and need of every soul. We have but to listen, in stillness of spirit, and we shall hear it. Whether we seek strength to run in the rough and steep paths of difficult duty, or patience to sit still and wait God's will, or encouragement and cheer in despondency, or sobriety to chasten too great elation in prosperity, or comfort in sorrow, or pardon and reconciliation in penitence, there is an aspect of Divine love suited to our want. We may find in it every thing we can desire, except weakness. Sometimes it may be, in our own weakness, or in a perverted state of feeling, we may desire that. We may wish that God, instead of raising us up out of our feebleness, would condescend to it; that there might be peace with neglected duty; that indulgence might be extended to a deliberate and conscious choice of a low aim, in clear view of a higher one presented to us. There is no aspect of Divine love corresponding to that want. God has no answer for that prayer. Like the young man who came to Christ, we may feel that we have more to lose in worldly enjoyment than we are willing to sacrifice for the proposed end, and may go away sorrowful. God has no comfort for that sorrow.

We have reason to be profoundly thankful that it is so; that the love that embraces us is a wise, holy, and righteous love. Such love alone could be to us an object of love, reverence, and trust. Such love alone is perfect love. Those moral elements, mingled inseparably with it, give to it that character which so perfectly meets our spiritual wants. Next to knowing that the universe is in the hands of a boundless love, we are concerned to know that it is an inflexibly moral love; that it will steadily hold us to the highest end of our being, and direct all its treatment of us to the promotion of that end. Surely every reflecting mind must see, that the slightest relaxation of that principle would introduce an element of weakness and disorder into the government of the world that would result in incalculable evil. We should beware of assimilating our conception of the Divine

government to that of a weakly indulgent parent, who professes to educate his children morally, but who has not the heart to inflict a penalty, and cannot bear to cause them present pain, with a view to their future good; who gives them rules of conduct, but practically tells them it is of no great consequence whether those rules are obeyed or not; that he wishes them to be good, in order that they may be happy, but that, if they will not be good, he will make them as happy as he can in some other way. Such love controlling the government of the universe would be an infinite weakness.

The question, whether personality is to be ascribed to God, is equivalent to the question, whether or not man is alone in this vast universe. If he were sufficient to himself, it would be of little consequence whether he were alone or not. He could afford to be alone. But he is not sufficient to himself. He has the germs of a noble nature; faculties and capacities that suggest a glorious destiny; mind that is eager to penetrate the secrets of nature, and capable of indefinite acquisitions in knowledge; strong and deep affections, craving infinite and perfect objects; a moral nature, that gives him intimations of a law by which he is bound, but which he imperfectly comprehends; spiritual yearnings, that point him to a life above the world, and open to him glimpses of an endless and mysterious future: but these elements of greatness lie within him undeveloped, and unadjusted to each other. He finds himself weak, and unable to take sufficient care of himself; ignorant, incapable of understanding his own interest and how to promote it; unable to comprehend the mysteries of his own nature and destiny, so as to form an intelligent plan of self-education. He feels the need of guidance at every step. Has he such guidance? Is there Mind and Intelligence, to maintain the order of the world of mind and intelligence? Is there a Moral Governor, who rules over moral beings? Is there a living Spirit, who is the loving Father of all spirits? Or has man nothing to look up to in the universe, — nothing on which to lean? Is this child of yesterday an orphan, left to seek out his own

path in the world, under his own blind guidance, and to stumble through it in his own unaided weakness?

The truth that God lives, means that we have an infinite, eternal, almighty Father and Friend, with whose spirit, since he reveals himself as our Father, we may reverently claim kindred; whom, because kindred, we can sufficiently understand, and with whom hold communion. It means that all that infinite region of causes that lies behind the utmost reach of our knowledge and search, and from which issue the forces that determine the course of events, in which our well-being is involved, is inhabited by a Divine personality, in whose hands are all the powers of nature, under whose direction they all act, whose purposes they all serve, whose thoughts and designs they all express. It means that, under the completeness of his control, there is no chance or accident; and that, under his free and intelligent government, there is no blind fate; but that all things are perpetually controlled by his wise, loving, personal will. It means that he knows each one of us more intimately than any earthly friend, and loves each one of us with a love with which no human affection can be compared. It means that he ever desires our highest good, our moral and spiritual good; and is ever ready to promote it. It means that we may hold true communion with him; that the prayers we address to him are breathed into the ear of a loving Parent, and that, in answer to them, he imparts to us influences of his spirit. It means that the government of the universe is all that in moments of deepest contemplation our hearts most wish it to be; and it invites us to realize, in the highest degree, our privileges and blessings under it, by pure, holy, and obedient living.

C. P.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

L.

AN DIR ALLEIN, AN DIR HAB' ICH GESUNDIGT.

From the Berlin Hymn Book.

AGAINST thee, Lord, thee only, my transgression,
The evil that I think and do.
Thou seest the sins that scare confession;
Lord, look upon their sorrow too.

My prayer, my sigh, are not before thee hidden;
Thou numberest all the tears I shed.
O God, my God! how long shall I lie chidden,—
Thy face be clouded, overhead?

Lord, be not strict to number my offences,
Nor every sin to judgment bring;
Let pardoning looks shine upon troubled senses,
Thou God of all long-suffering.

Thou wouldst console me with thy grace right early,
Who hast for ever mercy had:
Grant me the peace of those thou choosest nearly,
Loving to make the mournful glad.

Lead me thy ways with joy and heed to measure,
And train me in thy statutes high;
Subdue me to perform thy whole good pleasure,—
The Sovereign, thou; the servant, I.

Lord, haste to my defence, from danger leading,
And show me the true path and goal.
He hears my moan, he listens to my pleading,
He brings acceptance to my soul. N. L. F.

LI.

GOTT IST MEIN LIED.

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT. From his "Geistlichen Oden und Liedern." 1757.

GOD is my song,
With sovereign power tremendous;
Great is his name, his works are all stupendous,
And all the heavens to him belong.

He wills and speaks:
So stands and moves Creation;
At his rebuke, from its high habitation
The proudest world to nothing breaks.

Unending sway,
A sea of blessednesses
That no beginning saw, and never ceases!
O Lord! what thee resemble may?

All things that are
In heaven or earth or waters
Are known of him. Existence and her daughters
Are seen, as present, from afar.

To thee he's nigh,
Whether thou risest up or sittest;
If o'er the seas or up to heaven thou flittest,
His viewless spirit is close by.

He knows my prayer,
And my deep need of blessing;
And, whether I am faithful or transgressing,
He hastens to be gracious there.

No thought of mine
But with thee holds connection:
Lord, evermore shall each heartfelt reflection
Speak out, and sing some praise of thine.

The fruitful land,
Green pastures where thou leadest,
Day, night, and joy, the corn and wine thou spreadest,
Are gifts we borrow from thy hand.

No sparrow falls
Without divine disposing:
Should not in this my spirit find reposing, —
Thy hand directs, thy pleasure calls?

God on my side,
With him for my defender,
Nor earth nor sky I ask their help to render:
The powers of hell are all defied. N. L. F.

THE CHARACTER OF EUGENIE DE GUÉRIN.

THE name of Eugenie de Guérin has won unexpected celebrity through the posthumous publication of her journal and letters, which reveal a personality of singular depth and purity, and record an experience of rare interest, notwithstanding its monotony. Her life was clasped in by the first half of the present century; but the force and simplicity of her character are such as were more frequent in ages less complex and sophisticated than ours. The three central chords, constantly struck, and making the sympathetic music of her soul, are friendship, solitude, religion. Her love for her brother Maurice is one of the marvels in the history of affection: it deserves to be classed with the absorbing passion of Madame de Sevigné for her daughter. Placed in a lot extremely lonesome, bare, and regular, the keenness of her exuberant and tenacious consciousness made her doubly sensitive to the weary isolation in which she lived. Her rich and stainless feelings, denied sufficient lateral expansion in the social relations, forced a vertical vent, and broke upward in religious flame. But of the three refrains, love, loneliness, piety, the second is the one that recurs oftenest, and

sounds with the most piercing tone. Her life is as plaintive as it is pure, as painfully stamped by the hunger of unsatisfied affections as it is divinely impressed with self-renunciation in faith and duty. To dwell on the pages of her writing is like entering a mountain chapel, where we breathe at once the charm of nature, the quiet of seclusion, and the peace of God. At the same time there is an unspeakable pathos in the pale face that looks out at us, and a strange sigh of human want and woe in the voice that speaks so calmly. Altogether the character and life of Eugenie de Guérin have profound lessons for those of her sex, gifted with natures earnest enough to learn them; a select number in that throng of women whose attention is frittered on trifles, whose existence is a shallow distraction when it is not a tedious drudgery.

The retirement and sameness of the life at La Cayla were oppressive. To have a visit or pay one, to write a letter, to receive a letter, were the great events. Eugenie writes, "A poor stranger has passed by; then a little child. This is all that has shown itself to-day." Again, "To-day nothing has come, nothing has stirred, nothing has got done in our solitude." Once, when her sister was absent, she wrote, "I have passed the day in complete solitude, alone, — quite alone. I am taking account of my thoughts by the light of a little lamp, now my only companion at night." She said her days were as like each other as drops of water. "Would that my arms were long enough to reach all those I love!" — "Every thing belonging to the *world* soon wearies me, since I always feel myself a stranger there." — "God be praised for this day, spent without any sadness! Such are so rare in life. A word, a memory, a tone of voice, a sad expression of face, a nameless nothing, will often disturb the serenity of my spirit, — small sky, that the lightest clouds can tarnish." Her heart was great, and inconceivably susceptible even to the most delicate impressions. Such hearts are indifferent to whatever does not give them life; they shrink with powerful instinct from the careless slights and rude collisions that would bruise them and drain them.

Hence the inevitable solitariness of such characters as Eugenie. Profoundly humble as she was, she could not help saying, "When mixing with the world, I feel that I am not like others." — "How much sadness in this isolation, this chill, this frost, of which the heart is conscious while surrounded by pleasures, and by those who partake of them!" Eugenie often expresses this forlorn and sorrowful desertedness. After the death of her idolized brother, she writes to him in her journal, "I feel a want to be alone, and not alone, — with God and thee. I feel myself shut out in the midst of all others. O living solitude! how long wilt thou be?"

But solitude, in spite of this bitter pain of unfulfilled desires, was her best refuge, filled with her truest joys. She abundantly celebrates its charms. "Nevers wearied me with its little society, its little women, its great dinners, dresses, visits, and other tiresome things without any compensation. Loneliness, calm, solitude, — recommencement of a life to my taste." While she was visiting Paris, a woman having said that, for her, "friendship was a velvet couch in a boudoir," she replied, "Let me be outside the boudoir, sitting on a lofty peak, high above the world. To sit apart from all, in this way, delights me in the same manner." This thoughtful, down-looking withdrawal removed the perturbations of her too susceptible soul, and soothed and nourished her self-respect. Yet, as we read over the confessing pages of her journal, how obvious it is that solitude is not the true destiny of the human heart; but only a retreat wherein, when that destiny has been baffled, it comforts itself with consolatory substitutes! The instinctive affections, extraordinarily strong in Eugenie, baulked of their normal fulfilment, in still loneliness solaced themselves with other objects, with ideal activities, with heavenly aspirations. No pleasure rivalled that she knew in solitude, with God, books, and the thought of Maurice. "Though talking and loving each other much, two women alone find their solitude very blank, — great desert places in it: books, books, are the only resource." — "Verily a book is a priceless thing for me in this my desert and famine of the soul." It is impressive to

notice how constantly, without her knowing it herself, the expressions of Eugenie show solitude to be, not the normal fruition of our being, but a retreat from a storm, a healing and compensatory covert from hurts and griefs. "A convent is the true home of sad spirits, of such as are strangers in the world, or who are timid and take shelter there as in a dovecote." — "Oh, what enjoyment to be free from distraction, with God, and with one's self!" Had not her family held her back, she would gladly have adopted the vocation of a nun. "For a long while I have been saying, with St. Bernard, 'O blessed solitude! O sole beatitude!'"

One of her most terrible trials was the frequent discovery of baseness in those she had trusted and admired. She passionately loved to reverence and confide; and the knowledge of the treacherous and deformed side of human nature cost her too much. To see venerable and beloved brows discrowned was an agony worse than death to her. Then the calm of her little chamber, the starry solitude of night, were guardian sanctuaries into which her soul fled. "It is strange how much I enjoy this being apart from every thing."—"This has been one of my happy days, of those days that begin and end sweet as a cup of milk. To be alone with God, O happiness supreme!" — "When I am seated here alone, or kneeling before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary quietly listening to the Saviour. During the deep silence, when God alone speaks to it, my soul is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that is going on below or above." A more perfect picture of loneliness, a more convincing proof of the genius of solitude in its author, than is afforded by the following passage, can hardly be found: "My window is open. How tranquil every thing is! All the little sounds from without reach me. I love the sound of the brook. The church clock is striking, and ours answering it. This sounding of the hours far away, and in the hall, assumes by night a mysterious character. I think of the Trappists who awake to pray, of the sick who count hour after hour in suffering, of the afflicted who weep, of the dead who sleep frozen in their beds."

Eugenie was well aware of the moral dangers of too great and constant a withdrawal. She religiously strove to neutralize them. "I observe that I hardly make any mention of others, and that my egotism always occupies the stage." — "There is a weakness in this bias of thought towards one's self, and all that belongs to one. It is self-love." The complaint does her injustice. For it is the peculiar property of a suffering nature to tint the world with its grief. And she only poured out her self-burdened soul as a relief in her journal, never meant to be seen. In all associations with others, she was self-forgetfully devoted to her duties, abundant in disinterested attentions. Her morbid quality was really, not thinking too much of herself separately, but too much thinking of others in herself, and of herself in others. It was sympathy that was tyrannical, not egotism. To accuse themselves of a blamable self-love is the painful fallacy of those humble souls which are too tender, and not strong enough, nor enough detached from their neighbors. To be accused of such an excessive self-reference is the cruel wrong such souls always suffer from conceited and impatient observers.

The threefold characteristic of genius in affection is the richness, the intensity, and the tenacity of its emotions. The emotions of a meagre nature are comparatively narrow, pallid, and evanescent. Whatever once entered the heart of Eugenie de Guérin became complicated with aggrandizing associations, royal or tragic; throbbed with her blood, and stayed as a fixed part of her life. "At the foot of the hill, there is a cross, where two years ago, having accompanied him so far, we parted with our dear Maurice. For a long time the ground retained the impress of a horse's hoof, where Maurice stopped to reach out his hand to me. I never pass that way without looking for that effaced mark of a farewell beside a cross." The prints on the Cayla road were transient as strokes on the air, compared with the perdurable impressions on that soft, faithful heart. This peculiarity, joined with a retired and leisure life, has a good side and an evil side: for "an exclusive feeling grows to immensity in

solitude." In a soul of ample health and strength, it leads by successive conquests, through an accumulation of glorious associations, to the noblest greatness and happiness. Its power is seen in that story of La Picciola, where a simple flower became the light, the comrade, the angel, the paradise, of a poor prisoner in whose cell it grew. Eugenie affectingly illustrates it when she says, "I must record my happiness of yesterday; a very sweet, pure happiness, — a kiss from a poor creature to whom I was giving alms. That kiss seemed to my heart like a kiss given by God." Under such conditions, the littlest things are more than the greatest things are in a crowding and dissipated existence.

On the other hand, this accreting and embalming quality of genius, this encrusting of experience with associations, in a drooping, timid soul, defective in elastic energy, leads to the most melancholy results; it exaggérates every evil, confirms and preserves every depressing influence. It fastens on the unfavorable aspects of things, heaps up sad experiences, emphasizes all dark omens, until society becomes odious, action penance, life a way of dolor, the earth a tomb, the rain tears, and the sun a funeral torch. How profoundly Eugenie suffered from this evil, hundreds of passages in her writings reveal, like so many wails and sobs translated into articulate speech. Thoughts of death and feelings of sorrow occupy that relative space, which, on any sound philosophy and estimate of our existence, ought to be occupied by thoughts of life and feelings of joy. "At night, when I am alone, the faces of all my dead relatives and friends come before me. I am not afraid; but all my meditations dress themselves in black, and the world seems to me dismal as a sepulchre." Her moods of spiritual exhaustion appear from the grateful approval she gave to the word of Fenelon in relation to irksome prayer, "If God wearies you, tell him that he wearies you." She says, referring to a former period, "I got deeper and deeper among tombs: for two years, I thought of nothing but death and dying." She calls "Inexorable dejection, the groundwork of human life;" and adds, "To endure, and to endure one's self, is the height of wisdom." Surely, poor

is the office of the angel of religion, descending and ascending between God and men, if at the last he can only waft us this message of despair. No, the highest wisdom is not, in sackcloth and ashes, to endure existence and ourselves. The highest wisdom is, instead of submitting to the will of God as its penitential victims, to conform to it as its grateful executives and usufructuaries, appreciating all the goods of life in the just gradation of their values. Instead of saying with Bossuet, "At the bottom of every thing we find a blank, a nothingness," a healthy religious faith finds, at the top of every thing, the bottom of something better. The misery of Eugenie lay in her ungratified natural affections, whose disappointments held the germs of death, against which she had not sufficient vitality to struggle into serene victory. *Lack of life* is the ground-tone of her grievous music, which would sweetly seduce the weak to death, but loudly warns the wise to a better way. Her betraying pen writes, "My soul lives in a coffin." Again, "I find myself alone, but half-alive, — as though I had only half a soul. And finally, with the anguished heroism of a total renunciation, so willing to perish as to be unwilling to leave a trace behind: "I am dying of a slow moral agony. Go, poor little book, into forgetfulness, with all the other things which vanish away!" Such an utterance proves the irritable feebleness of the centres of life to be so great, that it is painful for them to re-act even upon the idea of posthumous remembrance. The fondled thought of extinction and oblivion is soothing then. Through its inner wounds, one may almost say, the very soul itself slowly bleeds to death.

There is a bird, the arawonda, that lives in the loneliest glens and the thickest woods of Brazil. Its notes are singularly like the distant and solemn tolling of a church-bell, as they boom on the still air, and plaintively die away. Sitting on the tops of the highest trees, in the deepest parts of the forest, it is rarely seen, though often heard. It is difficult to conceive any thing of a more solitary and lonesome nature than the breaking of the profound silence of the woods by the mysterious toll of this invisible bird, the swelling strokes

with their pathetic diminuendo coming from the air, and seeming to follow wherever you go. The tones of the character of Eugenie de Guérin are like the notes of the arawonda.

Her lot was thorny, yet not without roses. The world itself was a convent, in which she lived as a vestal, with bended knees, upraised eyes, a consecrated will, but an aching and bleeding heart. Poor, rich, unhappy, blessed maiden! we cannot bid her farewell without deep emotion and a lingering memory. Her journal is a nunnery of sad, white thoughts, with here and there one among them revealing, as the snowy robe of style is lifted, a heart of agonizing flame. We pity her sufferings, admire her fortitude, revere her holiness, bow before her saintly faith and patience. What a thought of peace it is to think that she is now in God! There love is infinite, and repose perfect. No ungenial society can vex, no weary solitude burden, the freed inhabitants there. W. R. A.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

The green grass grows where'er it wills,
On earth's wide-peopled floor;
In valleys low, on lofty hills
That look the valleys o'er.

The river flows, nor feeble man
Its tide directs, nor stays;
But Him from whom the current ran
For ever it obeys.

There is no wind that man can guide,
Nor tell its certain bound:
Restless the airy currents glide
The earth's wide surface round.

Thou shalt not mark, with narrow walls,
Thine own vast being's scope:
'Tis farther back than memory calls,
Nor bounded is by hope.

Then fetter not by human creed —
The symbol of an hour —
The mind that God's own Word has freed,
And his own Spirit's power.

The wind, the tide, the growing grass,
Thy will cannot control;
Then fix no bounds it shall not pass,
To the free, living soul. J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

"ECCE HOMO."

No one who has finished reading this book will be at a loss to discover the secret of the spiteful criticism upon it in the "London Quarterly," — the organ of the High Church party in England. One of the finest chapters in the book is "the law of resentment," in which the writer describes with admirable discriminations the anger of Christ against the Pharisees. He brings out one phase of the life and character of the Saviour in bold relief, which had generally been thrown into the shade, — as if Christ were all mildness and effeminacy, and incapable of resentment. It is only the mildness towards the poor, the outcasts, the sinful who are down-trodden and despised, — it is only this mildness that is also capable of the most terrible and scathing indignation against the legalized Pharisaic hypocrisy that shuts upon them the doors of mercy. The writer describes the "legal party" which was scathed by "the wrath of the Lamb;" and it is very evident, that, in drawing the portrait, he had in mind other lands than Palestine, and other times than those of Christ.

"Thus it was that the legal party were *actors* in every thing, winning the reverence of the multitude by false pretences, imitating inspired men in every thing except their inspiration, following motives which did not actuate them, but which supposed ought to actuate them; and, as must infallibly happen to men living in such conven-

tionalism, destitute of convictions, the healthy play of life artificially suspended, over the whole inert stagnation of the soul there grew a scurf of feeble corruption: petty vices, littlenesses, meannesses, were rife within them. They grew conceited, pompous, childish. They liked to hear the sound of their titles, to exaggerate the distinctions of their dress, to reflect on their superiority to other men, to find that superiority acknowledged, to be greeted reverentially in public places, to recline on the first couch at dinner parties. In the void place of their hearts, where morality and sanctity, justice and the love of God, should have been, — there appeared, at last, nothing to mark the religious man; nothing, we may suppose, except a little ill-temper, a faint spite against those who held wrong opinions, a feeble self-important pleasure in detecting heresy."

The great merit of the book is its intensified humanity. The Divine side of Christ's character and life are nowhere denied, but implied rather; while the human side is made real, and brought home to the heart of the reader. The exposition of the passage in John which describes the scene of accusation against the woman taken in adultery, which the "Quarterly" captiously criticises, is done with a rare fineness and delicacy of perception; revealing, in heavenly tints, the lofty purity and tender humanity of Christ, as well as his searching insight into the motives and hearts of men.

No one ever wrote so much about Christ before which was positive, without giving any clue to his own theological opinions. The last chapter has a squint towards rationalism, though the book, as a whole, could have been produced out of no rationestic school as hitherto known. It is partly this reticence that gives a charm to the book, independent of its fascinating though scholarly style, and which keeps expectation alive. S.

TISCHENDORF, STRAUSS, AND RENAN.

Tischendorf, the prince of German scholars and critics in New-Testament lore, has published a pamphlet of seventy pages, in which he discusses the question, "When were our Gospels composed?" It was ably reviewed in the last "Christian Examiner." Not much new evidence is produced; but the whole is put so clearly and compactly that it tells with fatal precision against Strauss and

Renan. Tischendorf shows, beyond question, that the canon was settled early in the second century, or late in the first; that the Four Gospels, as we have them, were at that time held in all the churches as divine authority, quoted as genuine by orthodox and heretic alike; that the Fourth Gospel, so far from being a production of the middle of the second century, was quoted early in the first, and must have been written in John's lifetime, and received then as his work. One auspicious result of the fresh agitation of these questions about the genuineness of the Gospels must be, that the evidence in their favor, external and internal, is coming forth with redoubled strength, and settling down with a preponderance which nothing can disturb.

Tischendorf's pamphlet would be dry, were it not for its combined solidity and transparency. He is only moved from his propriety to express a most concentrated contempt for Renan and Strauss, — perhaps too much so as regards the former; for, though the French tinsel with which he bedizens the Saviour is revolting enough, he meant well, and really helps his readers to some vivid pictures of scenery which illustrate in new light the events of our Saviour's life. Tischendorf thus shows his estimate of these two writers: —

"Surely the gospel has now been subjected to another trial. Long since had it been coined over in the service of rationalism, making miracles undivine, and explaining them as natural marvels. At last, it has reached the consummation in a well-known French patch-work, whose author, careless as to any share of an apostolic hand in the evangelic narratives, with a stubborn presumption against revelation and miracle, with endless arbitrary interpretation and frivolous fantasy, the evangelic histories, along with their heroes, decks out for caricature. Even so the taste of an unbelieving as uncritical cotemporary finds itself at home in the book. It gives him a long-sought-for satisfaction. What, however, the French representation lacks in scientific ground (and therein belongs altogether the question of the authenticity of the Gospels, and the critique of their sources), that German zeal seeks, and knows how to compliment. So we have it to contemplate as one of the frightful signs of the time, — that French frivolity and German learning, over the freshly dug grave of the Saviour, reach out brotherly hands to each other." S.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. — LATE BOOKS ON THE SUBJECT.*

THERE is no topic upon which thoughtful and studious minds are more earnestly engaged than upon this. Every month gives us a new volume or pamphlet, ponderous book or modest *brochure*, devoted to the discussion. Constantin Tischendorf, who is admitted to be a power, and to speak with authority, has compressed a vast amount of information into a tract of some seventy pages. He rightly tells us that "the Life of Jesus has become the middle point of the religious questions of the present day," and that "Christianity stands and falls with the person of Jesus." He asks the significant question, "Whence do we derive our knowledge of the Life of Jesus?" and the reply is, "Almost exclusively from our four Evangelists." How important, then, the inquiry, "Whence come our Evangelists?" and his answer is one which Westminster Reviewers cannot sneer at as a tissue of assumptions. There are those who have made up their minds not to be satisfied with any historical testimony. Of course, they are beyond the reach of facts and arguments; but there are those also who, although they have their difficulties, are not so bigoted. We wish that some one would put Tischendorf into English, for the benefit of those — not many clergymen amongst them, we hope — who do not read German.

Then we have a very thoughtful and well-argued pamphlet from one of our leading Boston lawyers, Hon. P. W. Chandler, — a pamphlet of which we have to make but one complaint, that it is too short. Mr. Chandler deals wisely with his topic, as it seems to us, in not attempting to prove more than is necessary, and in not pressing the argument from miracles as a point of a standing or falling church. Very strong and clear in his view of the claims of the historical evidence, he is yet careful to call attention to the inward witness, in the very structure of the books of the Bible. He does not overrate the difficulties by which the whole subject is

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* Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst? Von CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF. Leipzig, 1865.

The Authenticity of the Gospels. From the New-Jerusalem Magazine for June, 1866.

Manual of the Evidences of Christianity, for Classes and Private Reading. By STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, D.D. Boston: William V. Spencer, 203, Washington Street, 1866.

beset, or say too much against the tendency of some to substitute denunciation and passionate outcry for calm and well-considered statement; but he finds the greatest relief in the New-Church Doctrine of Plenary Inspiration. We are free to say, that, after not a little earnest consideration of that doctrine, we find no pleasure in it, simply because we cannot receive it. We will look again. In such religious times as these we live in, one cannot afford to turn away from any earnest word of a thoughtful and well-instructed Christian like this writer upon the Evidences; and, when such an one witnesses for his acceptance of the New-Church views, we are always more ready to marvel at our own dulness than at the credulity of the witness.

Dr. Bulfinch, also, writes upon the same subject; and we have a volume of very moderate dimensions, but of thorough scholarship. No one who has not labored at compression can tell how much it has cost the writer of this manual to make it so small, to leave out every thing which could be spared, without weakening the argument. We hope that the book will be extensively used in schools, as we learn that it will be in Harvard College. We have long felt the need of something which would bring the results of modern inquiry within the reach of the young and of common readers, and at least instruct the conceit which now denies or doubts, often in the profoundest ignorance of the evidences for the Christian revelation. It is high time that morality and Christianity, as well as physical geography, had their due places in our common schools. E.

HOURS FATAL TO LIFE.

A WRITER who has carefully collected the statistics, and compiled them out of 2,880 cases, finds that some hours of the day, as well as some seasons of the year, are much more fatal than others. The *maximum* of deaths is from five to six o'clock, A.M., when it is forty per cent above the average; and the next, during the hour before midnight, when it is twenty-five per cent in excess. There are two hours in which the proportion is remarkably below the average. The two *minima* are from midnight to one o'clock, when the deaths are fifty-three per cent below; and from noon to one o'clock, when they are twenty per cent below.

OUR SAINT.

No outward beauty made her fair;
Yet roseate tint and silken hair
May often hide a soul less rare.

Her graces bloomed where many fade;
She chose the valley's twilight shade,
On other paths the sunshine played.

But she who never built her nest
Within one sheltering human breast
Was clasped by Love, — the dearest, best.

Peace walked beside her, hand in hand;
Her journey through the sultry land
By many a heavenly gale was fanned.

She questioned not that Providence
Which curtains from our human sense
Its meaning, all too vast and dense.

But, guided like a child along,
With now a smile, and now a song,
She followed, in His strength made strong.

The sweetness of a will resigned,
'Mid changes, to the Eternal Mind;
The power in each some good to find;

And faith on looking through all tears
To suns which light the immortal years,
To rest which follows toil and fears, —

These were her own: how hardly won,
What thorns her roses grew upon,
I may not tell. The strife is done.

No trumpeter her deeds have found,
But faithful memories guard them round,
And where she walked is holy ground.

C. M. P.

EXAMPLES.

We want them; and, when we have them, we ought not to allow them to be lost upon the world for the lack of a faithful witness. So we are grateful to Mr. Young, of Newton Corner, for telling so well the story, and for gathering so well the sheaves, from the life-harvest of the lamented S. Abbot Smith. Especially do we like the book because it is a religious book, — giving us, not the theory of religion, but its incarnation and impersonation. God is the same unchanging God from age to age: nothing can be added to, nothing can be taken from, his being; but he imparts his life to created organisms, just as the light and heat of the sun are given and continued to the plants of the earth, and we ought to make this true light shine in life. Lives of the devout and good are set before us, that we may not fail to see the beauty of holiness. And we want to see that this true life can be manifested under the most various and apparently opposite forms; that it is one and the same religion in all. The story of Abbot Smith will be useful, partly because it is *not* the story of one of the wise and mighty of the earth, — because it is simple and quiet and unpretending, re-affirming the testimonies of our own hearts in their best hours, even though it may afford no help to the intellect in its struggles with doubts. We are told that most of the copies contain a pleasant picture of the subject of the memoir, — a valuable addition. E.

WARMED, NOT HEATED.

The secret of making a room comfortable in the cold weather lies, it is said, in warming, not heating, the air. The atmosphere contains organic matter, which is decomposed when it falls upon the hot surface of a stove, and the result is unpleasant and unwholesome. Nature loves gentle ways. The stone stove warms your apartment in a gradual manner. Is it not somewhat so in matters more inward and spiritual? We want warmth, glow, earnestness, enthusiasm, but not heat. We want sunlight, not lightning. Sometimes the atmosphere of the church is heated; and sometimes it is deadly cold, so that the preacher can almost fancy that he sees the sermon passing from his lips: what we need, outwardly and inwardly, in the house of God, is *warmth*. E.

REFORMATORIES. — THE HOME SYSTEM AND THE CONGREGATE SYSTEM.

On the whole, the Home System commends itself to those who are laboring for the reformation of young offenders beyond the Congregate System. It seems to be the prevailing testimony, that children gathered from the street need at first restraint; but that, after a short experience in this way, the Home with its open doors may be relied upon, and so the child may be gradually restored to society. To scatter those who need care throughout the farmhouses of the land is hardly feasible. Our farmers will not take such children, and they would not be wise and patient in the care of them if they would. Why should we ask them to be more philanthropic than the rest of the world? Why should they turn their dwellings into reformatories any more than the rest of us? We want a multitude of small Homes, scattered over our State, like the Pine-Farm Home in West Newton, where the children are under the best possible influences, and put on their way to abiding good. Less than three dollars a week pays a boy's cost. E.

SUNLIGHT ON THE CLIFF.

Who has not looked with admiration on the glory that gilds cliff and mountain in the morning light, while vales and waters lie deep in shadow below? And do we not see something kindred to this in the intellectual and spiritual world? Are there not certain minds, that, from their moral purity and elevation, are the first to catch the rays of truth which are ever ready to shine on the receptive spirit? Lofty summits are they, placed so high that they may show, to less elevated souls, that new light is streaming from its source, and will, in due time, arouse and bless even those who are latest in receiving it. It is a privilege to contemplate such spirits, and even from a distance, or through the spoken or written word of others, to behold the light of their countenances.

These thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of a little volume, containing various sketches of the life and character of the late John White Browne, "published for his friends" in 1860, with the simple title, "In Memoriam. J. W. B." These pages

delineate a character so full of nobleness and beauty, that they are an inspiration, warming the heart, and drawing it up toward what is highest and best. The beautiful tributes to his worth from so many gifted men, who regarded his familiar friendship as a precious boon, place him intellectually in the highest rank; though his own humble and sensitive spirit, as well as his uncompromising integrity, withheld him from the conspicuous positions he might otherwise have filled.

Let us rejoice that a life so great, so holy in its aims, has not been permitted to pass away wholly without a written memorial, while we regret that the book cannot be accessible to every young man. Books so fraught as this with highest teachings should not be swept away by the tide of light literature, so eagerly read by the young. Let us thank God, and take courage from every such revelation of the capabilities of human nature, learning to reverence it more in ourselves and others, when we see how much of the divine it may contain. †

THE CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION,

In England, find enough to complain of, more than enough to show the need of the Commission. Little girls were found engaged fourteen hours a day in bellows-blowing, standing on platforms to enable them to reach the handles of the bellows. One man, with the help of his four little girls, of ten and nine and eight and six years of age, earned two guineas a week. Is it not just as well that the coal, upon which England's prosperity is said to be based, should give out, if such is the use which is made of it? E.

NAMING NO ESSENTIAL PART OF BAPTISM.

We were not aware until lately, that naming the name of the baptized is not an essential part of baptism. It belongs only to the Northern Christian Church, and was adopted from the Northmen, who believed that, if a child received the name of an ancestor, the soul of that ancestor would be his. The usage, however, accords well with our faith, that, "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," and should have a new name. The Church, in her readiness to adopt all that was significant in Gentile religious usage; and the

Naturalists, who maintain that all religions are natural, only different forms of one and the same life of God in the soul, are really more at one than either party supposes. E.

VAGRANT CHILDREN.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a great change in the legislation of our State, by which those who are interested in the prevention of vice amongst children will be greatly aided. It is competent now for cities and villages to make provision for taking into the public charge all young persons whose parents neglect or misuse them. We may hope and pray and labor now for something really effectual in the matter of vagrancy, and of what is little if any better, — street-peddling. This last practice, which has of late greatly increased, is almost fatal to the future prospects of those who are engaged in it. The boys who can earn a few dollars a week by the sale of newspapers or by blacking boots are hindered in this way from regular apprenticeship to some life-long industry. The best course would be to prohibit this street traffic altogether, even though it should be necessary in some instances to aid widows and infirm persons who now depend upon their children.

E.

GENUINE SABBATARIANISM.

"It happened, one Sunday, that King Olaf sat in his high seat at the dinner-table, and had fallen into such deep thought that he did not observe how time went. In one hand he had a knife, and in the other a piece of fir-wood, from which he cut splinters from time to time. The table-servant stood before him with a bowl in his hands; and seeing what the king was about, and that he was involved in thought, he said, 'It is Monday, sire, to-morrow.' The king looked at him when he heard this, and then it came into his mind what he was doing on the Sunday. Then the king ordered a lighted candle to be brought him, swept together all the shavings he had made, set them on fire, and let them burn upon his naked hand; showing thereby, that he would hold fast by God's law and commandment, and not trespass without punishment on what he knew to be right. Does not this record, taken from an old Saga, conflict with the idea that Sabbatarianism came into the Church with the Reformation?" E.

CLIMATE OF THE MOON.

THE Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1865 quotes from a lecture of Mr. James Nasmyth, an English scientific gentleman, who demonstrates that the moon, instead of being the "pale, cold mistress of the night," which the poets make her, is sometimes the hottest place conceivable. Having no atmosphere, there are no clouds, no cooling showers; and, as the days are a fortnight in duration, think of the scalding sun! The temperature on the illuminated side would probably rise to 220° Fahrenheit, or hotter than boiling water. On the other hand, during the long night, it would fall to 300° below. So that animal, vegetable, and human existence are alike impossible in the moon. For want of diffused light, the stars are always visible, and the sun looks like a fire-ball in the midst of an awfully black sky. S.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

SPECULATIONS relating to the probability of a general European war occupy a large space in our monthly batch of reviews and papers. The armaments of nations, the concentration of troops, the waning prospect of peace, the growing ardor for conflict, the lowering look of the black cloud of war, and the momentary expectation of the first explosion of its awful thunder, — such are the topics which have been uppermost. Meanwhile, as distant spectators, we have noticed the absence of those Christian protests against war which have been so loudly uttered on other occasions. Where are the Peace Societies? What has struck dumb the Christian pulpit, and silenced the Christian press? Has the prospect of so enormous slaughter confounded the public conscience? Is there a despair that in the presence of all these passions the voice of reason can be heard? Or is there a latent conviction, that, dreadful as it is, war is sometimes made an instrument in God's hands for good; and that a general recasting of European political institutions will not be unfriendly to the freedom and progress of the mass of the people?

THE two views of Sunday which divide the opinions of Christians recently found emphatic utterance, in close juxtaposition. In a debate in the English House of Lords, on the Bill for suppressing

Sunday Trading, the Bishop of Carlisle took the highest sabbatarian ground, declaring his belief, that the injunctions of the Jewish law were binding upon us, and that any labor whatever, or any amusement, even to the thinking of our own thoughts, on that day, "would bring down on the nation the wrath of Heaven for deliberate sin." To all this, the Bishop of Oxford replied in the following words, which, as the "London Examiner," from which we quote them, says, do him great honor. "Of course," says the Bishop of Oxford, "if the Christian Sunday was really ordered by God to be kept as the Jewish sabbath was ordered to be kept, his right reverend brother's argument was perfectly sound. We must keep God's law as it was laid down to us, to the full, come what might. But it was because he believed that the rest of the Lord's day, one of the greatest blessings to a nation or an individual that can be conceived of, was based on a different set of divine charges from what the Jewish sabbath was based on, that he thought they had full liberty to entertain the consideration of the weaknesses and wants of certain classes of the community, without being in any danger of incurring that divine wrath of which his right reverend brother had spoken." The object of the Bill was to suppress the sale of bread, fruit, ale, newspapers, on any part of the Lord's day. It was amended so as to close all shops, except for sale of medicines, between the hours of ten and one o'clock on each Sunday; and then the third reading of the Bill was postponed for six months.

THE annual increase of the revenue of the British Post Office is at the rate of one and a half millions of dollars. If it goes on at this surprising ratio, it will one day relieve the country from the income tax. The reason of this vast increase, it is said, is the establishment of delivery circuits in all large towns, which cost very little, and yet bring the convenience of the Post Office, literally, to ten thousand doors. It is almost impossible to multiply these circuits of delivery fast enough, and they are rapidly extended throughout the country. Some reduction in the charge is talked of, in the shape of a sale, for a penny, of stamped sheets of letter-paper, ready gummed for folding.

WADHAM COLLEGE, in Oxford, has lately decided to permit persons, not being members of the Church of England, to be admitted to the college. This is the eighth college at Oxford which has taken this liberal ground.

AT a late meeting, in London, of the Society for Promoting

Christian Knowledge, the Bishop of Oxford uttered some wholesome and plain words. He said, "It is more difficult to get good books and tracts *read*, than it is to get them *written*. There is a terrible danger ahead. It is from the dulness of these books. It is the unpardonable offence. If I should defend a dull book, I should be a horrible hypocrite. I never read one. If they wanted a good commodity, they must pay the best of writers well, and not employ cheap hacks."

IT has been stated, that, at the great Paris exhibition of 1867, a formal attempt will be made to inaugurate measures for the adoption among all civilized nations of a uniform system of weights and measures. It is probable that the French *metric* system will be selected, as it finds favor in England and the United States, and has already been adopted by Spain, Italy, and some of the German States.

THE uprising of the entire mass of the Italian people, to wrest Venice from the hands of Austria, has been often compared to the enthusiasm of our Northern States when the recent rebellion opened. Late Italian papers have much to say of a system of bounties then adopted, which seems far preferable to that employed by us. Instead of bounty for enlistment, the Italians offer bounty for valor. Almost every city and town and village promise rewards to the first company that wins a victory, for the capture of the first gun or banner, and, in some cases, to every soldier who shoots an Austrian. In large cities these rewards are quite noteworthy. Thus Messina, Catena, and Naples offer a life annuity of two thousand francs for the capture of a banner.

A GREAT deal has been said, in the last few years, upon the methods of promoting national unity in the kingdom of Italy. Its geographical and municipal jealousies have been its ruin for ages. In a time of profound quiet, it is likely they would continue to distract the country. A summons to struggle and suffer for a common end has always been one of the most effectual ways of knitting hearts together, and the dream of the Italian patriot for a united Italy has not for centuries been so near accomplishment as now. If successful in obtaining Venice, the King of Italy will of course next move for Rome. As if in anticipation of this, the French Emperor has decided not to withdraw his troops from the papal city; but this decision seems only to have infused new courage throughout Italy.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Essays, by JAMES MARTINEAU, philosophical and theological, have been published by William V. Spencer, in an octavo beautifully printed and bound. They are Mr. Martineau's best thoughts on the living questions of the day. They are rich in matter and style. They contain extended criticisms on Comte, John Stuart Mill, Mansel, Bain, Newman, Coleridge, and Carlyle; and profound dissertations on the Nature of Revelation, on Science, Nescience, and Faith, on Nature and God. Mr. Spencer has rendered an excellent service in republishing these Essays; and merits, and will receive, a liberal patronage. S.

A Thousand a Year, by Mrs. E. M. BRUCE, is a romance full of reality, published by Lee & Shepard. It describes the trials of a minister and his family, living, or rather starving, on inadequate salaries: though it belongs to the "Shady-Side" literature, it is written in a genial mood, and abounds in wit and humor. If you would know something of the unrequited toil of a class of men, and their overworked and patient wives, to whom American civilization owes a debt which can never be paid, get the book and read it, and do something to lift the heavy burdens. S.

Our Eternal Home, by a Bible student, is a reprint from an English work, published by Nichols & Noyes,—a small neat volume, elegantly bound, of 186 pages. It presents clear, rational, and cheering views, educed from Revelation, on death, immortality, a spiritual world, its relation to this world, how its realities are disclosed, and the transition from one to the other. There is a great deal of high, spiritual philosophy, compressed in a small compass by some one who has thoroughly studied his theme, and sets it forth with great unction and clearness. We heartily commend the volume. S.

Battle Echoes; or, Lessons from the War. By GEORGE B. IDE, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Dr. Ide, in this volume, wishes to keep alive the conviction, that the hand of a Divine Providence was manifest in our late struggle, — a conviction which he fears will die out in a time of peace. The work is addressed specially to the Baptist denomination, of which the author is an honored member and preacher. It pleads specially and earnestly in behalf of the freedmen, for their education and elevation, and for the security of their rights in any plan of reconstruction which shall be adopted. It makes a volume of 325 pages, rather diffuse in style, eminently Christian and patriotic in its tone.

S.

Fifteen Days is a title without significance to a very racy and readable book, published by Ticknor & Fields. It gives, in the form of a diary, a portraiture of Southern life, including the plantations of two men, — a Mr. Harvey, who kept his slaves under excellent regulations, and made them profitable; and Mr. Shaler, who liberated his, and managed his plantation by free labor. Henry Dudley, a character beautiful and beautifully drawn, is the person around whom the interest of the book centres. Though in the form of a diary, the work is in fact a romance, — the scene of it in Maryland, before the war. The characterization is very fine, and is the charm of the book. S.

Hospital Life, by WILLIAM HOWELL REED, published by William V. Spencer, gives an inside view of the sufferings and sacrifices of the Army of the Potomac. It has graphic delineations of scenes and characters, including not only the wounded and dying soldiers, but the heroic men and women who took care of them, and watched and suffered with them. It will have a special interest in the homes which contributed to swell the ranks of the Potomac army through all its disasters and victories. S.

The Christian's Daily Treasury, a Religious Exercise for every day in the year, by EBENEZER TEMPLE, published by Gould & Lincoln, comes to a second edition. There is a text and a brief sermon, or the marrow of one, for every day. It is designed for heads of families as aids in domestic devotion, and for the meditations of the closet in the self-application of divine truth.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton, was published several years ago, and is now republished by M. W. Dodd, New York. It purports to be the diary of Mrs. Milton; and the quaint old style is so happily imitated, that the reader easily cheats himself into the belief that he is reading the record of an eye-witness of the times of Charles I. and the Long Parliament. The pictures are graphic and true, both of the public disorders and the domestic trials in the times of Milton.

S.

The Doctrine of Charity and Faith, from the "Arcana Celestia" of Swedenborg. T. H. Carter & Son. A new translation by Rev. T. B. Hayward. — A neat duodecimo of 109 pages, it being cream carefully taken from Swedenborg's great work of twelve octavo volumes.

The Scriptural Law of Divorce, by ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological School. Gould & Lincoln. A small octavo of eighty-two pages.

Miss Oona McQuarrie. A Sequel to "Alfred Hogart's Household." By ALEXANDER SMITH, author of "A Life Drama," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

A very pleasant sequel to a very pleasant story, as the reader into whose hands this writer has put the book informs him.

PAMPHLETS.

Twenty-first Annual Report of the Minister-at-Large in Lowell.

Report of the Temporary Home for the Destitute, 24, Kneeland Street. One of our very best charities, in charge of a most faith ful matron.

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Ministry-at-Large in the City of Providence, presented and read at a Public Meeting held in the Westminster Congregational Church, Jan. 21, 1866. By EDWIN M. STONE, who has labored in that city so long and so faithfully, and with so much success.

Every Saturday, issued by Ticknor & Fields, comes every Saturday, laden with choice reading selected from foreign current literature. It gives you twenty-six pages, in double columns, — for ten cents, — of sketches, tales, and poems, carefully culled as the cream of the French and English reviews and periodicals.

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A GOOD MAN.

A Sermon preached in the West Church, July 8, on occasion of the Death of Samuel Barrett, D.D.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

JOHN vii. 12: "He is a good man."

WE have all heard of the decease, on the 24th of June, in Roxbury, of Samuel Barrett, Doctor of Divinity, born in Royalston, Mass., Aug. 16, 1795; a graduate of Harvard, 1818; and ordained first minister of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston, Feb. 9, 1825. I wish to speak of him to-day, but not historically. I shall not dwell on the dates of his life, the offices he filled, the discourses he published, the tenets he held, or the titles he bore; but take a text from the mouth of all that knew him, as well as from the gospel he preached, and call him "a good man."

What is it to be "good," — the word first stammered by the child, and last ideal of the man? The words "god" and "good" are identical, — have each the same root. Artificial definitions are given; but goodness, while spiritual, is the most natural of things, and the human heart is never deceived in it. Instinct is the only test. No person is good, if we have to reason the matter and prove him so. Goodness is a shining thing that always proves itself, like the sun.

Conspicuous in him was this clear and warm benignity, whose beams fell with a divine impartiality. All his brethren loved him. Ministers, like college students, find each other out, and from their general verdict there is no appeal. No bigot's sourness or fanatical ferment, no forgery of an ostentatious form, no counterfeit of a sectarian creed, which the unsophisticated feeling stamps and nails as spurious, did he ever attempt to pass for genuine; though he never reckoned himself among the elect, saints and favorites of the Heavenly King. He was good because he was unpretending,— the most unpretending of men, while there beat in him the most benevolent of hearts. Such goodness, that has no story to tell of its birth, and describes not its experience or process of conversion, is sometimes, by a conceit of orthodoxy in religion, branded as a merely amiable quality, giving no warrant of salvation, and ruled out of court. But amiability is better than self-complacent and intolerant grace, — the inhuman exclusive temper, that is not the grace of God, who is the most *amiable* of beings.

Dr. Barrett was a good man. There was about him nothing cold, indifferent, or tame; rather an extraordinary fervor. But his heart had no foul or malign element. His fire showed the purity of a smokeless flame. It was fed with no selfish or sensual fuel, but sacred essences of humanity and truth. Let me bear him witness! Throughout these thirty years of our mutual acquaintance, I never met him but to see this divine ardor in his face, hear it in his voice, and mark it in his manner; and to breathe in his whole atmosphere that indescribable blending of beautiful traits, the secret of whose unity could no more be detected than the way the seven colors melt into the spotless white. So gentle his look, so cordial his greeting, it was difficult to imagine that an almost volcanic passion was native to his soul. But never was victory more perfect than in the charity to which his temper was schooled and subdued. It was impassioned virtue. All high virtue is impassioned. It must be an enthusiasm. Away with the icy morality of conformity to an external rule, and let devotion to God and man come instead! It was unequivocal in

him. There was, in both public and private speech, a peculiar catch in his breath, which I think must have come from early lessons of self-control, and, like the pall of a windlass, withstood any unguarded slip. Within my hearing certainly, no harsh or ungenerous expression ever escaped, though whatever got vent showed, with his mildness could go along what zeal. How his bosom heaved when the wind of inspiration smote him, making us think of a sudden swell of the sea! One could never get over marvelling at this swift, strange softness in the stream from his lips.

The combination too, in character — so rare and hard — of the *kind* with the *sincere*, in him was complete. All the trains of his virtue, connected throughout the continent of his soul; and the sharpest contrasts of excellence were to him no cross. How easily and irresistibly the current and cataract of his feeling bore him to uncontrollable candor, yet how invariably his sympathy turned him to compassion, as the rapids of Niagara bend to glassy smoothness at the edge of the fall! His veracity seemed a law. He did not know how to tell a lie. I do not think he could have done it. Yet there is no attribute in him his friends would perhaps sooner single out than his wisdom, though it was wisdom without suspicion of management or cunning. So sagacious was he, that, when a clerical brother was asked if he was going to take a certain course, he answered, "I suppose so, for Dr. Barrett predicts it." Yet he was as simple as he was wise. With shrewdness, I should say, he united self-forgetfulness; but that there appeared really no *self* to forget. Self-denial was self-indulgence. His entire self-government set him against all violent procedure, even in reform. Yet, though late in the field, he was loyal to the core; for when the enemies of freedom showed their hand, and began to play with guns their terrible game, none resisted with more resolution. He was cautious, but brave; prudent, yet vehement for the right. Modesty and courage twined their emblems on his shield, and set their seal, a crest in shadow, on his brow. He verified the Scripture, that a good man shall be satisfied from himself. He was not of those whose public service seeks pay in personal promotion,

or has private ambition for its impulse and taint. He was not forward, blew no trumpet; he had no desire to lead; he shrunk from appearing on the platform, or seeing his name in print. He gave the surest certificate of moral greatness in that preference, which many ministers are losing, for obscure work. Monckton Milnes's "Lay of the Humble" would have had for him a relish. Yet he was of such independent stamina, he could not be led, save by such as were themselves under the lead of reason and conscience,— the great and universal light. It is harder to lead the lowly than the proud. His sensibility matched his common-sense. When one of his early companions, failing in his lesson, wept at a teacher's reprimand, he was so touched, that, always remembering and quoting it in after-life, he would say, "Ah, those tears! I always prophesied from them what you would become."

That, thus worthy, he was also happy, I need not say; for of such goodness happiness is but a form. It flowed from it as a spring in him. He needed for his pleasure no excitements, entertainments, journeys, or shows. He found it in life and nature, and his own aim and labor every day. To no man did the common scene, without special favor, more suffice.

> "The common earth, the air, the skies,
> To him were opening paradise."

Bright and cheerful views his own mind moved him to take. To him, in his goodness, all was good: the world was a good world, the race was a good race, all fortune was good fortune, and Providence was infinitely good. In the darkest times he never despaired. No dirge of defeat, but only songs of deliverance, for him! Nothing so ruinous but could serve as foundation for the building of his hope. I suppose there never was profounder faith in the future of mankind, and the immortal destiny and bliss of the children of God. His goodness was blessedness: for misery is sin, and about the wretched is something bad. How deep his content, how homely his delight, we have a curious proof in his obtaining many years ago in the neighborhood of Boston, in a lonely spot, a piece of ground, to which he would go, seeking his recreation from

study and social tasks, in solitary toil of tillage, raising potatoes in the sweat of his brow. What finer demonstration could there be of unexhausted vitality, in such a profession as his, straining every nerve, than such voluntary industry, chosen instead of concert, opera, spectacle or play! Wherefore but because of the peace and comfort in his own honest and warmly throbbing breast, was no productive and useful occupation, for his amusement insufficient or mean? That was a solace and restorative to him which would have weighed on others as a stint. This happy disposition made his presence such a charm in every circle, as it was the endless delight of his own house; so that, when his *goodness* was suggested at the grave, as a consolation in his household's extreme grief at his departure, the reply followed instantly from them, "Nobody knows how good he was!" But the earnestness of his convictions, the warmth of his affections, the soaring of his piety, and spread of his philanthropy, could be hid from none within his reach,—though with so little of what are called gifts and graces. As a pulpit orator he had no great fame. He could not play very well on that vocal instrument, finer than clarion or violin; and to those demanding nicely ordered gestures and delicately graduated tones, he was not specially attractive in the desk. But upon some of us there were few men who won so much as he, by his delivery. It had the prime merits of heartiness, frankness, lucid language, and glowing thought. I remember well a ministerial class in elocution, whose teacher put him for innate persuasive capacity at the head, although when he tried to make out that one of his college mates was older than himself, by saying, "You taught me elocution in the university," the quick response was, "I could do that now!" Yet there is in many men a captivating manner, with less power than his hearers felt from his tongue,—kindled as with a live coal from the altar: and it is memorable that this faculty grew to the end, and his greatest effects crowned the septuagenarian's closing days. Well if we distinguished better between pinchbeck and gold! For in nothing is there more illusion, not to say jugglery, than in this matter of what is called eloquence. How we are stirred

by some popular discoursers, till we discover the art of their motions, and artifice of their inflections, which some betrayal from behind the scenes demonstrates to be but a subtler kind of wire-pulling, a sort of manufactory in the throat, with which communicates no spontaneous fountain of love and faith in the bosom, deeper down. Thenceforth all the exquisite shape of a sentence, the bodily agony and sweat, or elaborate display before an audience, pass for nought. No such fatal discovery was ever made in him. Whatever abrupt or awkward entered occasionally into his vocalization, his absorption in his theme none could doubt, while there was often a flute-like sweetness and artless melody in the sound of his notes which was an articulation of the seldom equalled goodness of his whole being. The pith of his period never failed, lack as it might ornamentation of fancy or taste. The unexpended breath, that, with a peculiarity all his own, came out at the end of a clause or paragraph, betokened, what was unspeakable in his subject; for he had a sense of grandeur; or it hinted what his transcendent consideration kept him from risking pain to his listeners by putting into words.

For — I come back to that always — he was a good man; and goodness is shown by refraining from what will hurt, as truly as by imparting what will bless. They are the *bad* who inflict needless pangs, who are ready to censure and complain, who search the armor of their neighbors' reputation to see where a pin's point of criticism can be thrust in, or buzz after a place where they can sting and draw blood. Never was pity more tender or reflective and circumspect. I should leave out one of his principal traits, if I omitted this uniform, unsurpassed forbearance to rub unnecessarily the sore spot. He knew where it was, but touched it not. "Be careful," said one lately to the next sitter in the car, "when you get up, not to strike my amputated arm." Dr. Barrett never superfluously reminded you of any unpleasant circumstance. Not that he was reticent or close. He was transparent, and altogether decided in his opinion. But he differed entirely from those who are diligent to thrust in the probe where they have not been called as surgeons, and chafing into mor-

bid activity old and half-healed wounds. The young are good judges; and he singularly drew them, as a teacher, in early life. He had, as his birthright, a fellow-feeling, by which he immediately and infallibly understood others, as if his breath were an ether for their distress: though often he could say little, he felt so much. It is not surprising, but very beautiful, that, after singular physical soundness and health, in his own time of suffering, his patience was so great. Those about him of his family, having feared, under such pressure, his tranquillity might give way, were struck with his composure and self-possession, in a disease attended with unusual anguish. But all was in keeping with the love and duty that dictated his course, and comes in evidence, that the unassuming is the accomplishing soul.

After leaving the Chambers-street Society, though he felt he had a right to be relieved from active work, he was nevertheless constantly moving, at all times and in all weather, where duty called him. His greatest pleasure was in his study, and during his illness he struggled to this favorite spot so long as his strength would allow; and afterwards was wheeled in, every day, until it became impossible to move him. One of his last wishes on his dying day was to be carried once more to this room, but his attendants were obliged to refuse. His thumb-worn bible, covered with marginal notes, and his long-used hymn-book, were ever by his bedside; and it was his daily wish to have his wife read some favorite hymn,— the one he was most fond of being the first in the book, commencing "Come, thou Almighty King!" His malady was of a very painful nature; but he bore it with a hero's and martyr's mind, calm and clear. His physician said he had never witnessed, in similar circumstances, a balance so complete. The nerves of his limbs becoming partially paralyzed gave him the feeling of a third arm, all whose sensations, while aware that they were illusions, he precisely described. In this his first exercise with exquisite pain appeared the demonstration not only of his Christian fortitude, but of a disinterestedness which avoided giving needless trouble to those about him, ready with every ministration in the offices of unwearied hands.

The morning before he died, he awoke from a short sleep, and told the nurse he had just had a vision of heaven, in which the angels appeared, and every thing was bright and beautiful. Then, coming to his ordinary consciousness, he remarked, "But it is only a dream;" and it apparently passed from his mind. Was not that dream the beginning of the dawn? Does it not remind us of Thomas Browne's idea, that we are all asleep in this world?

> "These are my drowsy days: in vain
> I now do wake to sleep again:
> Oh, come that hour when I shall never
> Sleep again, but wake for ever!"

It has come to him! On that Saturday, afterwards, Dr. Barrett had such use of his faculties as to be able to counsel his children, particularly on their duties in life.

When Sunday came, he knew — how well always he had known — the day! But his articulation had become indistinct. He evidently wanted something which he could not intelligibly express. The word "sermon" was vaguely uttered, and it seemed as though he were referring to his own old sermons. But one of his daughters, detecting a syllable sounding like "mount," guessed that he wanted to have the Sermon on the Mount read to him. His face gave tokens of joy when he found he was understood; and, as the reading went on, his whole countenance lightened with manifest signs of thorough appreciation. Shortly after, the paralysis, — which, rising from a local affection, had deadened the members, — rose to the vital organs; and, on the day of rest and peace, he passed away, as in a sleep. His disease, which, with its complications, formed an exceptional case, he had discussed freely with his physician, and studied philosophically, with a clearness of intellect and resignation of will, both bespeaking alike that which cannot perish.

He was a good man. Perhaps no clergyman has been more beloved by his parishioners and professional associates. Many a heart was in the coffin holding the precious remains that had been his body, — the shrine of a nature as noble and affectionate as is ever dressed in human form, still keeping in decay his innocent and generous look.

It may be thought something more than a curious observation, if I say his concluding selection of Scripture was significant of his character. The dying ordinarily choose chapters more sympathetic with their actual state, such as David's psalm about passing through the dark valley; or Christ's comforting words at his leave-taking with his disciples; or the pictures of the New Jerusalem, drawn with such transports for accompaniment in the incomparable splendors shooting forth from the light and shade of the Apocalypse. Why did he, so unusually and unconventionally, fix on the practical directions and admonitions of the Sermon on the Mount? Because of their entire congeniality with his own habits and traits! He unconsciously, in that last dying request, disclosed the entire drift of his purpose, tenor of his preaching, and leaning of his life. He, from whom none ever heard an accent of self-praise, unawares pronounced his own eulogy. He *was*, in life and death, what he desired to have vibrate on his failing ear, — the final echo of his belief, as it was prelude of the paradise to which he went. He had striven to model himself after the Master's plan; and the satisfaction with which he listened, last of all things, to his Lord's solemn commands, was his already anticipated reward, commencing in a music, how delicious after pain, for his expiring moments, to thrill and deepen into the perpetual melodies of his angelic harp, which he would recover his voice to accompany! For he was one who had done unto others as he would have others do unto him. If any man would compel him to go a mile, he would have gone twain. He would have been as likely as any other, when one asked for his coat, to let him have his cloak also. He strove to be perfect like the Father in heaven; and when the floods of change came, and hundreds of the families of his church were swept so sadly away, ebbing before the "tide in the affairs of men," — yea, when the wind of death blew and beat, it was seen that his house was founded on a rock. Nothing of the sand had ever been in the supports he trusted and recommended: so he fell not, but stood and ascended.

Dr. Barrett rejoiced to be a Unitarian, and to build up the

Unitarian association and denomination as member, officer, editor, and votary without ambiguity every way. He accepted the authority, but not supreme divinity, of Christ. When one affirmed there must be something of special height or mystery in the *nature* of Jesus, he inquired, "More than in that of any other man?" There was a melancholy fitness in his decease, after the dissolution of the worshipping body that throve so under his care. How death seems to commiserate companions of many years, and not to divide them long! But for a short time the pastor has survived his church. As that church sprang in part from this very place, we are the natural mourners at this double doom. The mother here laments her offspring: the minister deplores the departure of his father and friend. The two longings, — of the flesh for its kindred dust, of the soul for its source, — he has fulfilled. But, as there is a resurrection in glory for the good man, so his teaching and example here below have not gone to the ground, but survive in the holy aspirations and righteous ways of all ever touched by his so unstained sanctity and positive faith. Could nothing else preserve his influence, it should be consecrated by the pattern of his behavior under a disappointment so sore as seeing the cherished enterprise, into which had gone his youthful heart and whole life, fail in his age. I remember wondering at his equanimity and brightness, changing not a jot at the crisis of his fate. Sorrow there must have been within. But he laid it not on others' shoulders. He begged nobody to share his woe. For the relics of his hope he made a grave in his own heart, and kept his funeral to himself. It was the sublimity of goodness. It was like the good man not to grieve any one more than he could help, even to lighten his own calamity.

To some sympathizers at least in my theme, on this occasion I speak. As bees come back to an old hive in the garden, and doves to the window from which they flew, not a few who were dear to him have returned to the ancient homestead, flourishing still as much as ever, though exposed to the same causes of waste, in the emigration of many hundreds of families, which emptied their newer house. How welcome their

presence in this sanctuary, they need not be told. From the deserted temple and the expiring guide, may they and their children, in these well-filled precincts, be not only a sacred charge, but a strong defence of the venerable shrine that rose more than a century and a quarter ago, in a building then the only shelter of common prayer in this part of the town! As once before, in the day of British oppression, this church, less tempest-tost on the sea than on the land, sailed across the Bay of Fundy for a refuge, — if the ark of the Lord shall be afloat again to save its living contents, or increase and multiply for successive generations, — may they or theirs of the flock remain faithfully with us all in our posterity, in a fold too strong and prosperous to be ever abandoned, parted with, or taken down!

While the places that knew him still stand, our brother's tabernacle has vanished away. He himself has left this beautiful house of the senses, — constructed by the seeing of the eye, the hearing of the ear, and the touch of the hand, — which all must go out of before they can enter the deeper lodging of the soul. In our memory and love and hope is now his abode. But, as we believe, in the new body he inhabits, the old senses are refined and glorified; so, to our exalted senses, in due time he shall return, and we come again into the range of his, if we hold on in the line of eternal life mortals can begin, and he pursued with a toil and patience that never banished, but only sweetened, his peculiar smile.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Prayer is not peculiar to any denomination of Christians, nor indeed to any type of religion. It is almost as universal as speech and as human intelligence itself. That there is a great difference between the prayers of heathens and Christians cannot be questioned; but the difference does not consist, as might at first be thought, in intensity of emotion

so much as in correctness of apprehension. Protestant devotion has no more of warmth than Catholic; the Mahommedan is not less zealous than the Christian, and Pagans are often more devout than are either Mahommedans or Christians. Yet we do not hesitate on this account to assign to Paganism the lowest rank. Neither intelligent belief alone, nor fervent religious feeling alone, can make true worship. The two must be combined, so that the sentiment, which is the soul of prayer, shall be toned and shaped and directed by the reason. One is sometimes tempted to think that spirit and understanding in religion are to be found in the inverse ratio, so that the more there is of the one, the less there is of the other. To a certain extent it seems true, that, as religion becomes less superstitious, it declines in zeal; and, as it grows more rational, it loses something of its fervor. Intellectual culture may induce a neglect of spiritual culture; but respecting an apparent effect of this kind, we must not at once pronounce too positively. Yet we need not rashly infer a deterioration, inasmuch as an improved *quality* of religious feeling may more than atone for the diminution of *quantity*.

In the apostolic church at Corinth, the new religion found expression in forms with which we are personally unacquainted. With the joy which is the legitimate fruit of fresh and holier religious conceptions, there was mingled the caprice and extravagance incident to all childhood. The meetings of this church had even grown disorderly. The doctrine was, that every one should speak as he was moved by the Holy Spirit; and so, leaving all to the direction of feeling, several would be talking at the same time. Men and women were exhorting, praying, and speaking with tongues, in so confused and excited a manner that calm reflection was impossible, and the worship could be little more than a blind enthusiasm in the new faith. The "speaking with tongues," as it was called, was especially the disturbing element. From the way in which Paul described this exercise and sought to curb it, we know that it was not the use of a foreign language for the sake of edifying strangers unacquainted with the Greek, but the utterance of sounds which had no distinct significance,

and were profitable only as inarticulate cries are, when words break down under unusual emotions. The apostle could not be satisfied with enthusiasm alone. He required rather an intelligent appreciation.

Even if we were to confine our attention to the devotional element, we must admit the truth of that lesson which the prophet learned on Horeb, that the voice of God is heard, not in the strong wind nor earthquake nor fire, but in the still, small voice. Not by great outward demonstration is the heartiest love to be recognized. Perfect love is not boisterous, but restful and quiet. The beautiful words in which one of our poets has given utterance to his complete satisfaction in the affection of home, apply as truly to the love of God.

——"a love as still
As the broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,—
Sweet homes wherein to live and die."

Respecting the devotional fervor of our own time, it is not unlikely that re-action against a one-sided piety may have carried us to an opposite extreme; and it is not unlikely, that as we have seen the unreasonableness of prayer from the old point of view, without attending to its significance regarded from our higher standing point, we have been led to the neglect of that which is not less true to the understanding than comforting to the spirit. If prayer were understood, it would never be spoken of lightly. The objections to it owe their force to the representation, that prayer is an attempt to persuade God to adopt our human ways and views.

We know that the stream of Divine love and blessing pours its broad, deep current into every unobstructed channel, and that there can be no partiality with God. His mercies, like the sunshine and the rain, like the air we breathe, and

the pure water, are diffused abroad, free to all who will take them. If prayer is the ignorant and selfish desire to interrupt this grand universal outpouring, and prevail upon God to give otherwise than according to his equal and adorable laws; if it supposes he is able to be partial, or that the desires and judgments of man are to be made God's rule of action,— then let us have no prayer; let us live and thrive as the rest of nature does, taking the daily bread that is given us as the pastures are freshened by the dew, and as the flower unfolds in the sun. But is this prayer? Must we who believe in the Infinite Father accept that as worship which was thought to be so by Jews and Pagans? Must we lose prayer because we have found God?

Men often argue about prayer as if it consisted of special requests,— such as that our plans for to-morrow may succeed, or that our friend may speedily recover from illness. This is not even an essential element in prayer. It might be altogether laid aside and dropped from our forms, and all that is holiest and dearest to the devotional mind remain untouched. I do not say that we should avoid such petitions as seem to imply a special interposition, but only that our estimation of prayer should not be based on a secondary and accidental feature of it. I doubt not it is well for us to carry all our desires and hopes and fears, our joys and griefs, our real and fancied wants, to God in prayer, not indeed with the hope that he will interfere with his eternal plans and means, but with the spirit that a little child ought to have in coming to his father or mother. It is proper that children should ask for that which they think they want, as well as for that which they know certainly the parent is willing to give. But as the child ought not to insist upon having that which the father deems unwise to grant, so, while we ask for that which is grateful to our feelings, we should leave our requests with God, not expecting they will be complied with, simply because we have asked, but that it will be as God sees best. And the petitioner who insists upon the gratification of his own desire and the fulfilment of his personal wishes, on the ground that he has asked and therefore ought to receive,

acts towards the All-Good Father the part of an ignorant or obstinate child.

Why, then, should we ask for special favors for our friends and ourselves, if the asking does not change God? We ought not to ask for supposed blessings, if we are not drawn to do so. If one does not feel like asking, it is mockery to ask; and, if he *does* feel moved to offer the petition and does so in the Christian spirit, he will be blessed thereby, whether his request is granted or denied.

But we have not yet come to the soul and substance of prayer. Prayer is conscious communion with God. There is a sense in which we, and all finite beings, commune unconsciously with the Infinite. To commune is to share, to have in common; and in all the universe there is a unity of life, and every created thing exists only as it shares the common life. If it were conceivable that God should not be, or be annihilated, nothing would remain,— neither life nor land nor air: there would be only darkness and emptiness. God is the underlying substance and power of all things. How it is that individual life and special forms of existence arise, and how they can be distinguished from the great whole of which they share, is a mystery unfathomable. On the one hand, we cannot deny our individuality; and, on the other, we cannot deny the veritable communion of the finite and the Infinite. We cannot look around us upon the manifold glories of creation with thoughtfulness, whether by day or night, in winter or summer, without feeling assured of one all-pervading Spirit which gives beauty to the earth, sublimity to the heavens, and an appreciating eye to man. The universe is one, and finds its unity and significance in the thought of God. Communion with God! Yea, the simplest flower communes with him, partaking continually of his perfections, and reflecting, according to its measure, the glory of God. Do not we also commune with him unconsciously? "He giveth to his beloved sleeping," and we rise refreshed and strengthened. It is not now and then that God interposes in our behalf. At no past time did he give us life more than he does at this present moment. It is not nature, considered

as something apart from God, in which we live and move and have our being; it is God, and God alone. To say that he is present with us is but a tame expression. Present, all around us,— ah soul! dost thou not know him nearer? Compared with the Divine presence, thy nearest friend is at a distance, and thine own body is a stranger to thee.

To pray with the spirit, and the understanding also, is to be aware of the Infinite presence, and to lose all selfish desires in the will of God, and freely allow the Infinite to control and use the finite.

When we speak of prayer, our thought is apt to be upon the formal exercise. The real prayer does not consist of certain words spoken in a certain manner. The real prayer is the soul's attitude and motion. If words express and help the inward prayer, they are good "as a means of grace;" if not, they are profane. The uttered prayer has its origin, like all true forms, in silence; and he who never prays in secret, prays not at all. But the closet into which we must go and shut the door is not *there*, but here within us; and, for the hallowed time of entering it, we must observe the indications of Providence in our moods and circumstances. When and how one prays is a matter between himself and God. Into our holy of holies no critical eye may intrude without desecration. All will agree, however, that we should make the most of those precious moments when the veil of sense is lifted from our eyes, and the spirit stands face to face with God; when the passions are at rest; when care is for the time laid aside, — it may be in the solemn stillness of night, or in the quiet and meditative woods, or when occupied with our daily duty: whenever the inspiration comes, let us have faith in it as a Divine revelation, and accept the word of God, — the bread of life!

Prayer, then, is not so much asking as it is receiving. Instead of being mere petition, it is the opening of the hand to grasp the proffered blessing: it is not wishing to change the thoughts of God towards us; it is entertaining such worthy and trustful thoughts towards him as to bring into our spirits perfect satisfaction and repose: it is not the

endeavor to win God over to our will, but rather to accept his, and make it our own. In fine, the end of true prayer is not to make God partial and human, but to become ourselves divine and universal. The highest reach of devotion is possible only to him who ceases to think of persuading God; and whatever one's formal doctrine of prayer may be, when he enters into the soul of worship, he loses all selfish and personal aims in holy aspiration and childlike trust.

"O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for ever." D. B.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

LII.

GIEB DICH ZUFRIEDEN UND SEY STILLE.

From the Berlin Hymn Book.

TRANQUILLY yield thee, — peace possessing
In Him in whom thy being liveth:
He is the fulness of all blessing;
All thy care else nothing giveth.
He is the source
Of bliss the purest;
The radiant force
Of sunshine surest.
Tranquilly yield thee.

The God of peace and consolation
Loves and pities as a father:
No ill can harm with such relation,
Though the heaviest tempests gather.

Cross, woe, and want
Find God's protection;
And Death's grim front
Owns God's direction.
Tranquilly yield thee.

Does promised help seem false or erring?
Come it will, or soon or later;
Does heart grow sick with long deferring?
This but makes the meed the greater.
No hasty sprout
Puts forth securely;
The time and fruit
Must come maturely.
Tranquilly yield thee.

There can and must be no exemption;
All that lives and moves must suffer:
The fairest lot has no redemption
From the sharper and the rougher.
Where's house or nook
The fable telling, —
"Grief never shook
This quiet dwelling"?
Tranquilly yield thee.

But yet there comes a day of resting;
God will all these steep ways level,
Of chains and pains the heart divesting,
Freeing us from every evil.
Death soon will come
Whom Heaven sendeth;
In that still doom
All trouble endeth.
Tranquilly yield thee.

The Lord doth join thee to those legions
Of the souls in peace departed
Who behold the blessed regions,
No more tossed or heavy-hearted.

Who patient bear
The cross that's weighing,
Soon come to hear
The gracious saying,
"Tranquilly yield thee." N. L. F.

LIII.

SCHAFFHAUSER UND N. BASLER GESANGBUCH.

Melody, — Gott ist mein Hirt: was mangelt jemals mir?

GOD is my Shepherd: how then can I need?
I follow with glad will.
On grassy banks he leads me out to feed
Beside the waters still.
He cheers the soul with grace the purest;
He guides the heart in ways the surest,
With shepherd care.

When down the darkening vale I move and look,
No peril shall affright,
For Thou art by my side; thy shepherd crook
Shall soothe and guard that night.
Though envious foes should scorn and spite me,
To feasts of joy thou dost invite me
At thy blest board.

With holy oil thou dost anoint my head;
My cup, it runneth o'er.
Thou Shepherd, who thus far dost fend and feed,
Wilt still do all and more.
While here, I feel thy comforts ever;
When there above, no time shall sever
My soul from thee. N. L. F.

REGENERATION.

THE doctrine of Regeneration, notwithstanding the exceeding plainness ascribed to it in the Scriptures, has received from theologians a wide variety of interpretations, and to many persons has become involved in great obscurity. It is spoken of sometimes as merely the transfer of our natural affections from the objects of earth to those of heaven. At others it is regarded as the direct creation by the Holy Spirit of a new principle in the human mind. There are some who make it consist in a reformation of the life and character; some who explain it as the subjection of the human will to the will of God; some who confound it with repentance and conversion; and very often it is made to include the whole experience of the soul in becoming a Christian.

There is no real need of any such obscurity. The great trouble is that men ignore the peculiar force of its Bible name, "born again," and try to make it out as an event entirely removed from our common life. The Saviour must have had some special reason for the words with which he described it. The more we investigate his teachings, the more we find that, however paradoxical they may seem at first glance, or however much they are obscured by our systems of theology, they are grounded on those broad and everlasting principles which run through all the Divine economy both natural and spiritual. And in discussing the subject, its nature, laws, means and ends, our safest way is not to throw aside his phraseology as a mere figure of speech, but to keep as near as possible to the idea by which it was at first suggested to his own mind.

Looking at it from this point of view, regeneration is not a new creation, or a reformation, or a change of heart; but, like all birth, it is the development of something already created. It is apparent to every one that the soul is not born all at once into any of its higher states of existence. There is a series of steps, a natural order, by which the

faculties wrapped up in its original germ are unfolded, each introducing it as truly as the first into a new realm of being. The child is something else than the mere dwarf of its parent, is different from the full-grown man not only in strength and size, but also in the proportion with which its various powers of reason, sense, affection, imagination, insight and conscience are combined. Its first birth is merely into the natural world; and it is then possessed of but little more than those faculties which it has in common with the animal kingdom, and leads but little else than an animal life. Very soon, however, it passes on to the development of its emotional nature, — begins to love its mother and companions, and to exhibit those passions and wants which distinguish humanity from the brutes. It is born from the animal world into the higher realm of home. Next in order we have the manifestation of its intellectual nature. It begins to think and ask questions. Reason, memory, imagination, and judgment are brought gradually into action: the child is born from the realm of sense and feeling into that of truth. Another stage of its growth, one, however, which takes place very early in life, is the unfolding of its moral nature. It learns to see those qualities to which at first it was utterly blind, the right and wrong of actions. It is impelled by a new voice in the soul to do the right and avoid the wrong: it is born into the kingdom of duty. A yet further step, coming usually in the first flush of youth and womanhood, is the development of what is called the æsthetic nature. It is a time when the melody of sounds and the form and color of objects, which hitherto have been perceived only by the outward ear and eye, appeal to something which is in the soul. We feel the divine element which there is in music and poetry and art, see an everlasting meaning in nature underlying its rocks and trees, see that actions besides their right and wrong have still another quality, that of nobility and sublimity. It is the beginning of life's young dream. The ideal of something better and fairer than earth can show, floats before the soul. We are born into God's great world of the beautiful. Then, as the last and loftiest unfolding of

the soul, the bright flower and consummation of all its other faculties, we have the development of our spiritual nature. The soul is made not only to know of, but to be conscious of the Divine Presence. His perfections are revealed to it through the inward sight. The sentiment of a love different from what it bears to all other beings is kindled in its lower depths. It delights in worship. There is a light around it richer than all that earth in its fairest moments has ever given. It is born from the world of nature into the kingdom of God.

It is this final step of our progress, the awakening of those powers which bring us into relation with God and eternity, the one which separates us most widely from the things of time, which has received pre-eminently the name of "new birth." The capacity for it, the germ out of which it springs, is not an after-thought on the part of God, but, like all the rest of our faculties, is something with which we are endowed at the very first, something which is given as truly as that of the mind or the heart, to every human being. The distinction between it and the other parts of our nature is recognized by the Bible in the clearest terms. Our Saviour says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," implying that in our relations with God a different set of faculties are brought into play from those that we use in relations with men. The Apostle Paul makes repeated reference to the natural and the spiritual man which exist within us: "The first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening spirit:" "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural and afterwards that which is spiritual:" "I delight in the law of God after the inward man, but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members:" "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the spirit, the things of the spirit:" "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritual discerned, but he that is

spiritual judgeth all things." How is it possible for any words to assert more clearly than these do that there is a separate part of our nature, a part, however, which is still ours, that was intended to deal especially with spiritual realities, one that comes into action after the natural powers? And, if so, what else could our Saviour have meant by that new birth which enables us to discern the kingdom of God than the first awakening of it into conscious life?

It is these facts in regard to its nature which help us at once to some idea of the period of life at which it ought normally to occur. As the capacity for it is placed on the same footing as all our other faculties in being a part of our original constitution, it is natural to suppose that in its development it must follow the same law with them, and appear in the earlier part of our lives; but on the other hand, as it is the loftiest and richest of all our attributes, we have no right to expect it until the others have reached at least a part of their growth.

This view is the more important because it is connected so intimately with what is the religious state of children. The old doctrine of total depravity was that from his childhood up, man is "wholly defiled in all faculties and parts of soul and body," and "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good." But the new one, that which is held in most of the churches around us, makes it consist in simply a want of love to God. It is said the child is born without any spiritual affections, that it does not exhibit any during the first period of its life; and therefore that it is totally depraved. But in view of what regeneration really is, how could we expect it to have any such affections, yea, how would it be possible according to its very constitution for it to have them? It is a part of the Divine economy, an order which He has established with his own hand, that what is natural shall take the precedence of what is spiritual. The child has just as little the power of loving and communing with God during the first period of life as it has of reason, or work, or artistic taste. And we might as well blame it and call it a fool for not being logical and eloquent and full of

work, as to call its nature depraved because it is not then full of piety and prayer. There is not the slightest reason either in the Bible or in its own constitution to suppose that God ever meant a young child to be pious. The vital energies of its system are not sufficient to supply any other faculties than those of the body. Its first years were designed to be spent almost entirely in the realm of nature, sporting in the sunshine, developing its muscles on the playground, and enjoying the abundance of appetite and sense. A strong foundation of body is absolutely needed to support the superstructure of spirit. And that infinite wisdom which in spite of man's blunders to comprehend it, yea, and often the opprobrious terms which he applies to it, never fails for a single moment in its plans, has purposely delayed the development of our spiritual nature in order that the whole of our vital energy may be applied to the growth of flesh and sense. There is always something morbid in youthful piety. It is no healthy child which is spiritual-minded. The precocious manifestation of its religious nature is bought only at the price of its bodily vigor; and, like those apples which ripen in the midst of summer, it is sure to have a disease at its core, and to fall before its time to the earth. The true principle in dealing with children is not to force the development of their spiritual nature, not to mourn over the absence of all religious interest as so much depravity, but to prepare a way for the Lord's coming by the care of those faculties which he has already called into action. It is their bodies first of all that should be trained up in the way they should go. The best nurture and admonition of the Lord during all the earliest period of their lives is not sermons and doctrines, but food and drink. The home atmosphere, the culture of the simple home affections, the twin lessons of love and duty coming from the mother's lips, the rich earthly meaning of the word "father," — these things, though not piety in themselves, have far more to do with its vigor and growth in after-years than many of its direct teachings. The young eagle does not soar the less grandly up to heaven because it has been kept at first only in the narrow bounda-

ries of its home nest. And, if this work of preparation is thoroughly done, if all the rest of their nature is healthy and sound, and especially if it is kept from the sin and hardness of the world, there is no reason why the new birth should not occur with as much certainty as that of the mind or the conscience, and at least within the period of youth.

So in regard to the length of time which is required, if not for the new birth itself, yet for the completion of its work; the analogy of our other faculties would lead us to suppose that in its normal condition it would be a gradual process. It is a long time after their birth before even our bodies arrive at the full and conscious enjoyment of the world around them. The child's affections for its father and mother commence at the lowest point, and are the growth of years. Our intellectual faculties do not spring all at once into activity, but only by many slow and painful steps. And certainly there is nothing in our spiritual nature itself, nothing in the world to which it is introduced, that would lead us to expect that, normally, it would come under the operation of a different law. Then, too, it has been the experience of some of the noblest and truest Christians who have ever lived, that it is a gradual development. There is no particular time, no fixed day or hour, in which they can say they were born again. Their eyes were opened to the spiritual world in the same way as to that of truth and beauty and love. And the tide of divine life, beginning in their bosoms with a little spring of love, has flowed onward like a river in larger and ever larger abundance, till finally it has been the great motive power of their whole being.

But, while this is the true and normal process, we must remember, likewise, how seldom it is that the rest of our nature is in a condition to make it possible. The germs of our spiritual being are crusted over with the sins and cares of the world. Evil habits get dominion over us. We are blinded with superstition and prejudice and false beliefs. Our appetites and passions are developed out of all proportion to the rest of our powers. Thus the natural man is not merely indifferent to, but is brought into positive enmity

against God. In all such cases regeneration must of necessity be sudden. Our spiritual capacities are obliged to wait till they are roused into strength enough to break asunder their bonds before they can come in conscious action; and then, like a deep spring of water which has had a whole stratum of earth resting upon it, they leap up, as it were, in a single moment to the heavens. It is often the case, likewise, that they are developed in the soul to a very large extent before their possessor is brought into those peculiar circumstances, that knowledge of God and what religion is, which are needed to call them forth. The same thing is witnessed in the other departments of our nature. There is many a person whose intellectual faculties, so far as the great realm of abstract truth is concerned, are suffered to lie dormant to a late period of life; and then perhaps, under the influence of books, or a new set of companions, or new surroundings, are quickened all at once into the highest kind of activity. The child that is parted from its parents in infancy, though having all the inward capacity for filial affection developed, will remain unconscious of it, perhaps, as a real feeling, until they again meet; and then, most likely, will find it spring up in a single moment to the fullest life. The love which unites husband and wife, although the capacity for it may have existed long before, is obliged to wait for its development till in the changing scenes of life they are brought to each other's acquaintance; and then, it may be, is of instant growth. So with our love to God and interest in spiritual things: the capability of them may exist in our bosoms for long years as only a nameless yearning for some good, some truth, some object such as earth has never supplied; but at last, amid the changes of outward events, or under some calamity which stirs up the deep fountains of our nature, the Deity is presented to our minds as it were a new person; a beauty is seen in his character that never struck us before; the Eternal Father comes home to his child; the Spirit finds the bride it long has sought; and the flame of divine love breaks forth all at once full and strong in the soul.

And now, having got at its nature and mode, the question comes, What are the means by which this development is produced, — what is the cause of the new birth? There can be only one answer. The Saviour, the Bible, the Church, the Sunday school, the mother's teachings, and the thousand other channels of religious instruction, are doubtless the instruments and occasions; but the one great agency beyond and above all others is the Spirit of God. It is a universal law of the natural world that nothing will grow from the force merely of its own inward principle and without the help of some outside influence. The seed will sprout only when its germ is placed in the warmth and moisture of the ground. The animal, in order to thrive, must have the food and air of the world around it, as well as the vitality of its own being. And it matters not how vigorous the root of the tree may be, it is found to put forth its new leaves and branches only under the warm sunshine and the genial breath of spring. And the same law holds good in regard to our human growth. Each part of our being, apart from its inward vitality, must have some outside influence which is adapted especially to its own peculiar wants. Meat and drink are the stimulants which act on our bodily powers. The intellectual nature is called into action by its contact with the realm of knowledge and truth. The conscience is unfolded only so far as it is wrought upon by actions which embody the great principles of right and wrong. There would be no development of taste, without we had the sight and sound of beauty in the world around us. And now, coming to our spiritual nature, that part of our being which deals with God and the kingdom of heaven, how is it possible to explain its appearance without the agency of something which belongs especially to the spirit-world? Why, apart from the Bible and apart from the intuition of our own souls, the whole analogy of nature would teach us that the direct action of the Holy Spirit is necessary both in beginning and in carrying on this work of regeneration. The moment you admit that we have a spiritual principle, a department of our being which is distinct from intellect and the senses, you admit

that we must have a spiritual influence, an agency which is loftier than the objects of intellect and sense, to aid in its development. The argument of our Saviour on this point is absolutely conclusive, — "That which is flesh is born of the flesh, and that which is spirit is born of the spirit." Books and preaching, truth and duty, may be the channels of God's action, but they alone never can regenerate the soul. You might as well expect sunshine to develop the intellect, or food to feed the affections, as knowledge or morality to develop the spiritual nature. God has given to every part of our being its own means of quickening and field of action; and this field of the soul is the kingdom of heaven, and its only means of a new birth, the Spirit of God.

And this influence is something which is given always and everywhere in the greatest abundance. There is nothing about it, in any sense of the word, which is partial or arbitrary. Like the sunshine, it is poured down on all countries and all hearts. Like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth;" but, like the wind also, it is never absent and never still. There is no time of night or day when it is not moving in mighty storm or zephyr sigh, — no place, unless it be the dungeon or the cell covered up from the open heaven, which is not blessed with its sweet breath and its dewy wings. There is nothing in all the universe, not the air we breathe, not food, not matter itself, which is so free, so abundant, so all-pervading as this richest of gifts. And if you and I have never felt its genial influence acting like the warmth of spring on our spiritual nature, it is because we have sealed up our sensibilities in a crust of sin, which only the action of our own wills and the fierce struggle of repentance is able to break down.

And this leads us to say still further that because our souls are created with a religious principle, and are surrounded so continually with the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, we are not by any means to suppose that the new birth will follow as a matter of course, independent of our own wills, and that we are to wait for God to do the work. The Holy

Spirit is the means, and not the agent of regeneration. The same great law holds good here that we find in all the rest of our nature, the need of direct personal effort to make use of what God has so richly provided. Our Heavenly Father has given us the atmosphere, yea, has poured it all around us; but we ourselves have got to breathe it. Food is provided for us throughout all the realm of nature, and we are made with teeth to chew and a stomach to digest it; but it rests entirely on ourselves as to whether we will reach forth and eat it, or lie down and starve. A person may be born in an enlightened community and with all the germs of the highest intellectual faculties, and yet, without his own exertions, will never grow up a scholar. So in religion, the food of the soul, the atmosphere of the Spirit, the everlasting truth, may be placed before us in the largest measure; but these alone are not enough. We have got to use them, got to open our hearts and take them in. Our personal employment of the Bible, the Church, the Sunday school, and the closet of prayer is just as imperative in the quickening of our spiritual nature as the use of books and schools is in the unfolding of our minds. The human will has got to act with the Spirit of God in making a Christian, for the same reason and on precisely the same principle that it has with the power of truth in making a scholar. And it is this which explains clearly those far-reaching words of Paul, so often considered a paradox, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do."

We believe, therefore, in spite of all our dependence on the Divine Spirit, the whole responsibility of regeneration must rest, not with nature or with God, but with our own free choice. It is we ourselves that are to say when and where and how it shall take place, we that are to resist and quench and neglect the Spirit, or receive and keep and use its everlasting might. There is no reason, no reason outside of himself, why every person who has passed through the period of childhood should not experience the new birth just as truly as the education of his mind. There is not a single

day in which the Spirit of God is not breathing around each one of our souls, just as much as the wind of heaven is around our bodies. And though undoubtedly there is the same difference in the constitutional strength of our spiritual capacities as there is in that of our minds and affections, yet, as every person is able to acquire enough of knowledge to perform the duties of this present life, and of love to make his house a home, so there is no one who is not endowed with enough of the spiritual capacity to enable him, with its proper culture, to see the kingdom of God.

Finally, we come to the results of the new birth. What does it do for us? what is the reason why all this stress is laid upon it? The answer is plain. It is the only thing that can make us directly conscious of the realities of the spirit-world. Christ declares in the most explicit terms, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The words are not "shall not," but "cannot." It is no arbitrary dictation that will prevent, but a natural impossibility, — no mighty wall that is to be reared before his vision either here or hereafter, but the want in his own soul of the seeing faculty. Of course, it is possible, even without this power to know some things about God and the spirit-world; possible, through the intellect and the heart, to learn of his existence, his wisdom, his love and his power; possible even, through the imagination and the logical faculty, to build up a vast system of theology about him. All this, however, is a second-hand knowledge, and not a direct vision of his kingdom. There is just the same difference between our intellectual and our spiritual knowledge of God as between reading the description of a country and beholding it with our own eyes. A person totally blind might learn by his sense of hearing many things about the sunshine and the landscape and the beauty of form and color, and all the thousand objects bathed and glorified with the world of light; but, oh, how meagre and slight must such a knowledge be in comparison with the wonders which would be revealed to him by one glance of his sight! So with our spiritual nature. It is the special faculty designed to give us the immediate knowledge of God

and the spirit-world. Each separate department of the universe is matched with its own window in the human soul through which alone it is able to be seen. The bodily senses are the organs by which we are brought in contact with the world of matter. The intellectual faculties reveal to us the realm of truth. It is by means of the æsthetic perception that we behold the world of beauty. We look through the conscience to see our moral relations. And in the strictest accordance with this same plan, it is the spiritual eyesight which opens into the kingdom of God, and without which there is no possibility of its being seen.

And we need it not only to see, but to enter the kingdom of God, — for our Saviour uses both forms of expression, — enter on a real experience of its joy and might. A person can have no happiness in religion as such till he has known what it is to be born again. Each faculty of our being is the avenue not only of its own peculiar knowledge, but of its own peculiar pleasure, a pleasure which, by our very constitution, we are able to enter upon through nothing else. Hence it follows, not as an arbitrary penalty which Divine mercy can remove, but as inevitable law which nothing but the fundamental alteration of our very nature can obviate, that, so far as this spiritual capacity is undeveloped, our whole being must be shut out from the realm of spiritual joy. We all know how it is with our earthly affections. The man and woman who are married for wealth and position and convenience, and without the ties of mutual love, may respect each other, and be good friends, and live together in mutual peace and respect. But they can have no taste of true domestic happiness, no special delight in each other's company, and between their doorsill and their hearthstone no corner of Paradise. And so with the soul which has been born into no affection for its God, — it may go to church, and support the gospel, and unite in prayer, and do its moral duties; but there is no rapture in its devotions, no thrill in its song of praise. The prayer-meeting is apt to be tedious; and hosannas languish on its tongue. It bows before, but does not enter into the kingdom of God. It is a law, too,

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so far as we can see, which has no limit, — one that will apply to eternity just as truly as to time. Spiritual things always and everywhere must be spiritually discerned. Without regeneration we can know as little of God in the next state of being as we do in the present. It is the new birth of the soul, not the death of the body, which admits us and must admit us into the spirit-world. To "know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent," this is eternal life, no matter when or where it takes place. And there is many a Christian, through the quickening of his spiritual capacities in the new birth, that has known what it is even here in this mortal state to see, yea, and to enter the kingdom of God.

The view of regeneration that we have thus tried to present is clear and simple. It does full justice both to the words of Scripture and to all the facts of religious experience. The great doctrines of our absolute dependence on God, and at the same time our own moral responsibility, are not only recognized by it, but brought into harmonious relations with each other. And more than all, it is practical, something on which we can act, something which opens a way for the enjoyment of it to every one of God's children who himself will elect to have it.

It is a view, moreover, which brings out clearly and distinctly the relation of the new birth to all the other parts of our religious experience. It differs from repentance in being the consciousness, not of sin, but of God; from conversion in being, not a turning round and starting for the kingdom of heaven, but our entrance upon it; from a change of heart in being, not the transfer of our old affections and desires from the things of earth to those heaven, but the development of new ones; and from reformation in being, not a change in the character of our mortal life either inward or outward, but the beginning within us of the eternal life. And when we consider how unique and distinct it is; when we look at the new world into which it carries us, so different from that in which we are placed by all our other faculties; yea, and when we remember the agony and labor and struggle, the

travail, with which many a soul passes from the darkness of the flesh to the light and joy of the spirit, is there not a wonderful fitness, something beyond all chance use of words, in our Saviour's describing this mighty change as our being born again?

But better, infinitely better, than the reception of it as a doctrine, shall we not make it a practical faith? There is no other capacity of our nature, nothing in the philosopher's far-reaching thought, nothing in the orator's tongue of flame, nothing in the poet's winged fancy, which is so mighty and grand, which separates the soul so widely from the brute world around it, as this fact of a spirit within us. It opens for us, opens not to a favored few alone, but to every human being, a kingdom of glory such as the foot of no earthly prince, the mind of no intellectual giant, has ever trod. It shows us a world of wonder right around us ever new and fresh, such as no voyager over the seas has ever sailed to, or the astronomer's glass in its keenest vision, looking into the sun's white abyss, or scanning the faint, far light of the Pleiades, has been able to reach. There is nothing in wealth and honor and education, nothing in the loftiest culture of earth, which is able to lift us so high. It is the crowning gift of manhood. It is the last round in that mighty ladder which brings us to the vision of God. And no person has realized his grandest destiny, no one has trained himself to all of which his nature is capable, till he has opened his soul to the breath of the ever-waiting Spirit, till he has felt the deep thrill of eternal life within him, till he has known from his own experience what it is to be born again. J. C. K.

THE MEANING OF THE NAME "CHRISTIAN."*

"And the disciples were called Christians." — ACTS, ii. 26.

A NAME is designed as an indication of the qualities of the thing named, an expression of its nature. Although in hu-

* From the German of Professor P. Schaff.

man affairs, through the deceptive influence of sin, there is often no likeness or correspondence between the name and the thing itself, yet this contradiction does not exist in divine things. The names of Holy Writ, the book of truth, are highly significant. This is true of that name of the followers of our Lord and Saviour, the meaning of which we would now consider, — the name of "Christians." At first, they were known by other names, each of which denotes a particular side of their character and work. They called themselves *disciples*, or learners, — *i. e.*, of Jesus Christ, their divine Teacher, whom they should follow and obey; or *saints*, because they were separate from the service of the world and of sin, consecrated to the service of God, and called to unwearied striving after moral perfection; or *brethren*, because they formed one family of the redeemed, were of one spirit, one soul, and one body, — one in love among themselves, as they were one in faith with Christ.

The name "Christians" originated about the year 40 of our reckoning, in Antioch, the chief city of Syria, and headquarters of missions among the heathen. We are not told by whom the name was first given, — certainly not by the Jews, who did not regard the crucified Jesus as the Christ, the promised and expected Messiah, and were wont contemptuously to call his hated followers "Nazarenes" or "Galileans." Probably the name originated with the heathen population of the city, who, hearing the disciples say so much about the Christ, took this to be a proper name, and so called them "Christians," as the followers of a certain man named Christ; in like manner as one now speaks of Lutherans, Calvinists, Swedenborgians, &c. Nevertheless, the name did not originate by chance, but under the leading of Divine Providence, without whose will no hair falls from our head. In this case, the heathen of Antioch were prophets, like Balaam or Caiaphas, without knowing or willing it. They uttered a truth of which they themselves had no conception; for this name "Christian" is extremely significant, and a most fitting expression of what every confessor of Christ should be. Hence, in short time, it became generally adopted; and is

now the universal appellation of all those who have been baptized into Christ, and derive their salvation from him.

It is, therefore, of great practical importance for every one of us well to understand the meaning of the name "Christian," which we all bear, whatever branch of the Church we may otherwise belong to; and that we learn to know the glorious privileges and holy duties which this name involves.

In general, the name "Christian" denotes a confessor or follower of Christ,—one in whom the life of our Lord is continued, and who is, so to speak, a second Christ, and should become so more and more; of course, in a subordinate and derived sense, and in continual dependence on Him who is the captain of our salvation, the author and finisher of our faith. The word "Christ" is the name both of a *person* and of certain *offices* or works which that person fulfils. It is the name of a person who, in the Gospel, is usually called Jesus: it is also the designation of his offices as the Christ, or the anointed of God. It is by considering what Jesus was, both in his person and in his offices or works, that we may learn what a Christian is, or should *be* and *do*.

I.

And, first, as it regards the person of Jesus Christ. There was in him the perfect and complete union of the divine and human nature, by means of which he became the mediator and reconciler between God and man,—the author of our redemption and of our communion with God. He was a true and perfect man. In the Gospels, he calls himself the Son of man, with a special preference for this name, in order to testify his condescension to us, his real fellowship with whatever is truly human, even with our sufferings, our weaknesses, and our frailties. He had body, soul, and spirit, as we have; was an infant on his mother's breast, an obedient boy, a youth, and man; and, as he grew in stature, grew also in wisdom, and in favor with God and man. He hungered and thirsted, ate and drank, waked and slept, was tried and tempted as we, but without ever for a single instant yielding to temptation; he suffered, died, and was buried; in short, in every thing, he

became like unto us, except in sin, the guilt of which he, as an innocent surety, a voluntary substitute, blotted out upon the cross. And, notwithstanding this humiliation and form of a servant, there was unfolded in him the highest flower and fruit of humanity. In him we see our nature redeemed, ennobled, glorified, perfected; in him every excellence of human nature shone forth in absolute perfection. Not only the sterner virtues of justice, firmness, courage, and truth, but also the milder virtues of gentleness, meekness, humility, forbearance, and love, were blended in one perfect human life. He is called the *Son of man* in this sense also, — that he is the ideal, perfect man; the second, the heavenly Adam; the representative of the new creation, the regenerate humanity.

On the other hand and just as often, especially by the apostles, he is called the *Son of God*, and that in an altogether extraordinary sense, as the only-begotten of the Father; who, from the beginning, was in the bosom of the Father; and whose glory, full of grace and truth, shone forth through the veil of his human nature. He is the Word, who from eternity was with God, and, in his essential nature, was God. In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: he is God manifest in the flesh for our temporal and eternal salvation. Here is the great central mystery, the foundation-truth, of Christianity; here the depths which the angels desire to look into; here the exhaustless fountain of atonement, life, and blessedness for the creature needing and desiring redemption.

Now, what was thus realized in a perfect manner, in the person of Jesus Christ, should be repeated, so far as this is possible in a finite creature, in every Christian. We also, if we bear not in vain that holy name by which we are called, are, in a derived sense, *God-men*, and should become so more and more. The Lord took upon himself our nature, that, as Peter says, we might be made "partakers of the Divine nature." We are all *sons of men*, and shall always remain so. The gospel will in no way destroy our natural capacities and powers, but only redeem them from the dominion of sin, which, with poisonous influence, has pervaded a nature originally pure: the gospel will sanctify, elevate, and perfect it; so that the per-

fect Christian is at the same time a perfect man, and *vice versa*. But, in order that this may take place, the communication of a new life is necessary. Upon the natural birth of flesh and blood must follow a new birth from a divine seed; upon the old wild stock, which can only produce bad fruit, must be engrafted, by the heavenly Gardener, a noble branch, which shall gradually close up with the old, and produce only noble branches, flowers, and fruits, — that is to say, in other words, in order to have a part in Christ and his salvation, we must become sons of God, or — as the Scripture, in order to preserve inviolate the higher dignity, the peculiar and eternal Sonship, of Christ, more usually expresses it — children of God. We must be born again. He who is related to God only on the ground of nature, deserves not yet the name of Christian, but they only who have received Christ in their hearts, and are born of God by the creative power of the Holy Ghost. This new birth is nothing else and nothing less than the implanting of a divine, eternal life from the heavenly Father, even as natural generation is the transmission of the natural life of their parents into their child, a continuance of the same in a new being. The begotten ever shows the nature of him that begat: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Therefore we must, by the power of the Holy Ghost, become partakers of the Divine nature in order to become the children of God. The Divine life of Christ must flow into us, — pervade, purify, and ennoble our natural life; so that we shall live and move and have our being in him, become of one heart and soul with him, living members of his body.

This is no exaggeration, but a scriptural presentation of an exceedingly precious truth, which offers to us, poor and feeble and unworthy children of men, the highest honor and most exalted dignity of which created nature is capable. We are not, indeed, in this sense, one with Christ, — that we cease to be finite creatures, or self-conscious individuals, and disappear in him, like drops of water in the sea; neither, on the other hand, are we so loosely connected with him that we simply honor him as the divine Founder of our religion, and ac-

cord with his teachings, as, for example, the Jews with Moses, and the Mohammedans with Mohammed. But the relation of Christians to Christ, as set forth in the Scriptures, is a real and most intimate communion of life. The Lord himself calls himself the vine, his people the branches, which consequently derive from him their life and power, and, separate from him, cease to live, and wither irrecoverably. He is life eternal; and whoso believes in him hath life, and whoso believes not hath not life. In the Judgment, the Saviour will regard himself in so close fellowship with his disciples, that he will set forth their sufferings and wants as his own sufferings and wants, and will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." We are required to "eat the flesh of the Son of man, and to drink his blood," *i.e.*, to take his life into us, if we would be his true disciples, and hereafter share in the blessedness of his resurrection. We are "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" therefore such as are pervaded by his spirit, and ruled by his will. "Christ is my life," says the apostle: and again, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." — "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." When Paul says so often of Christians that they are "in Christ," he would denote that they are in him as the element of life: they have their whole spiritual subsistence in him, and are to fulfil all their duties in him.

How lofty and glorious is the calling which is set before us, when, as Christians, we consider our relation to the person of our Lord! Christ, the Son of God and Son of man, the Saviour of the world, the Lord of all, is not ashamed to call us brethren. And his beloved apostle assures us that "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is." Let us in the dust adore him, and, at the same time, take shame to ourselves that we have so little regarded our Christian name, and so often have contradicted the same in thought, word, and deed. The relation of the Christian name to the person of Christ teaches us, that the whole life of the Christian should

be "holiness unto the Lord." As, in our Saviour, the human nature was ever in harmonious union with the divine; so, in ourselves, the Divine life received from Christ should elevate, purify, and sanctify in us whatever is truly human. In the Christian, there never should be any discord, or want of harmony, between the inclinations of his human nature and the requirements of the Divine nature of which he is a partaker. So it would be, if the religion of Christ were perfectly realized in the hearts and lives of his disciples. The Divine life received from him would mingle with their natural life, and give to their every thought and feeling, their every word and action, a holy and a sacred stamp. Their whole life would be religious, — *i.e.*, consecrated to God; their week-day work, as well as their sabbath-day worship. But, in order to realize this idea of practical Christianity, we must live in perpetual communion with Christ, that, beholding his glory, we may be transformed more and more into the same likeness.

II.

If we now inquire, secondly, into the offices or work of Christ, in order to deduce therefrom the offices and work of a Christian, we shall find that the name "Christ" denotes that he is, in a perfect sense and manner, the *prophet*, *priest*, and *king* of all mankind. The Christ, or in the Hebrew language the Messiah, signifies the *anointed* of God, — gifted without measure with the Holy Ghost. Under the Old-Testament dispensation, prophets, priests, and kings were anointed with holy oil, and thereby set apart to the exclusive service of God, and qualified for the fulfilment of their sacred duties. These three offices and their functions were in the highest degree united in our Redeemer, and from him pass over in a subordinate manner upon all his disciples. Hence John speaks of the anointing which we have received of the Lord, and which abideth with us. Hence in the Heidelberg Catechism, to the 32d question, "Why art thou called a Christian?" the answer is, "Because by faith I am a member of Christ and partake of his anointing, that I may confess his name, present myself a living sacrifice to him, and with free conscience strive

against sin and the Devil in this life, and hereafter reign with him over all creatures for ever."

1. Christ is the highest prophet, because in his words and works he has perfectly declared to us the will and truth of God, so that we need not expect or desire any deeper revelations of Divine things than are already given us in him. Moses and the prophets testified of him; but he has gathered together in his own person all the scattered rays of preceding revelations; so that now, with far clearer brightness, they shine forth from him as from a central sun. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." He is the Light of the world, the Truth itself; and in him are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

Man is made in the image of God, capable of knowing and making known the truth. In him the hidden meaning of Nature comes to consciousness: he is the interpreter of her mysteries, the mouth of her dumb wonders; he is raised above Nature, and, by means of conscience and the innate consciousness of God, is able to soar upward to the contemplation of the Creator and Preserver of all things. But this original light of Paradise has become obscured by apostasy from God; man has fallen into a life of nature, and although, in his fallen state, here and there isolated rays of higher knowledge break through the darkness of sin, and he can never deny the Divine original, yet these are only a feeble glimmering,—a twinkling of a star in the blackness of midnight. By separation from the primal Source of all truth, he has lost the true knowledge of himself, of the world, and of God; and the divine image is broken and shattered. Only Christ restores the same, and brings it perfectly to view on every side.

The new man, or the Christian, in the proper sense of the word, is a prophet, a light of truth. He is enlightened by the Holy Ghost,—has been led to see himself in his sinful estate and infinite necessities; to know God in his power, glory, righteousness, love, and grace, and Jesus Christ as the only ground of salvation,—the way, the truth, and the life. In this knowledge he is daily to grow, penetrate deeper and

deeper into the mysteries of the word of God, advance from one degree of clearness unto another, until he shall see face to face, and know as he is known. But this is not enough. As a prophet, he must not, he cannot, keep selfishly to himself these treasures of wisdom which make man wise unto eternal life, but, after the example of Christ, is to give them forth for the good of the world; let his light shine before men; and joyfully, in word and deed, confess his Divine Master before old and young, rich and poor, high and low. "Whoso confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father in heaven; but whoso denieth me before men, him will I also deny before my Father in heaven." This is not said to those alone who are called in a special sense to be public teachers of the Word, but to all Christians. "I am the light of the world," Christ said of himself. "Ye are the light of the world," said he of his disciples; and all who bear his name are to shine as lights in the world, by their word and life diffusing a knowledge of righteousness and truth in the community in which they live. As they are all taught of God, so should they all, each in his sphere and according to the gifts and opportunities granted him, bring all around him — children and parents, brothers and sisters, friends and foes — to the same fountain of truth and of life.

2. Christ is the true High Priest, — *i.e.*, the only Mediator between God and man; who gave himself wholly to God and man, and, by his perfect sacrifice, offered once for all, obtained eternal deliverance for us, and, by his perpetual intercession, takes our place before the throne of God, so that the arrows of divine justice do not strike us; but God, for his Son's sake and in Christ his Son, turns upon us his reconciled face, and receives us as his children, and as heirs of eternal life.

In this, also, Christians are like unto their Redeemer, and continue his priestly office on earth. In a state of innocence, man was already a priest, and stood as a mediator between heaven and earth, not only lisping his own prayer and praise, but, in behalf of all nature, shaping her manifold life as a thank-offering upon the altar of the Most High, whom the

birds of the air, the fish of the sea, — yea, even the worm of the dust, — through the mediation of the human consciousness, worshipped and adored.

This priestly dignity of the first Adam, despoiled by sin, was, by the second Adam, far more gloriously restored, and for the first time realized perfectly. True, we are no mediators or priests in the sense that we make atonement with God, either for ourselves or others. This work and this honor belong to Christ alone. But he will use us as instruments to introduce his atoning work, that is finished once for all, into the consciousness of men, and spread its blessings ever farther and farther. We should all be priests in this sense, — that we, like our Lord, should offer ourselves unconditionally, with all that we have and are, to the service of God and the good of man. We have no right to live, our earthly existence has no reasonable meaning or purpose, except as we live to the glory of God and the advancement of his Church. This is man's highest honor and only glory: every thing else is mere tinsel, and leads to destruction. Only as we follow this exalted aim have we any thing of that true piety and morality which will avail before the tribunal of our eternal Judge. In self-love, and a selfish serving of the world, consists the very essence of sin. The unconditional surrender of heart and will to God, disinterested love to God and man, is true godliness and virtue, — the fulfilling of the law and the prophets, the sum of practical Christianity. "Ye are," says Peter, "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people,"—*i.e.*, a people belonging unto the Lord; his property; "that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." Praise and thanksgiving for all God's gifts and benefits; prayer and intercession for all classes and wants of men; the giving of our property and service, heart and lip, body and soul, — these are the acceptable offerings which we daily and hourly should bring unto God and his people. This is the Christian's reasonable service, his purest joy, his unspeakable gain. Whoso seeketh his life for his own sake shall lose it; whoso loseth his life for God's sake and for the Church shall find it again, glorified, sanctified, and infinitely more valuable than before.

3. Lastly, Christ is King of that spiritual kingdom which embraces heaven and earth, and shall endure for ever. "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion," God said of his anointed Son. Even in respect to his human nature, he was sprung of royal blood, — a branch of the chosen stem of Jesse. "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel," was the salutation of Nathanael, on his first acquaintance with Jesus. This royal dignity shone forth even in the midst of his deepest humiliation; and the heathen governor was an involuntary witness of its truth when he set the inscription upon the cross, in the three principal languages of the world at that time, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Yet not of the Jews alone. On his departure from the earth, he said, "All power is given me, both in heaven and in earth;" and now he sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty, "far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in the world, but also in that which is to come." His name is "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

As the prophetic and priestly, so also is the kingly, office an essential element of the divine image in us. The upright form, the proud brow, the flashing eye, — still more, the lofty spirit and commanding will, — announce man's royal lineage and rank. He is the crown of the creation, the lord of nature, the representative of God on earth. Therefore to our first parents in Paradise was given dominion over this world, over the fish in the sea, and over the fowl of the air and the beasts of the field. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand," — so cries the Psalmist, full of humble amazement; and, in prophetic outlook to the perfect realization of this kingly dignity, the completion of this purpose of the original creation through Christ, "Thou hast put all things under his feet."

How low is man cast down from this exalted position! — he, the born son of the King; a miserable slave of sin, of the world, and of Satan; a plaything of his own impure lusts and passions, which, in spite of all outward splendor of wealth and honor that may surround him, not unfrequently degrade

him beneath the irrational cattle. What a shame, what disgrace, for an immortal spirit, the masterpiece of creative workmanship! True, here and there, in the midst of his degradation, break forth some tokens of his royal worth and power: he shows his supremacy over nature by numerous arts and inventions, which make the hidden treasures of earth subservient to his comfort and welfare. In the midst of his deepest fall, in the extreme misery of his bondage to sin, there still remains to him a painful remembrance of the palace he has left, of the diadem which once he wore, the glory which surrounded him; and there is a longing, a homesickness, for the Father's house, and the possession of the Paradise lost. But he is too weak to break the chains which he himself hath forged; to tear himself away from that ignominious service to which, in terrible infatuation, he has sold himself.

By Christ alone are we redeemed from the dominion of sin and of Satan. Whom the Son makes free, he is free indeed; and he who has not this freedom remains a slave, though his chains be of gold. Christ, the King of the kingdom of heaven, — which, though not *of* this world, is yet *in* this world, — has, by his death and glorious resurrection, obtained for us far greater honor and worth than we lost in Adam, and "made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." For whoever enters into living communion with the divine person of Jesus shares also in his kingly majesty and dominion. This kingly character the Christian should prove and show forth by the complete subjection of his evil lusts and desires, whose slave he by nature is, by a victorious conflict against his own flesh and blood, — against the allurements of the world and the assaults of the Devil. "Let not sin reign in your mortal bodies, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." The apostle also summons us to a contest against "principalities and powers which rule in the darkness of this world, — against spiritual wickedness in high places." The servant who conquers his passions, and has learned in the school of Christ the great art of self-government, is freer and stronger than the richest prince or military conqueror who is a slave to himself. But

this royal throne can be reached only through conflict. As Christ entered into glory only through sufferings, — as only through bitter conflict he attained to eternal victory over sin, death, and hell; so only, in the same way, does the Christian attain to the same glorious throne. Here his royal dignity is for the most part hidden from the eyes of the world; but when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also shall be clothed with his glory. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." — "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with my Father in his throne."

If now, at the conclusion of our meditation upon the meaning of the Christian name, we seek to draw some practical inferences from it, — which, however, we can only briefly indicate, — first of all, it may well humble and shame us that we come so very far short of that moral elevation and glory to which the grace of God has called us, and which our holy name makes it our sacred duty most earnestly to strive to obtain. But, if we are honest in the purpose to secure the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and thoroughly repent for our deficiencies and faults, then our name as Christians may and should serve for our consolation, our encouragement, and ever-increasing zeal in the way of holiness. There is and can be nothing more exalted and glorious than the destiny which Christianity holds out before us; and that of itself alone is sufficient to prove it to be the only true and perfect religion. We poor sinners, worms of the dust, are, through Christ and by grace alone, called to the highest honor and dignity of which any creature is capable. Our destiny seems to go beyond that of the angels; for the Son of God took not on him the nature of angels, but of man, and for ever united our nature with his own Divine nature. Here is open to every child of man the grandest prospect, a career, a crown, which far surpasses the splendor and glory of the statesman, the general, the scholar, or the artist; and is open to the poorest and feeblest, through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord. Let us bow before him, and on our knees give thanks for such unspeakable grace; and, with all our powers, early

and late, by day and by night, at home and abroad, in joy and in sorrow, on the sabbath and on every day, strive to be, in thought, word, and deed, what our name as Christians imports. Let us be holy unto the Lord; lights in the world; offering perpetual sacrifices of love and self-denying obedience, and rejoicing evermore in the kingdom of our God and our Saviour, to whom be glory for ever. E. R.

THOUGHTS THAT BURN.

"While I was musing, the fire burned."

THE sun had vanished in his vesper path,
And tides of twilight, streaming in the room,
With shadows, softened into gentle gloom,
Mixed with the flickers of the evening hearth,
And thought to gentle meditation turned;
For I was musing, while the fire burned!

The thronging fancies, a bewildered train
Of sable vesture, in soft reverie came,
And aspiration of the soul aflame,
The gloom and glow reflecting in the brain;
For spirit-passion in its power returned,
While I was musing, and the fire burned!

In meditation, the refiner's fire
Made worldliness its fuel, and the aim
Of earthly hope and temporal desire
Consumed away in slow and silent flame.
While I was musing, purer passion yearned
With quenchless fervor, and the fire burned.

Thus, on the altar of self-sacrifice,
The grosser nature contemplation lays,
From ashes as a phœnix fain to rise,
Soaring, with fire unseen, celestial ways,
Thought with the hearth-glow to the heaven turned;
For I was musing while the fire burned.

The sacred ardor of a soul sincere
  Makes earth its fuel for the heavenly ray,
And blazing brightly with a beacon-cheer,
  The coarser tissue to consume away;
For, while we sweetly muse, devotion yearns,
And, fanned by breath divine, the fire burns.

R. F. F.

THE GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, JULY 4, 1866.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

WHAT we call accidents are also providences. The hand of man, a careless or a wicked hand it may be, is in them, yet also the hand of God, — a hand always wise and loving. There is something to be said about accidents in holy places, as well as in the newsrooms and the insurance-offices. We are told in the story of Job, that, when all the waves and billows of all the ocean seemed to have gone over that sorely afflicted man, he worshipped; and surely he was right. The whole had not been told in that sad case when they had spoken of the Sabean and Chaldean raids, and of the lightning and tornado. So the whole has not been told when the newspapers have reported that a third of one of our fairest New-England cities lies in ashes, — the blackened chimneys rising from the ruins like the charred trunks of the trees in the Maine clearing from which the city sprang in the beginning; whilst we read that a careless child, in the haste of a festal day, wrought the mischief. Carelessness it was indeed; and yet, careless or careful, we are in the domain of God. It belongs to his matchless skill to turn our foolishness and improvidence to a good account; and it is one of the amazing things in this world, how all events are made to serve the wise and loving Divine Will. Doubt not, says Faith, the all-sufficiency of God. There is no antagonism between the natural and the supernatural view of life. The fire of lightning may be no more the fire of God to us than any other fire. Like all other heat, it may be a form of motion, burning

according to law; and yet the almighty and ever-gracious Person knows how to use his own forces, even when they seem not to confess his control. One of our gifted and eloquent lecturers is disposed to raise a smile at the old New-England fashion of an "improvement" for every occasion, — for the tempest, the comet, the cankerworm. It is a fashion older than the date of the settlement of New England. So the Hebrew prophets preached when war and pestilence, famine, locusts, and hail, ravaged and consumed the people and the people's substance. So we write now, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

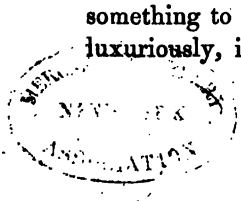
A little fire! — the little foot of the little child whose little hand sowed the spark might have stamped it out. "Woe unto the nation," it was said, "whose king is a child!" Perhaps the destruction of a large part of one of our most beautiful cities may serve to impress, upon even the free American mind, the necessity of restraining the young from the entertainment of throwing about small firebrands, even on festive occasions. It is not so strange, that a part of one of our cities should have been destroyed, as that all of our cities are not destroyed. And there is a great deal of this yielding where we ought to rule, and, in all ways, a neglect of little things, and tempting of Providence. The fires that burn cities, mind, body, and estate, begin as sparks, easily controlled. That is our hour, and we can have things all our own way, with scarcely more than the lifting of foot or hand: but, presently, the great elemental forces, before which man is well-nigh impotent, begin to play their terrible part, and the problem is to put out your fire; and the wind fans it, and the water will not flow to it. There is no necessity, in the nature of things, for great conflagrations, for burnt districts, material or moral; at least, far more can be done than is done to prevent mischief which it is so hard to remedy. We need nothing, next to Christianity, so much as a little more wholesome restraint. Society is ever fighting an unequal fight with giants that were once babes, cowed by faces that once looked up in docility; and, if it is only the souls and bodies of men that are burning in the flames of passion,

looks quietly on until the thing grows absolutely intolerable. Crush out the sparks. Do not mistake for liberty the license which insists upon kindling and scattering them.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The mischief is done. The caution is good only for the future. The world is slow to learn its lessons; but the wisdom will come before the heavens shall be rolled up, and the elements dissolved. Meanwhile, there are many compensations, and there is much to be learned, in the day of calamity. God takes the accident and makes it a providence, and pervades and possesses it with a spirit of truth. It has been noticed, how, in times past, great conflagrations have proved great blessings to overcrowded cities, — opening the foul den to the light and air; destroying the wretched tenement which only a reckless, godless covetousness preserved; and making way for new and better homes and marts. Fires have prevented plagues, and, by wasting property, have saved more precious lives; and it is amazing how much sweet air and the blessed sunlight have to do with morals. The sunbeams are better than the best police. But the purifying fire was not needed in that comparatively virgin city. We must look in other directions for the great matter of good which the wise Disposer ever binds up with great misfortunes. How much besides human misery comes out before your eyes in the light of a great conflagration! We see, indeed, not a little to sadden and depress, — chiefly the mean and detestable acts, which show, alas! how far some of our race have fallen from their high estate, — not a little to qualify any rose-colored views of human nature: wagon-loads of plunder moving away from the scene of desolation; an incursion of thieves from other cities apprehended. Let us not too speedily reach the conclusion that there is no hell. And yet even such fiends of our earth are capable, or at least were capable, of better things. But, thank God! this is the least part of what meets our eyes. A great conflagration always raises one's opinion of human nature, — we will not say, if any insist upon the distinction, of human *character*, but of human nature. Those men who are mounting those ladders and scaling those walls,

at the peril of life and limb, have far less at stake than most of us: but, when there is really something to be done and something to be suffered, God helps men to forget themselves; to cast themselves upon him; unconsciously, and yet perhaps all the more really and intensely, acting the prayer which they have no time to utter in words, and, by their plain contempt for this life when it is set in contrast with some great human need, witnessing for their secret persuasion of a life to come. There are heroes whose stories never get told, whose names never get recorded, of whom the world is not worthy. Not all loss is it, though the accumulations of years are crumbling into ashes, when the true glory of our manhood is thereby revealed.

And, every way where there is life, it comes into the light more manifestly and more wondrously than ever in circumstances that are outwardly discouraging. Life is irrepressible. Some persons see more without eyes than others see with them. Observers note, in times of great calamity, a singular exhilaration in the unfortunate, — a light in their faces which is not the light of excitement or madness. It tells of an unconquered and undismayed spirit; it reveals the persuasion of unbounded resource, of an essential and substantial force, which is sure to manifest itself and finish its God-given work. "Thy feet shall be iron and brass," ran the old prophecy. Thou shalt be equal to any extremity, able to convert disasters into opportunities; to change the wood, which must decay if it is not consumed, into granite and marble: and, "according to thy day, so shall thy strength be." A living man, a living community, will live through every thing. No matter, the Lord seems to say, what befalls them, prosperity is good, adversity is better; and, if you lose the home or the village, you shall presently have a palace or a city in their stead. Providence betrays what seems like an unconcern about fortune and misfortune, encouraging care and painstaking, but not carefulness or anxiety; assuring us, that, if we will only keep will alive, we shall always have a place to live in, and something to live upon. The men who only know how to live luxuriously, in cities which their fathers builded, may well



tremble before the destruction which wasteth at noonday; but the men that, with the blessing of God, build cities, know that the fires cannot consume the faith and hope of the wise builder's heart. Confidence, courage, perseverance, a persuasion of better things in store, more than relieve the day of calamity: rays of beauty and comfort blend with the lurid glare. And, since the men, and not the houses or the warehouses, are the city, we say it is safe: like the vigorous tree, pruning shall only increase its luxuriance and its fruitfulness.

And let it be noted how the sense of human responsibility, and the desire to sympathize with and relieve distress, find here their grand occasions. If man were naturally, as some harsh and crabbed philosophers have asserted, a foe to man, what an opportunity now for the selfish to make capital of a sore misfortune! If he were simply indifferent to suffering, but eager only for gain, the way would be open for a relentless traffic, limited only by the poverty of the consumer; but, from every quarter, free gifts have gone forward so abundantly, that of food, we are told, there is already no lack. The accident becomes a providence, because it stirs and stimulates benevolence; warms hearts which, perhaps, were growing cold; opens hands that, perhaps, were tightening upon the dearly loved gold; helps to perfect in work some very incomplete faith; gives a multitude something besides summer recreations to fill up their hours withal. It need not be said, Let this blessed giving go on; as in contributing food, so in other and more abiding ways. That was a holy custom of the old Christian communities, to send their alms from city to city as the tidings came of need more than common. As churches parted doctrinally, they said, in parting, "Only remember the poor." That makes a Christendom one and undivided and resplendent, better than common creed or ritual. That makes the city a sister city indeed; and they who give are more blessed than they who receive.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A little child's hand, so it is said, once saved the Netherlands from a return to the great sea whence they were taken.

Even the least may work great good as well as great harm. Huge disasters spring from trifling infidelities; and so, when humble duties are no longer neglected, the record of calamity will grow less and less. We do not want anxiety, or what the Bible calls carefulness; for, "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." We do want care and healthful discipline and a governing hand; and to be so full to overflowing of a noble life, that the day of adversity shall ever find us brave for our own occasions, and eager to distribute for the necessities of others. May God raise up many and efficient counsellors and helpers for those who were once citizens of this Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and are now generous rivals and fellow-workers in all the noble enterprises of a Christian civilization, that they may pass through their day of trial with a confiding courage, and receive, in the end, a hundred-fold for all that has been taken; that, as it was with the patriarch of Uz, and with every really living man the world over, the Lord may bless the latter end more than the beginning! E.

GROUNDS OF FAITH.

It can hardly demand argumentation, that the character of Christianity, and the character of Christ as its founder, are so completely one, that what attaches to one, either to support or invalidate, surely attaches to the other in equal degree. Christianity, as a system, must involve and express just what Christ, as a person, involved and exemplified in his life and teachings, — no more and no less. Hence, whatever tends to defame Christ, equally tends to defame the system of principles which he founded.

We now premise, that Christianity, as represented by Christ, is the revelation of the life of God in human nature; and thus the full verification of all he constantly claimed during his earthly career, and infinitely transcending all ethical and moral systems besides. If it is not this, Christ

was either a vile pretender, or a deluded fanatic; in which case, of course, his professed followers must rank accordingly.

If we establish our main premises, that the Christ was, in an especial manner, the exposition of the Divine Life in human nature, and thus the full, natural expression of the Father's glory, as he claimed, — then, we claim, that he is infallible authority, and, as such, constitutes the only valid foundation of the Christian Church; upon which foundation alone can any man build, and build securely. It is because of the growing tendency, amongst professed Christians themselves, to build upon any and every foundation but Christ, that we feel called upon to expose such fatal inconsistencies; and to exhibit the Christ as the only valid base, in accordance with his constant claims during his career on earth. It is because Christian professors themselves hold Christianity to consist of moral sentiment rather than of a Divine Human Life, and thereupon overhaul the musty records of the heathen world to find there moral injunctions and insipid platitudes, which they parade as identical with, and far ante-dating, the moral precepts of Christ, — thus seeming to displace, or at least to belittle, Christ as a teacher, — that we are impelled to try to expose such mischievous and most absurd follies. It is clear that such gross inconsistencies on the part of nominal Christians proceed mainly from the fundamental misconception of holding Christianity to be a system of morals, or an attempt at a new ethical code, rather than the potent embodiment of a new order of life in human nature, by which henceforth that nature was to be operated upon a new and divine principle. Hence, when they find the sages and philosophers of the distant ages, before Christ, uttering *sentiments* and proclaiming *moral injunctions* similar to, or identical with, those of the Christian Gospels, they exultingly parade them as proof, that, after all, the Christian system is only slightly, if at all, different. Impelled by this dreadful fallacy, it is becoming quite common for preachers of "the liberal sects" to preach Confucius and Socrates instead of Christ, and to argue the Persian Zendavestas as quite equal to Christian Gospels. No

intelligent Christian can feel any aversion to a canvassing of merits of the different religions. The clear-headed Christian disciple sees that his Master has nothing to fear either from Brahmin, Buddhist, or Mahometan; nor even from the pompous pretensions of the crazy *ghostology* of our own day and nation, which claims to be a new and greater revelation. Still, he will insist, that whoever assumes to represent his Master's cause in relation with these shall not exhibit a flatulent caricature, naming the *thing* Christianity; and, finding it only equal or slightly superior, assuming or leaving the unavoidable inference, that, after all, Christianity is quite unimportant in human experience; and the rapturous shouts from angel-choirs, heralding the Saviour's advent as the fulfilment of prophecy and the joy of the world, was, consequently, only supermundane gasconade.

If the Light of the Prophets and the Life of the Christ were not of supreme moment to human interests, then the Scriptural record, which sets them forth in such unmistakable terms of transcendent glory, is the mere ebullition of overexcited brains; as such, unworthy rational regard, and unfit to be held as embodying principles and truths essential to our highest interests. And the somewhat prevalent habit of denying that Light, and defaming that Life, by professed Christian theologians who *mouth* the Scriptural record and repudiate it in the same breath, exhibits an inconsistency that might easily pass for gross hypocrisy.

In order to promote a good understanding in the end, let us now try to determine more distinctly what are the claims of Christ as a sovereign power of life, and therefore a Divine Authority of momentous significance to all.

Christ invariably claims to be sovereign authority, *as the Son of God;* exclusively, because of oneness with the Father; with wisdom to know, and with power and inclination to do, his will. If this claim be good, — this claim of perfect oneness with the Father, — it follows that his authority is God's authority, and therefore supreme. If the claim is only a fiction, then, inasmuch as truth is sublime and falsehood hateful, let us repudiate Christianity at once, and no longer profess to believe or teach in the Christ's name.

Let us turn for a few moments to the record, which, so long as even nominally held to be the testimony and text of Christian truth and teaching, must be regarded as involving realities essential to human well-being.

Christ says, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." "I and my Father are one." "He that seeth me seeth him that sent me." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "The words I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." "I do nothing of myself; but, as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things." "The Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him." "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me."

Surely, we need not multiply such explicit declarations (which we might do to great extent) to prove that Christ is divinely-appointed *authority* unto men, — at least if God himself is acknowledged as authority; for, unless he (Christ) was the greatest impostor or the most deluded fanatic the world ever saw, he is certainly thus divinely commissioned and empowered. And, of all the strange anomalies, that of the professed disciple and teacher repudiating Christ as absolute and complete authority is the strangest. It is practically to repudiate the whole Christian claim, and also the Scripture-record that utters it.

"I am the light of the world." "I am the way and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Surely, these are potent and pregnant words to the rational Christian mind; and will no more permit him to play the Christian *rôle* without Christ, than a faithful rendering of "Hamlet" will permit the dramatist to omit the part of Hamlet. It may be that the popular theologic rendering of the truths of the Christian Gospels is repulsive to the best instincts of the heart, and at variance with the soundest convictions of the head: must we, then, in discarding the rendering, reject the very truth itself? No greater

misfortune can befall us than thus to do. The literal Gospels are surely full of the most precious goods, both to the heart and the head; but they hold these goods as the nutshell holds its meat, — only to be conferred when, through devoted trust and patient endeavor, the resistant shell yields, and unbosoms its hidden treasures. A thousand pitiful heart-throbs for the famishing soul, that — because the old theology munches the astringent husk, declaring it pleasant to the taste and full of nutrition, and demands acknowledgments accordingly — disgustingly flings it away, as devoid both of agreeable taste and nutrient properties for it; and thereby thrusts away the precious food, for want of which it pines and faints by the way. The remedy is surely Christ. He it is that alone can rend the vail, and expose to the rational vision the great treasure otherwise eternally obscure. A rational doctrine of the Lord and his Christ, clearly apprehended, banishes alike all falsities and all mysteries: hence, the Christian gospel, well understood, will be found a charming vesture of the most precious truths; which, instead of trying to circumvent, we will delight to emphasize more constantly and completely. Unfaltering faith, without sight, is the indispensable prelude to glorious vision. He will appear, without sin unto salvation, *to those who look for his coming.* The husbandman, that, because the seed is buried out of sight, gets faithless of its vitality, and tramps it down in his careless wandering, will never realize the blessed harvest. Blind stragglers amongst the tombs, the sick, halt, and distressed, may all be restored by simple touch and word, if first conscious of their need, and faithful in trust of the healing potency.

God without Christ is an abstraction; only, in a measure, appreciable by the eye of faith. "God *in* Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," is the Divinity manifest to the open vision; and surely there is no other name given as the term of salvation to perishing humanity. But why do we utter thus these familiar phrases and constant declarations of the word? Surely, not as unmeaning cant to win the stolid gaze of the multitude, but because we are sure they are all

laden with that which is of priceless worth to the soul, *capable of rational exposition*, and therefore adapted to the wants of the head as well as the heart.

What, then, is a rational doctrine of the Lord, that, while exhibiting the absolute divine authority of the Christ as Immanuel, does not subjugate and despoil the creaturely soul; but, on the contrary, makes that authority the central principle of his freedom and the source of his bliss?

There is no argument necessary to show, that human nature, in and of itself, independent of the creative efficacy, is gross and impotent in the extreme. It being conceded that the creature can become fully uttered as creature only by the creative potency, — so uttered that the creature realizes fulness of life in unlimited dependence in a way to violate no consciousness of individual freedom, — it is evident that this condition can only be attained through the vital union of the two terms in one new creature, involving in himself human-divine and divine-human. It is only, then, by the Creator's becoming interior to, or imbedded in, the creaturely nature itself, — ceasing thus to operate it as an arbitrary, external force, and inspiring it henceforth as an *interior* power of life, — that the creature's freedom and consequent fulness can be constantly realized, and still the Creator be known as perpetual and only authority. Creator and creature being naturally, or by the only terms that can confer *individual* consciousness upon the creature, opposite terms; and the creaturely consciousness being, in order to realize a sense of being as imaging the creative perfection, under the necessity of *feeling* a fulness of life, or perfect individual freedom, — it is evident that the two must become perfectly allied; the supreme, interior to the subject, making its constant inspiration, and yet making it a form of freedom, and so violating nothing of the true individual consciousness. Thus Christ, as authority, can never violate individual freedom: on the contrary, as the manifest and potent divine in human nature itself, he is the only source of that freedom, its only possible base of perfect realization. The Christ of God being thus the only term of creative perfection, it is

clear that the creature must realize the Christ, the divine *in* the human, as its constant vitality, in order to realize the salvation that is solely in, and of, this all-suffering presence.

Thus, the Lord, in broadest sense, is the Divine Natural Man; the man who becomes inwardly inspired to right-doing or righteousness, from a law of right written upon the heart, or centred in the affections. Life, running thus, is a ceaseless inspiration of the living God; and the leaping delights of such vitality constitute his manifest form in creation, — the revelation of his infinite perfection in human nature. Hence, all mere moral activity, proceeding from a sense of duty as conforming to a principle of right, as founded in the reason and conscience, falls infinitely below the Christian standard, which recognizes no act, however seemingly beneficial, as of intrinsic worth, unless it proceed from divine love within, making it gracious in the *free grace* of the Christ as the indwelling law of the heart.

Through the matchless and adorable service of the lowly Jesus in living down and completely subjecting all the vain and turbulent motions of the carnal nature, in order to bring it thus into living conjunction with the divine love, human nature to-day is instinct with this life of spontaneity: hence, it hates, and struggles to escape from, the servile and arbitrary; and yearns evermore for the delightful realm of God's perfect freedom. Thus, Christianity essentially involves *a divine order of* LIFE, in the crisp of whose blaze mere sentimentalism and moralistic injunctions shrivel and shrink into impalpable cinders, and fly away. Professed Christians, who conceive it to be a batch of beneficent sentimentality and well-packed morals merely, and so pit it against the wise sayings and clever doings of heathendom in competitive strife of doubtful issues, to them at least, ought to renounce their profession at once. To such, Christ can be no light, nor absolute authority: hence, they must be continually plunging hither and thither in the world's great cauldron of seething opinions; and it is utterly absurd for them to profess, even, to "walk in the Light," — that being but dark-

ness, in such circumstances. But, to the clear-headed and full-hearted Christian disciple, Christ is literally "the way, the truth, and the life." To such, he is not simply the greater teacher, and therefore an exponent of the truth in greater measure; but is the veritable Messiah, Prophet of the Highest, and Immanuel; and, as such, involves the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Unless we foolishly regard the creature as all-sufficient in himself; and the Creator as, at best, a kind of ornamental supernumerary serving only the insipid pantomime of *habitual* sabbath-exercises, — we are bound to accept him as an infinite, immortal life, livingly manifest through his Son, and thereby communicated, in a way to exalt the creature himself to his own intimate presence and supreme joys, in a freedom so real as to seem absolute. If we regard the selfhood, or freedom, of the creature to be underived, or independent of the creative efficacy, we thereby make the creature a god, and so deny the one only Being and Source of all. The truth, of God as Creator, and man as creature, involves the subjective relation of the creature; and the sublime glory of the Christian order is, that it realizes creative object and creaturely subject in one perfect form that fills the creature with the free grace of immortal life, and, at the same time, glorifies the Creator. This is the great and eternal reality fulfilled in the Christ. And it was not thus achieved to him, for ever aloof from man, as the solitary and unapproachable Divine-Human; but it was an at-one-ment of divine and human, made "once for all," which communicated to, and fixed in, the otherwise helpless creature, a new power of life in his lowest nature that assures its eternal conjunction with Heaven's infinite delights. Are, then, the Christ of God, and his gospel, of trifling import to man; to be hawked about in the world's great market-place, and offered in exchange for the vain babblings and insane rituals of heathendom? Oh, let the Christian soldiery beware how they rudely part the sacred vesture, and cast lots for the seamless robe; for these very externals themselves will surely be put on, and glorified anew, at His final coming! W. H. K.

RANDOM READINGS.

CRITICISM AND CONTROVERSY.

THE New-York "Christian Inquirer," which generally means to be candid and genial, and which has a decided leaning towards the radical side, characterizes our letter in answer to Mr. Wasson, as "acrid" and "sarcastic," and so forth. We are amazed at this, since, after a preliminary disposition of all personal matters, such as we thought frankness required, we conceded all good motives to Mr. Wasson, and put all personal matters behind us with an eye single to the argument itself.

In shaping our argument, we had reference quite as much to the attack made upon us by the "Christian Inquirer" itself as to Mr. Wasson. Some months since, it volunteered two columns of personal abuse and gross misrepresentation of us, which we laughed over at the time, but whose perversions and misstatements we recalled and answered in the course of the discussion, though in a perfectly impersonal way; and the result is, the "Christian Inquirer," forgetting its own unprovoked personalities, lifts up holy hands of deprecation. You may call a man bad names, such as "word-monger" and "Thug;" you may charge him with want of seriousness, destroying the faith, and so on, as the "Christian Inquirer" has done; but, the moment he proves the falsity of your charges, controversy becomes a very bad thing. Tastes differ; and editors, as preachers, must not aim at pleasing everybody. Some excellent brethren have thanked us for our word, and among others comes a letter from a stranger to us, away off West, who confesses he had abused us for want of explicitness, but now commends us for speaking out. The letter is long, and discusses ably some of the themes we touched upon; and, though private, we venture in this connection on one or two extracts.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—This time I will act upon impulse. I have risen from reading two articles in the 'Monthly Religious Magazine' for July. After reading the first,—your letter to Mr. Wasson,—I hesitated about reading the second,—the poem called, 'Eureka.' I questioned whether my impression of your letter would not be marred and spoiled; but I read the poem, and it proved a beautiful, harmonious close to my

morning reading. See! the earnest search and demand for the Christ, the Light of the world, which gives your letter such manly nerve, has fitly uttered its Eureka in the beautiful poem which follows. . . . It would have pleased *me* better had you gone farther, — had you declared what more there is in our Lord and Saviour than the good 'metaphysician;' but I did not take up my pen to tell you what I did not like, or rather what more I would have liked, but to tell you how much I found to rejoice in and to be thankful for, that you have written it; that the 'Religious Magazine' contains it; and many will read it, and have their hearts and minds fixed more firmly on the Lord, and the saving truths of the Christian faith. Do not call my reflections on your Magazine obtrusive, and my manner of writing you pretentious and egotistic; for my motive assuredly is not of that kind. I write to you cordially, and to show how noble and good I found your letter. . . . I wish your 'reply' might be printed as a tract, and sent broadcast over the land."

One word further. Controversy we do not like, and will not have, except in self-defence. But of all things to be avoided is the constant attempt to cover over differences of opinion under a make-believe that they are not differences, — under an agreement to call white black, and red green. A denomination which can exist only by having its theologies constantly shaken up, like a kaleidoscope, to the utter confusion of all honest people who look through it, does not deserve to exist at all. Fellowship is worthless and hollow, and unworthy of the name, if it is only to be had in this cowardly way. Honest opinion is to be respected; and the more sharply and clearly uttered, the better. We fellowship all who will fellowship us in Christian fellowship, if Christian they are; in the broad fellowship of a common humanity, if they are not. It is too late for any one to pretend, that opinions are a test of character; and all the more inexcusable is it to confound them, and try to make them look alike when they are not. It does not follow, because they are not a test of personal character, that they are not of immense importance in the cause of humanity. Our own we have always aimed to state with perfect deference to the opinions and motives of others; and, when assailed and misrepresented, we mean to reply, if at all, in language, not that conceals and confounds thought, but makes it known: else what were the dictionaries made for?

Radicalism makes a grave mistake in supposing, that the rights of speech are all on one side; that the cherished opinions of others cannot only be assailed, but flouted at and caricatured, while it is very wicked and uncharitable to touch its own. Sheer justice would have required of the "Inquirer" to give its readers so much

of our reply as refutes the misrepresentations of its own columns; instead of which, it reads us a solemn lesson on controversy, which, in this case, it was among the first to inaugurate. S.

NURSING AMONGST THE POOR

Is practised very successfully in England, as we learn from an interesting English pamphlet on the "Organization of Nurses," which contains "An account of the Liverpool Nurses' Training-school, its foundation, progress, and operation in Hospital, District, and Private Nursing," with an Introduction and Notes by Florence Nightingale. The pamphlet is full of interesting matter. The need of training for the work of nursing is very great. In a hospital where great stress was laid upon good habits, only four nurses proved to be temperate. Of the twenty-five thousand four hundred and sixty-six women returned as nurses in Great Britain, in 1851, a large number were sadly inefficient. Quite worthy of attention is the method of attaching lady nurses to Provident Dispensaries. One of the indirect advantages of this form of ministering is well presented by the author, as follows: —

"Much has been said and written of the duty and importance of more sympathy and intercourse between rich and poor, of the dangerous tendency of civilization, and its subdivision of labor, in widening the separation between them; but, to do any good, such connection and intercourse must be natural and enforced. Now, in sickness and death, rich and poor are on common ground. In this work the sympathy between them is so natural, the results are so apparent, so immediate, and satisfactory, that, if the proper nurses could be furnished, we believe there would be comparatively little difficulty in interesting kindly disposed persons, connected with the different districts of Liverpool, in the work of superintending and furnishing (or collecting) for their own district the necessary appliances and comforts."

As an example of the work done, take the following: —

"Example No. 1. — Afflicted with asthma and other diseases. Found lying on the floor, covered with bed sores, and so thin that she had to be lifted on a sheet. Her husband is a porter, with two children, unable to pay for nursing. She was attended by the dispensary doctor, but in other respects was left to the mercy of the world, in a low neighborhood, in dirt and bad air, wretched in body and mind, causing her husband to feel wretched also, on coming home and finding his house in such a condition: to use the man's own expression, he thought he was forsaken both by

God and man. Our nurse comes in, washes her, and lends bedstead and bedding, and shows how to use an air-cushion, changes her linen, &c., cleans the house, persuades the husband to whitewash the apartments. Suitable nourishment is sent, and she and the household are now in comparative comfort: she is able to get up. The man is now helpful and hopeful, and has added by his own exertions and savings to the comfort of his home."

Let the following extracts illustrate the spirit of the charity: —

"Much of the value of the District Nursing depends on the personal intercourse between the educated, refined, and virtuous woman who gives of her abundance of means, mind, and heart, and the poor, ignorant, and often erring whom her bounty relieves and her sympathy soothes; while she receives, in return, that peace and enlargement of soul which, I believe, the rich can hardly obtain, save by taking personal interest in, and care of, their poorer neighbors. Every observant student of human nature must be struck with the amount of mischief caused to both rich and poor, by the marked separation between their lives and interests, — a separation which the organization of civilized society ever tends to widen more and more. The poor are pauperized and degraded when they receive from the mechanical operation of organized societies that dole into which no feeling of true charity, of Christian brotherhood, and personal kindness, enters to soften the sting of dependence, and create a sense of personal affection; or receive that dole almost as they receive the parish allowance, with as little thankfulness, and as little sense of the duty of enabling themselves speedily to do without it. The rich, on the other hand, who deal with the poor only through such societies, find no relief, in this kind of mechanical charity, from the narrowness, timidity, and unrest which riches so often create, and which are the natural fruits of hearts and intellects starved and stunted for want of that nourishment and exercise in personal well-doing and in kind offices to living individuals, — not to a class in the abstract, — which God intended to correct the benumbing influences of wealth."

"One point has occasionally been raised to which it may be well to advert. Some have objected to allow the ladies of their family to take part in the work, for fear of infection. With very slight precautions, this risk is much less than that incurred by calling in a doctor. The nurse can always tell the lady superintendent where she may safely go, and can avoid visiting her on days when, or in clothes in which, she has attended infectious cases; whereas the doctor must go from patient to patient without any such precautions. But, if the risk were greater than it is, we should have no right to flinch from it. Life was given, not to be hoarded, but to be carefully and wisely spent. The rich and their children enjoy all the benefits of knowledge and of wealth; among others, all the appliances that knowledge can devise and wealth can purchase to avert or to cure disease. Incumbent on the possession of wealth and knowledge is

the duty of ministering to those who have them not, and the risks incident to that duty we are not at liberty to shun.*

"'A religious organization,' it has been suggested, 'is necessary to the perfect success of your undertaking.' A religious organization, in the best sense of the phrase, I trust that we possess; but what is too often meant by the words is a dogmatic or sectarian bond. This I believe to be neither necessary nor desirable. The lady superintendent of the Home and Training School has always endeavored to instil religious motives, and a religious sense of professional duty, into the minds of her pupils; and, though among these there are members of many different sects, we are never troubled with religious discord. Good work, faithfully performed, has a tendency to enlarge the mind of a Christian, and purify his spirit from sectarian bigotry; to bring into strong relief those principles of faith and practice which, as the Great Judge has assured us, will guide His judgment; and to indispose the laborers to 'judge' one another."

Possibly these paragraphs may prove to be especially seasonable, though we pray that they may only have that significance which must always attach to such simplicity and sincerity. E.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

WHAT a changing world is this in which we live! We *antediluvians*, whose age dates back fifty years or more, are often reminded that the world of to-day is not the world of our childhood. It may be far better: in many respects undoubtedly it is so, but surely it is not the same. The fashions of dress are not more changed than the habits of thought, style of pronunciation in many cases, supposed facts in the natural sciences, &c., &c. A graduate from Harvard, of some thirty years ago, amused us lately by the confession, that, on some points of pronunciation, where he had felt perfectly strong, he had "been obliged to knock under" to a young man fresh from an inferior college, and who even there had been regarded as very imperfectly educated. For ourselves, we consider it decidedly most prudent, instead of asserting positively that a thing is so and so, where we were once well posted, to remark very humbly that it used to be so; which,

* True nursing knows nothing of infection, except to prevent it. Cleanliness, fresh air from open windows, with unremitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true nurse either asks or needs. Wise and humane management of the patient is the best safeguard against infection. — *Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing.*

in fact, we often think, amounts very nearly to the same thing as admitting that it is so no longer. Some words have undergone two transformations; so that the one which we were at some pains to substitute for our first pronunciation is displaced, and we must learn to return to that originally taught us. If we once prided ourselves a little on accuracy in these things, we are in a fair way to be cured of the weakness by these oft-repeated, wholesome checks upon our vanity.

The intercourse between young gentlemen and ladies, and older ones also, has undergone a wonderful change. Either we of a generation ago, in our girlhood, were over-strict, or the girls of the present day are over-free; though, of course, there are and were many exceptions to this general remark. Perhaps we did retain too much of the staid habits of our grandmothers. It is a pity that the full pleasure and benefit of intercourse and friendship between men and women of whatever age should be abridged by any mere conventionality. But there seem in the nature of things to be limits, beyond which a woman may not pass without some detriment to her dignity and delicacy. There are bounds, too, which an honorable man cannot pass with impunity. Was it a delusion that once led us to think it best, that a married man and woman, or those who were engaged, which formerly was nearly equivalent to marriage, should avoid paying or receiving very particular attentions in or from another quarter? Custom sanctions many things; but the delicate and Christian spirit must take counsel of itself, and rather keep within than exceed the bounds of caution and safety.

To come to things even more serious than these, those who associate constantly with the young, especially if feeling any responsibility for their conduct, (and who can wholly escape this responsibility?) are almost daily met by questions very difficult to answer satisfactorily to themselves or to the inquirers. In regard to the observance of forms, especially of public worship and the more private hours of the Sunday, how much is vital? how much may safely be done away? The sabbath, as it once was, has pretty nearly disappeared from among us as a denomination, — at least in our cities and larger towns. Oh, the blessed sabbaths of the olden time! when, amid the embowering shades of the quiet country-village, all nature was at rest, and the very peace of heaven seemed to settle on the soul; when the fa-

ther and the mother still shed their saintly influence throughout the venerable dwelling, and the light of their hallowed countenances was like unto the smile of God. "From the rising of the sun even unto the going-down of the same," a holy calm pervaded the place, —

> "And all the babble of life's angry voices
> Died in hushed stillness at its peaceful door."

How beautiful are those days seen through the vista of years! But now, if one would enjoy such a sabbath of rest, he must not only bolt his door and close his blinds, but shut his eyes and ears also; and, even then, happy would he be if he could call back the Heavenly Dove to brood over his breast.

Yet, beautiful as these days of sacred retirement were to us in our adult years, it must be confessed, that to the child there was often a weariness in the monotonous hours, broken only by the morning and afternoon church-going, which is not generally a favorite recreation with the young. The fading-out of the sunlight on the eastern mountain-top was apt to be looked upon as a striking-off of fetters from limb and spirit too long confined. The memory of this makes me hesitate to enforce a very strict Sunday discipline on children of the present time. Yet how far we can afford to give them a dispensation from church-going, serious reading, and quiet on this day, is a very grave question. To the inquiry, What is the use of these forms? we may answer, that, being creatures of flesh as well as of spirit, with the world of sense ever surrounding and pressing upon us, we need thus to be reminded of things unseen, and to be quickened in spirit by their influence. But we are answered, that, so far from quickening, these forms are often a weariness to soul and body. Or do we appeal as a motive to the influence of example, and the importance of the institution to the community, the spirit of the age hardly admits the force of this argument.

It sometimes seems as if no other power remained to us but to pray that nothing vital to ourselves or others may be carried away by the rushing, mighty tide of free thought and action; while, by the godly simplicity and sincerity of our own lives, avoiding austerity on the one hand, and laxity on the other, we strive to win souls to the Christian life. Let us plant ourselves firmly on the Rock of Ages. Then, though the rain descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon us, our strong foundation will not be moved. †

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

A REMARKABLE article has lately appeared in the leading French journal, "Revue des Deux Mondes," on the moral bearing of the great Continental military operations. The writer thinks there was never a struggle undertaken that had so little to justify it. It has not been pretended, that any nation has been seriously hurt in its honor or interest. The Italians attempted to repossess Venice, only because the power of Austria was divided, and not because the Venetians were worse off than they have been for years; while, in other portions of Continental Europe, the mass of the people are indifferent to the strife, hardly know what they are fighting for, — know only that they are the puppets and playthings in the hands of kings and dynasties that are seeking some new map of empire. The feelings of the people have been revealed by the fact, that, in some instances, armies have marched to war, cheering those who were called their enemies, but whom they did not regard as such; and the strange manner in which kindred have been forced to take opposite sides is intimated by what is true of Queen Victoria's sons-in-law, some of whom are fighting on one side, and some on the other. Meanwhile, it is evident that there is springing up a deep, popular disgust at kings and aristocrats, who play such tricks before high heaven. In some places, large affiliated societies have been formed to diffuse a knowledge of republican principles. The pusillanimity and cowardice of the kings and princes of the petty States, who have fled to Paris and London with their treasures, and left their subjects to take care of themselves, have produced a deep impression on the popular mind. A renewed interest in American institutions and American ideas has been everywhere awakened. It has been stated in Parliament, as a well-ascertained fact, that, among the workmen in some large English establishments, more interest is taken in American politics than in English; and, what we confess seems surprising, more American than English newspapers are read. It is a just retribution for that gross hypocrisy which has no moral rebuke of this great causeless, fratricidal war; but was continually pouring forth its crocodile tears that we in America were cutting each other's throats, when what we were fighting for was the maintenance of the very life of our nation. Probably, it is this re-action in favor of democracy which has alarmed

the aristocrats of Europe, and has led to the restoration of a Tory ministry in England, and to early projects of a general pacification. So the people are hustled back and forth, — for *war*, when kings and ministers would secure new power; for *peace*, when popular rights are likely to gain an unsafe ascendency.

To THOSE who watch the progress of events in Italy, it has been a question of great interest whether Bourbon and papal intrigue would not be busy while Victor Emmanuel's soldiers are everywhere called off to swell his armies. It seems that, in Naples, a re-action in favor of the ex-king has been repressed only by very large and summary arrests; while the pope has been checkmated by steps more decisive than any other which Napoleon has taken. The French minister to Rome has announced with the utmost distinctness, that the first papal soldier caught disturbing the peace of Italy would be immediately sent like a felon to the galleys. Of course the pope's personal sympathies are strongly expressed in favor of Austria. His chagrin at the recent turn of events can be imagined. Nor is this the only sorrow he has lately felt. One of his nephews, it is said, is fighting on the Italian side; and some mirth has been occasioned in Rome by a little incident happening in his circle of kindred. He and an aged sister have not been on good terms. Being told that she was dying, he sent her his papal blessing; on hearing of which, she had strength enough to sit up in her bed, and to declare, in terms which scandalized all believers, that she would not receive it.

THE late suppression of religious houses in Italy, by a formal and very decided vote of the Italian Government, is one of those great events that mark the progress of religious freedom. We have all read what a vast stride onward a like step was in England, under Henry VIII. The whole world rung with it. Now it takes place throughout the kingdom of Italy, and hardly has the press of this country noticed it. It has happened to us to visit establishments, having hundreds of acres, and palatial arrangements, where a dozen idle monks lived in the greatest affluence. The appropriation of these vast estates to the defence of the country recalls many like steps of the popes, who have robbed the churches to make cannon for the fort of San Angelo. Jerusalem itself is said to have got its name by Moses spoiling the heathen temples to construct and defend the city.

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THE RELIGION OF AUGUSTE COMTE AND THE RELIGION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

A DISTINGUISHED French philosopher of our century, not ten years dead, had ceased to believe in a Creator and Supreme Governor of the world and the immortality of man: nevertheless, though without a God and without a future life, he was a religious being, like the rest of us; and, as the sorrows and joys of our lot were multiplied upon him, he found that he must have a religion. He set about devising one. His Great Being should be the human race, all who ever have lived or who ever should live on earth, — mankind, "ascending," as has been said, "into the unknown recesses of the past, embracing the manifold present, and descending into the indefinite and unforeseeable future." To mankind he would render worship and service. As to the worship, it would seem, that even his ardent disciples must look upon it as altogether unsatisfactory, to use no stronger word. Three times a day, and for two hours in the whole, the devotee is to offer what the philosopher calls a commemoration and an effusion; the subject being a saintly person objectively dead, subjectively alive, — living, that is, in the memory of the worshipper; and we read that the founder of the religion so prayed, as, for aught I know, do his disciples. As to the service, the expres-

sion of devotion in act, our philosopher was more satisfying; and he claimed that his device had this signal advantage over other disciplines, in that, whilst we cannot in any genuine way serve Omnipotence, we can serve poor, frail, suffering, wandering man, — man to whom we owe so much, into whose labors we have entered, by whose stripes we have been healed, through whose dying we live, over whose prostrate and bleeding form we mount the heights of civilization. And if the philosopher was almost absurd in what he was pleased to call his worship, he was behind no Christian in his earnest pleading for a life of devotion to others as our being's end and aim. He will hear talk of no other life; he would bring every thought, desire, and motive into strict subjection to this service; and between saints and sinners, according to this demand, he knows no middle class.

Now, let me ask the reader to compare the religion which this man devised, with the religion which God has given to us. Our Christian faith surely hath an advantage over the new scheme, in summoning us to a real worship of a perfect and truly adorable Being, — one to whom we can pray, and need not make believe pray; seeing that he is God over all for ever blessed, and holds this universe of planets and of souls in the hollow of his hand, and is absolutely without beginning of days or end of life, supernatural of necessity, inasmuch as nature cannot account for her own origin. But is it inferior on the side of service, and when we come to put our faith and love into acts, which are so much more expressive than words? "Can a man be profitable to God as one that is wise is profitable unto himself?" It was Eliphaz the Temanite, one of the old-time reasoners, one of those who were wearying Job with vain endeavors to console, that put the question; and although the ancient and the modern deny, in the light of our religious faith, we say, Yes: a man can be profitable to God. Strange as we may think it, inexplicable as we may find it, much present suffering as may seem to proceed from the ordering, God has left his own dear children — this strange, mysterious, suffering, rejoicing, falling, aspiring race of which the philosopher speaks, this race that

so engages his sympathies — to be cared for by us. We *are* our brothers' keepers; and of the Son of God there is no word so absolute and so emphatic as this, "Ye have done it unto me," unto me through whom the Heavenly Father reaches down out of his heavens, and claims, as his other self, this child of man whose needs are so manifold. The Christian is found side by side with the philosopher in every work of humanity: but the Christian hath in his heart, what the philosopher has not, the love of God as He hath been manifested in Christ; and finds the world to be a great household which hath providentially been committed to his charge, and which he is to serve in the strength of his great affection: not merely in the works specified by our Saviour because of such pressing necessity, but in the consecration of every gift and faculty, common or rare, the one talent or the ten talents; until the life of the mere man of leisure shall be accounted an offence, and from doing no harm to others we become ministers to them of the highest good, and the Christianizing of the world really begins. To serve a brother of Christ is truly to serve Christ. To serve a child of God is truly to serve God; and, since the world is left dependent upon such service, we have a right to conclude, that it best advances the ends of the Divine Government for man to be helped by man, and that, in this sense, we can be profitable even to Omnipotence. Even Omnipotence confesses limitations in the very nature of things; and I do not hesitate to maintain, that through us God can do for man more and better than He can do without us; else the miracles of his almightiness would anticipate those human charities, which, though they be so sweet, are so often delayed. And now let me ask the reader to observe how wonderfully God has provided that this most needful service should be rendered; and how admirably the work which he puts so near exercises his children in a genial and wholesome, because practical, piety.

1. In one of his strong sermons upon human nature, Bishop Butler shows, — I use his own words because I can command no others as good, — "that there are as real and the same kind of indications in human nature that we were made for

society, and to do good to our fellow-creatures, as that we were intended to take care of our own life and health and private good." Spite of ungoverned passions, both these ends are steadily advanced, the one as much as the other. I shall not allow the mean estimates, or echo the coarse invectives, into which a bilious theology and a bitter misanthropy have been betrayed in discourse upon man. You shall as easily find self-hatred as hatred of others for hatred's sake. Doubtless we injure and neglect and even ruin others, and so we injure and neglect and even ruin ourselves, being fools and sinners, — and yet not fiends. Doubtless we are inordinately selfish, and yet God draws us on to love and serve. It is our nature to feel intense delight when a humane deed is done, as it is our nature to despise and execrate hardheartedness. The community rejoices as in a great victory, when the ship comes into port emptied of all merchandise, but freighted with precious human beings, — men, women, children, who, save for their friendly helpers, had taken their last look of these visible heavens upon the wide and inhospitable waste of waters. The whole city is moved to meet them at their coming, and hands are opened on all sides to minister relief, and we say, "Well done! Thank God!" Would not less have been inhuman? What shipmaster could have sailed by that straining vessel, and not been haunted ever after by visions of haggard faces and by the cries of bitter distress?

2. And again, it is our religion to serve; and, in proportion as we are filled with the spirit of our religion, we can do no other, whether in great or little, whether in ways ordinary or extraordinary. Christ comes as the chiefest of servants, and sweeps all whom he redeems into his train. "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you." — "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The life of Christ in the world has been, more than any thing else, a life of love, so re-enforcing our better nature. By this have the true disciples ever been known. Through these disciples, God more and more reaches his children. When they really know Christ, they cannot choose but love Christ; and, when they love Christ, they say, if need be, with Thomas, "Let us

also go that we may die with him." And out of this love of Christ, and this Christian love, there comes an exaltation of every work which is honorable or beautiful, or in any way needful and fit to be done by man: the craft becomes a sacred calling, and in a good sense we *are* all apostles, prophets, evangelists; alas for us, so long as we are less! Do you think, that, in any other world save that for which Christ died, our philosopher would have been able to devise a religion so beautiful and helpful on its practical side? "He died for all, that they who live might not live unto themselves." Whilst he turns away in sorrow and disappointment from many who cry "Lord, Lord!" he claims as his own, and as those who have ministered unto him, all who love, whether they ever heard his name or not, and were conscious or not of doing a Christian thing; for he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

3. And observe how the work of love which we are to do is brought near to us, in order that our religion may not be an abstraction or even an affection, much less a word upon the lips. Is it hard for you to find God? Does that mysterious spirit still elude you? Are you unable to think him, to feel him? Does he grant no blessed sense of a real presence in answer to your passionate entreaties? "Behold! I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him." Well, pray on: perhaps the time for that open vision is not yet; but, whilst you pray, love and labor. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will *manifest* myself to him." Love will sooner or later find its object. We speak of the limbs of Satan, meaning wicked persons: is it too strong language to speak of the limbs of God? If it be so, and perhaps it is, we may yet speak of the members of Christ; and I think we can do no better, when we see any who need our care, than to say of them, "It is a part of the body of Christ: if I can do any thing here, it will be for those who are very near to my God. It is his will that this poor child of his should be comforted by *me*. Reverently and tenderly, as I would handle the

sacramental bread and cup, would I lay my hands upon the body and blood of our human agony; for all life is consecrated now for eyes that have seen the Lord." And let us remember, that, when we selfishly turn aside and look away from suffering, we turn away from the wounded hands and the pierced side of the Christ; we lose a blessed opportunity to pass from the beginnings of a merely human love to that divine affection which is the joy of the saints in glory. God brings near to us those who need our help; and we never learn all they were meant to teach, and receive all the help they can supply in taking our religion out of the land of forms and shadows and notions and names into the light of human life, unless we, sometimes at least, go and see for ourselves. Kind-hearted persons who do all their giving by proxy, besides a great loss sustained in too many cases through what cleaves to the hand of the almoner, miss those sermons of divine charity which are without speech, and yet more eloquent than any spoken word. If any one thinks, "I spend time enough and money enough and sympathy enough now," let him *send* kind messages, and fill the purse of the minister at large; but, if he would do more and bestow more, let him go himself, and it shall be easier to give the talent than the mite, and the eyes of the meek sufferer shall draw him back again and again to the bed of pain with a masterful fascination; and he shall come at last to the love which passeth knowledge, and is the end of the commandments, and prepares a new way through which God can bless his children, and the Good Shepherd can gather and fold his poor wandering sheep.

E.

THERE is no moral influence in the world, excepting that occasionally exerted by great men, comparable to that of a good teacher: there is no position in which a man's merits, considered as moral levers, have so much purchase. Therefore the whole question of education, what the method of it should be, what men should be employed in it, is pre-eminently a question in which Christians are bound by their humanity to interest themselves. — *Ecce Homo.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

LIV.

EIG. MEL. OR RINGE RECHT, WENN GOTTES GNADE.

(JOH. DAN. HERRNSCHMIDT. First printed in Freylingh. Gesangbuch.)

GOD so guides us, What betides us
He makes wholesomest and best.
Waves still nigher May swell higher
If Christ's peace be in thy breast.

Trust securely That full surely
Good is evermore designed;
In God's fiat Rest thou quiet;
Then, whate'er thou needest, find.

Thoughts are crossing, Wavering, tossing;
Sink thou into tranquil flow;
His care be it To o'ersee it,
Lord of each day's joy and woe.

When the hour Has reached its power,
Help breaks forth with ready might,
And, ashaming Foolish blaming,
Shows at once that all was right.

Yield thee, bearing Load and tearing,
Sweetly calm, and lowly bent.
If refusing That strict using,
We but heap up chastisement.

Thou, who fearful Yet, and tearful,
Dost embrace the Saviour's yoke,
To his throning And his crowning
And his many mansions look. N. L. F.

LV.

AUFERSTEHN, JA AUFERSTEHN.

From the Berlin Hymn-book. *Melody*, — "Gott ist treu," &c.

God is true;
And every morning new
His endless truth I view.
Be ever glowing
My thanks for all its showing,
Renewed each day,
Like its own ray.

God is true:
With promise unforgot,
His own he faileth not.
In hours distressing,
Firm to his covenant-blessing,
He comes, and we
His promise see.

God is true:
Whate'er he purpose should,
It must be wise and good.
His voice not uttered
In wrath, and threatenings muttered,
All love I hear;
Then wherefore fear?

God is true:
From him is all our might;
His charge keeps all in sight.

When faith scarce flashes
Beneath its sunken ashes,
He wakes its force
And wings its course.

God is true;
O Word of sweetest grace
Be rock and refuge-place!
Though all prove vainest,
My joy thou still remainest.
When time is past
This Word stands fast. N. L. F.

GOD THE MAKER OF INDIVIDUALS.

EVERYWHERE in the works of God we are met by diversity amidst uniformity. All organized creatures, vegetable and animal, are distributed into classes, orders, families, genera, species, which are distinguished from each other by invariable types. Yet no two individuals are exactly alike. Each one differs, by some variation in the characteristics belonging to its species, from every other individual of the same species. Each has a type of its own, that constitutes it an individual being. The oak, the cedar, and the elm have each marked peculiarities of form. They can be distinguished from each other as far as they can be seen. Yet a photograph of no one oak, cedar, or elm, would be an exact picture of any other. The foliage of each of these trees is also peculiar. An oak leaf cannot be mistaken for an elm leaf; yet no two leaves of the same tree, laid one upon another, will exactly coincide. Some disparity of size, or diversity of proportion, or variation in the elements of form common to both, marks a difference between them.

This endless diversity of individuals runs through the whole of creation. What an idea is thus given of the

minuteness of the Creator's agency! The meanest creature of his hand, as well as the race of which it is a member, is an object of his thought and care. He superintends the smallest details of his universe, as well as the vast operations which bind its parts together in one great whole. This minute supervision of his whole creation is possible, by reason of the infinity and perfection of the divine nature. It is necessary, by reason of the intimate relation between the creature and the Creator. If God had not designed and willed each individual to be exactly what it is, it would not have been what it is; or rather it would not have been at all. In the conduct of human affairs, a general control is given to superior minds, and details are left to subordinate agents, because limited powers cannot attend to both. The mind of man could never grasp the infinite diversities of individual objects in nature. If he would make any progress in studying the works of God, he is obliged to let individuals go, and to group things together according to their resemblances, and to think and speak of them by classes: but God intimately knows every individual he has made; and although he has arranged his works in ranks and orders, whether in conformity to a principle of order most worthy to be observed by the divine Artificer, or for the purpose of making his creation susceptible of being studied by his intelligent creatures, we cannot conceive of his needing such classification as a relief to his own mind. In the general uniformity of creation, which makes our classifications possible, we see the science of God: in the infinite variety of forms with which he has finished and discriminated each individual creature, we see the boundless resources of divine art. There is no poverty in its invention. It is never obliged to repeat itself.

Perhaps there is no instance of this diversity amidst uniformity so remarkable as the human countenance. Of how few elements of form and color is it composed, yet its marked varieties are as numerous as the individuals of the race. There are many gradations of resemblance among them, approaching, but never reaching, absolute sameness.

First, the race is divided into four or five great families, distinguished from each other by very distinct peculiarities of physiognomy. Then, the different nations are characterized each by a particular cast of features, less marked, but still quite observable. Then, in some families a certain conformation of countenance is transmitted through a long series of generations. The closest resemblances are seen among children of the same family. A stranger may be unable to distinguish them, but only for want of sufficient acquaintance. A parent does not mistake one for another.

The outer man is the representative of the inner man. The countenance is the exponent of the person. As every man's countenance is his own, and is unlike any other man's, so every man has a distinct personality of his own. In the constitution of his individual nature he differs from every other man. The elements that compose a human being exist in different individuals in various quantities, act with various degrees of force, are combined in various proportions; and thus various sorts of persons are produced. There is intellect, divided into several faculties; of which reason, memory, and imagination are the chief. Men differ in the amount of it they possess. One man has a larger mind than another. They differ in the force, rapidity, and acuteness with which the mental powers act. One man has a finer mind than another. They differ again in the predominance of one or another intellectual faculty over the rest, by which they are qualified for one or another sphere of mental activity. One has that adjustment of powers which in a free development would make him a philosopher, another would become a historian, another a poet. There is a great difference among men in the keenness of their relish for all beauty in the several departments of art and literature. In some cases, this susceptibility is feeble and scarcely perceptible; in others, it rises to a passion, — sometimes spending itself in the enjoyment of the works of others, and then we call it taste; sometimes going on to produce works of its own, and then it becomes genius. In the emotional and affectional part of their nature, there are wide differences among men. In one,

love, pity, indignation, are quick, strong, ardent; in another, cold, slow, feeble. The moral sense is found in different individuals in different degrees of strength and acuteness; though never, except in cases of idiocy or insanity, so wanting that responsibility ceases. And supposing the intellectual machinery of two men to be exactly alike, they would become quite different men by a difference in the energy of their wills, — the motive power that puts the machinery in operation, and determines the activity with which it works, and the amount of product that it turns out. Moreover, a characteristic complexion is diffused over a man's whole personality and character by that mysterious influence which we call temperament; according to the varieties of which, he is more or less hopeful, takes a greater or less interest in life, and gains a firmer or a feebler hold on other men and on the material world. Diversities of bodily health and strength are another cause of differences among men. The body is the soul's instrument, and its only means of communication with the world which is the present sphere of its education. That education must be modified by the condition of the body. If the spirit is placed in a well-conditioned body, not only is it able to show what it actually is, but it becomes a different being from what it would be, if placed in a feeble and diseased body. It makes a great difference to it, whether the senses convey to it quick and accurate intelligence of the outward world, and the limbs and organs of the body are ready servants to do its bidding, and are capable of intense activity and long endurance; or whether it is perpetually baffled in its efforts to learn and to act, by the feebleness of the body, and the senses have been to it vehicles of pain. In the one case, the discipline of the soul's earthly life will be earnest and successful action; in the other, patient endurance. If it be a question which of these methods will form the more exalted character, there can be no doubt that they will form different characters.

These are a few specimens of the elements that enter into the personality of a human being, and by their varieties of quantity and quality, proportion and combination, make each

one the manner of man that he is. Surely there is room for as vast a variety among men as among the leaves of the forest. No man is an exact counterpart of any other. Each is stamped with the impress of a distinct individuality. Each, whilst bound to his fellow-man by the ties of a common nature, has a type of being peculiarly his own. Whence that peculiarity? Whence but from God? Must it not have been impressed by his hand? Is not that thought necessarily implied in the acknowledgment of him as our Creator? As he called each one of us into being, must he not have known and willed the manner of person to whom existence was to be given?

Let it not be supposed, that this view of the divine agency in our creation savors of fatality, or diminishes responsibility, or denies the need and efficacy of education. It does not savor of fatality; for it is a part of our very idea of a man, that he is a free agent. In creating a man, God creates a being, who, unlike a crystal or a vegetable, has something to do in determining what he will become; and who cannot become what his Maker meant him to be, without exercising that power. Every individual needs education, — the education of circumstances, the education of parents and teachers, the education he gives himself in mature life. But the effect of the best education is to unfold the original type of the individual nature. True education does not tend to make all men alike: on the contrary, it develops their differences, as the highest polish brings to view the most delicate veins of the marble. Inspiration itself does not produce uniformity in its subjects. How strongly marked were the individualities of Peter, John, and Paul, under all the divine influences with which their souls were flooded!

That the hand of God is to be seen in the constitution of individual souls is readily admitted in the case of extraordinary geniuses, — men who prove themselves teachers of the race, who enlarge the bounds of human thought, who utter words, and give birth to creations of imagination, that touch the hearts of distant generations. Such men appear unexpectedly. They spring up in the most unlikely places. No

system of education pretends to secure the production of such. It makes little difference whether they have or not the aid that schools and colleges can afford them. They are felt to be the gift of God to the world. And each has his peculiar work assigned him, in the doing of which, and no other, his greatness appears. No one of them can fulfil another's mission. Aside from his appointed task, he is a common man. Bacon could not have produced "Hamlet" or "Lear," nor Shakspeare effected a reformation in philosophy; Newton could not have written the "Paradise Lost," nor Milton solved the problem of the heavens.

But these remarkable cases only serve to illustrate more signally the general truth. Can the will of God be conceived to be less directly concerned in calling into existence the humblest individual? He had a higher purpose to answer in the creation of these eminent men, he had a large place for them to fill, and he adapted them to the station they were to occupy; but does any one come into being without a purpose of the Creator? In common life, we often see strong natural predilections for certain employments early manifested. One child shows remarkable mechanical ingenuity; another, a decided proclivity to trade; another, a love of some particular art; another, fondness for intellectual employments; another is irresistibly attracted by the sea. If their propensities are thwarted, they are discontented and unhappy; and, when they get the control of their own course, they do not rest till they have gained a congenial position. Such cases are sometimes explained by supposing them to be the result of circumstances. But do the same circumstances always produce the same effect? Is it not more rational to suppose that circumstances owe their power to their meeting a strong inward disposition? The simplest account of this matter seems to be the most reasonable, — that these proclivities are a part of the constitution of the individual's nature; in other words, that they were given to him by the Creator, and are his provision that none of the departments of useful industry, by which the wants of society are met, shall ever be left vacant. It is true that

there are many persons who show none of these decided propensities, who, whilst they seem equally well qualified to fill either one of many stations, exhibit no special adaptation to one rather than another. Their personal peculiarities are not so obvious to casual observation; yet, as in the case of similar countenances, they may be easily distinguished by those who know them intimately; and, if each were conscientiously to make the most of himself, society would be seen to be formed into an harmonious whole, and each one would be found qualified for a work which the community could not spare, and which no one could do as well as he.

It always awakens impressive thought and feelings to trace the hand of God in the works of his creation and the ways of his providence; to see in all the objects that meet our eye, and all the changes that go on around us, expressions of divine thought; and to read in them the purposes of God. But these thoughts and feelings rise to the greatest height of impressiveness, when we think of ourselves, these living, active spirits of which we are conscious, as a part of the creation of God. Each man may say, "I, too, am an expression of a divine thought. Before I began to be, the idea of such a being as I existed in the mind of God. It was because he saw that there was a place in his creation for such an one, that he brought me into existence. His hand impressed upon me the type that distinguishes my individual being. I am what I am by an act of his will." How near does this thought bring us to God! How intimate does it show the relation to be between the creature and the Creator!

But this thought should not be permitted to keep out of view the fact, that man is a living soul and a free spirit. He must not forget his freedom and its responsibilities. All doubts about the reality of his freedom, and its consistency with the sovereignty of God, are purely speculative. He does not and cannot act as if he were bound by the fetters of physical necessity. He knows that he is free: he knows also that his freedom is limited. He is not free to do all that he may desire or imagine. His soul is not a shoreless

ocean, but a stream confined by banks, yet free to run on in its appointed course. His freedom is limited by the general limitations of his nature, by the insurmountable barriers of circumstance, and by peculiarities of individual nature. There may be many things he would fain do, but cannot, for want of genius or capacity. Newton is not free to produce a "Paradise Lost," nor Milton to reveal the laws that rule the heavenly bodies. But within a certain sphere he can develop the nature given him, and he is at liberty to do so or not. Milton is not obliged to sing the "Paradise Lost," nor Newton to expound the law of gravitation. So, too, he is at liberty to use his powers for wrong ends, and out of the nature given him to create an evil character. Then the peculiarities originally stamped upon his individual nature will determine the type of his wickedness. If he has an acute and sagacious intellect, he will commit crimes of ingenious fraud; if he has naturally strong passions, he will break forth into acts of lawless violence; if a determined will is his constitutional characteristic, it will show itself in a stern and selfish ambition.

It is certain, that, whatever faculty God has given to any man, he meant to be used rightly, in accordance with his moral law,—not for mere selfish purposes, but for the general good; that the divine intention, in bestowing a faculty specially qualifying its possessor for any particular station or function in society, is fulfilled only by making it a blessing to the community; and that, if there be in a man's natural constitution any thing that renders him peculiarly liable to sin, it was placed there to be watched and resisted, and so to become the means of strengthening and improving his character, and that it never, except through his own fault, becomes irresistible, and can in no case be justly alleged as an excuse for sin.

Although each man does indeed represent a divine idea, and although in the creation of each there is a possibility of a great, yea, eventually, of a glorious being, yet as that idea is to be wrought out, not of passive material, but of living spirit, it depends in no small measure on a man's self,

whether it shall be realized, or how perfectly it shall be realized. What God made it possible for any one of us to become, no one of us can perfectly conceive. It is known only to himself. We can ascertain it only approximately, by the most faithful and diligent culture; not by any process of study or discipline to which a person may be supposed to subject himself, separate from the necessary business of life, but by faithful application in this school of life in which God has set us. In that school, the most important lessons are to be learned from daily experience, and from the circumstances of the most ordinary life. There is to be learned how all the work of the world is to be done, and all its business transacted, so as best to fulfil the good purposes of God; how all the relations of life can be sustained so as to become the means of all the blessings God designed in them; how each individual can use most advantageously, to the best ends, the measure and sort of ability given him. Thus must each individual seek the realization of God's idea of him. What degree of excellence it was meant that he should reach, he can discover only by experiment. He can learn the best that he can do, only by constantly doing his best.

Acknowledgment of God's hand in the position in which one finds himself, and earnest endeavor to fill it to the utmost, is the surest guaranty of contentment. In the infinite gradations of the universe, his place is a necessary one. Some one must occupy it. Therefore it is the best place for him. Let him be content in it. Let him adorn and glorify it by diligent service. C. P.

THE CHARACTER OF MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN, born in Southern France, in eighteen hundred and ten, of an ancient and noble but impoverished family, was graced with such personal gifts as to attract

extreme interest from his associates, and endowed with literary talents which have gained him an enviable fame by the few exquisite works bequeathed when he died, at the early age of twenty-nine. His sister Eugénie and his friends, Trebutien, La Morvonnais, Marzan, Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, and others, have secured the publication of his brief fragments, drawn attention to their singular charms, and paid tributes to his memory not soon to be forgotten. Nothing of the kind can be more interesting than the peculiarities of constitution and experience which made the character of this gifted young man so shy and lonely, his career so unhappy, his death so pathetic, the image of him left behind so strangely attractive and sad.

At twelve, the tender boy, "poor bird exiled from his native turrets," went to Toulouse to study at a seminary there; afterwards to the College Stanislas in Paris. At a later period, he returned home, and tarried in the midst of domestic love and the stillest seclusion. But, inwardly wounded, unhappy, uncertain, he was drawn in heart and fancy alternately to a brilliant career in the world, and to the mystic life of a religious retreat. The following striking passage is a transcript from his own soul: "Which is the true God? The God of cities, or the God of deserts? To which to go? Long-cherished tastes, impulses of the heart, accidents of life, decide the choice. The man of cities laughs at the strange dreams of the eremites: these, on the other hand, exult at their separation, at finding themselves, like the islands of the great ocean, far from continents, and bathed by unknown waves. The most to be pitied are those who, flung between these two, stretch their arms first to the one, then to the other." The last sentence describes his own state for a long time. He at length came under the influence of the renowned Lamennais, whose disciples he joined at La Chênaie. Amidst the wild scenery of Brittany, with a group of enthusiastic young men of genius and devotion, under the eye of the fascinating master, whose combination of Catholicism and Democracy, whose electric words, whose conflict and subsequent rupture with the papacy, caused such a sensation in that

day; whose soul was so torn, and whose end so tragic, — Maurice remained for nine months. But he was made for a poet rather than for a devotee. The attraction of nature and letters overpowered that of faith and the cloister. And one day, with deep emotion, he said farewell to his venerated master, parted from his beloved comrades, and heard the gates of the little paradise of La Chênaie shut behind him.

He paused on his way to Paris at the romantic home of his friend La Morvonnais. "Behold how good Providence is to me! For fear the sudden transition from the softly-tempered air of religious solitude to the torrid zone of the world would try my soul too severely, it has drawn me from my sanctuary into a house raised on the border of the two regions, where, without being in solitude, one still does not belong to the world; a house whose windows open, on the one side upon the plain covered with the tumult of men, on the other upon the desert where the servants of God are singing; there upon the ocean, here upon the woods." He went to the capital in which the ambition, intellect, and pleasure of the world are concentrated. His religious interest died down. He drank the cup which the senses are offered in that wondrous bewilderment of prizes, perils, delights, agonies, — the focus of the luxuries and excitements of the earth. A hard struggle with obscurity and poverty, interspersed with ominous illness, with a few visits to dear Cayla, followed by his happy marriage, crowned in less than a year by his death, — and the bitter-sweet story of his outer life was done.

Guérin was one of those natures gifted with vast powers of intuition and sentiment, but small powers of organization and execution, who exceedingly interest others, but are unable to be sufficiently interested themselves, and therefore early become the victims of depression, weariness, sickness, and death. His nervous system was of that ethereal and ravenous temperament, which, not able to appropriate accordant and adequate nutriment from without, preys upon itself. Preternaturally sensitive to ideal hurts and helps, he nursed those delicious sadnesses which devour vitality while they

feed sentiment. He felt his thoughts and emotions as though they were material pictures, solid objects passing through his imagination all alive, conscious atoms swimming in the bosom of the soul. Consequently, matters of the inner life which would be to others only trifling impressions were colossal portents to him, — electrifying blisses or overwhelming agonies. He seemed to possess marvellous modes of intellection and emotion of his own, sweeter and vaguer than are known by common mortals; "an intoxication of delicious monotony and languor; a half sleep, empty of thought, yet full of enchanting dreams of beautiful things." Too rich to be insensible to the wealth and loveliness of the universe, too poor to be able to grasp and fix the divine shapes in solid forms of art, he was torn between aspiration and weakness, will and want. Few souls ever turned so lucid a mirror to the phenomena of nature, or were so intensely conscious of what occurred within them, as his. Musing on a fearful tempest, he said, "Strange and admirable, these moments of sublime agitation joined with profound reverie, wherein the soul and nature, arrayed in all their grandeur, lift themselves face to face." At times, he said, he could hear at the bottom of his being faint murmurs marking the return of life from afar. "These rustling rumors are produced by my thoughts, which, rising out of their dolorous torpor, make a light agitation of timid joy, and begin conversations full of memories and hopes." What a delicate revelation of his poetic softness of soul in this sentiment, "Happy who sits on the top of the mountain, and sees the lion bound and roar across the plain, with no traveller or gazelle passing near"!

He was fascinating both by demonstrativeness and by reticence, his frankness and his mystery. His father said that "in childhood his soul was often seen on his lips ready to fly." His writings show a spiritual unveiling, wonderful in quality and quantity. Yet he says, "That which every man of a certain choice nature guards with the greatest vigilance, is the secret of his soul and of the closest habits of his thoughts. I love this god Harpocrates, his finger on his lip." And

Sainte-Beuve says, "He loved only on the surface, and before the first curtain of his soul: the depth, something behind, remained mysterious and reserved." He was unlike those about him, and the strange difference drew them, while it estranged him. The superlative tenderness of his spirit was a weakness that disqualified him for happiness among the coarse, noisy natures of the commonalty, and made him in all things shrink from the vulgar, and yearn to the select; detest the commonplace, and adore the sublime. He said the reading of Chateaubriand's René dissolved his soul like a rainstorm. He complained greatly of the loss in society of all simple and primitive tastes, the sophistication and destruction of the naïve virgin sentiments of the soul. Feeling himself solitary, excommunicated, diffident, and embarrassed, he often regarded the intrepidity and effrontery of more audacious though inferior men, his associates, with admiration, and almost envy: they, on the other hand, recognized his rare gifts, plied him with compliments, urged him forward, rallied him with unsparing jests on his shrinking self-depreciation and fear. He wrote in his journal, "To me, it is insupportable to appear other before men than one is before God. My severest punishment at this instant is the extravagant estimate formed of me by some beautiful souls." Again: "I lose half of my soul in losing solitude. I enter the world with a secret horror." Going into Paris, "trembling and shivering as a scared deer," distrustful of himself, and afraid of men, he prays, "My God! close my eyes; keep me from the sight of the multitude, the view of whom raises in me thoughts so bitter, so discouraging. Let me traverse the crowd, deaf to the noise, inaccessible to the impressions which crush me as I pass through it. Place before my eyes, instead, a vision of something I love,—a field, a vale, a moor, Le Cayla, Le Val, an image of some object of nature."

The isolation and unhappiness of this poor youth were unspeakably piteous. At eighteen, he speaks of being "possessed by an inveterate melancholy, and fed on a sad diet of regrets and miseries." It is obvious that he was never a misanthrope or an indifferentist, but painfully concerned

about his fellow-men. He had an absorbing ambition, in combination with a haunting sense of a lack of the organic strength and perseverance necessary to sustain the tremendous labors which alone could ever purchase the proud attainments he coveted. This ambition, and this conviction of defect, kept him making comparisons, — personal, artistic, critical; and constantly lowered him in his own eyes, distressed him, and preyed on him. In one of his moods of keen self-scrutiny, he asks, "Why am I so depressed by the sight of mediocre productions? Is it a dolorous pity for that saddest of all spectacles, powerless vanity? Or is it conscience, and return upon myself?" His own halting works and futile efforts, set against the models of the great masters and the standards of perfection which his imagination revealed, were a contrast too sharp for his peace; and, in the annihilation of complacency, he laid his face in the dust with bitter sorrow. In a youthful letter to his confessor, he writes, "Poetry and sorrow are hereditary in my family: the most of my ancestors died in misfortune. I believe this has had an influence on my character. Why should not the sentiment of unhappiness communicate itself with the blood, when we see fathers transmitting to their children physical deformities? My first years were extremely sad and lonely. When I was only six years old, my mother died; and, brought up in scenes of mourning, perhaps I acquired the habitude of melancholy." "Several causes belonging to my nature, interior and exterior, very early turned me back upon myself. My soul was my first horizon. Ah, how long I gaze there! I see vapors rise from the bottom of my being as out of a deep valley, and take form under the breath of chance, — indescribable phantoms which ascend slowly and without cessation. The powerful fascination which this monotonous spectacle exerts on me makes it impossible for me to turn my eyes from it for a moment."

The two chains of physical pain and moral pain held him fast in an over-acute consciousness of himself. He says he often suffered inexpressibly "from sudden contraction of his being after an extreme dilatation." His profound and

strange misery is to a large extent susceptible of a physiological explanation. It resulted from the possession of a faculty of life much greater than its supply. His soul was a noble engine with insufficient fuel and fire, and the incongruity produced agonizing want. His spirit was effusively expansive; his nerves scantily furnished. The former is seen in the close of a letter to his friend Marzan: "I love you, and embrace you with all the strength of my arms and my heart, at the risk of suffocating you with the one, and inundating you with the other." The latter is betrayed in these dismal sentences: "The moral expanse which my life embraces is like a solitude covered by an iron heaven, motionless, without seasons." — "I project a shadow alone: every form is opaque, and struck with death. As in a march at night, I go forward with the isolated feeling of my existence, amidst the inert phantoms of all things." The flowers of his being, the brain and heart, exhausted the life of the roots; and this excessive spiritual vitality, based on a defective animal vitality, could not but manifest itself in misery. A deficiency of organic force fixes attention unduly on the experiences of loss, disappointment, decay. It sheds paleness and shadow over all things. It furnishes the ideas of sorrow, hollowness, evanescence, and death, as the ever-ready links of association, to put their dominant stamps on all things. It gives our transitions of consciousness a downward movement. We settle from the puissant to the petty, from the magnificent to the mean, instead of soaring from the low and poor to the high and grand. With abundant organic force and health, the action of sympathy — our spiritual connection with all outside of ourselves — terminates in ascent and expansion, enhancing our life. But in morbid, drained conditions, the tendency of that action is towards descent and contraction, depressing and impoverishing us still more. Then the universe grows ashy, life becomes bitter, the leaden hue of death spreads over all, everywhere sounds the lugubrious salutation of the brothers of La Trappe, *Frère, il faut mourir*.

This was the case with the unhappy Maurice. The aching voids of defective vitality continually recalled his atten-

tion, and every meditation ended with vacancy and death. His exquisite taste and proud ambition, joined with his deep modesty and intense perception of the standards of perfection, ought to have solaced him with the joy of progressive attainments; but they stung him with wretchedness, because, — instead of rising to fasten with sympathetic appropriation on the higher ranks and wider ranges of things, and stay there, — after admiringly regarding them, he sank in despair to fasten on the examples of failure and thoughts of grief below. Every contemplation of the glorious models of the masters ended in mortification over his own defeats. "When I study history, or the works of a great man, my imagination and my desires burn; but a thought quickly follows which makes me bitterly feel the folly of my wild dreams: for no one has a lower opinion of me than I have myself." — "High above my head, far, far away, I seem to hear the murmur of that world of thought and feeling to which I aspire so often, but where I can never attain." — "I wear myself out in the most futile mental strainings, and make no progress. My head seems dying; and, when the wind blows, I fancy I feel it, as if I were a tree, blowing through a number of withered branches in my top. Study is quite out of my power. Mental work brings on, not drowsiness, but an irritable and nervous disgust." — "I am one of those who, I know not by what strange malady of the soul, nourish a deep disgust for every social function save that of friendship. Oh! take me by the hand, my friend; for I shall suffocate in the crowd, if you do not give me place."

Maurice affected solitude, simply as a protection from influences and claims he was not strong enough to grapple with. But "friendship," his sister Eugénie testifies, "was his sweetest and strongest feeling, the one he most thoroughly entered into, best liked to talk of, and took with him, I may truly say, unto the tomb." On first drawing near to Lamennais, he said he felt "that mysterious trembling of which we are conscious when we approach divine things and great men." Guérin suffered the same trouble in his relations with other men as in his relations with himself, the trouble which comes

from fine affection, with lack of confidence and complacency. He seems to have found, that his wretched inability to realize his own aspirations would either make him an object of hopeless unconcern to others, or else bring on him from them the same dislike and condemnation he visited on himself. This is a very original and interesting trait: the class to whom it belongs is of the rarest. He looked not down seeking the uplifted eye of homage: he looked up for the condescending eye of love. Most persons crave admiration: he craved compassion. He had none of that indomitable haughtiness which owns not a master, and longs to see the world at its feet: his self-love rather delighted to feast on praises. Avid of celebrity, according to his own confession, he was more sensitive to scorn than to any other injury. With this softer kind of pride, he had the strongest feeling of his own wretched nothingness. With a humility extremely affecting under the circumstances, "he thought he could be loved only by a soul fond of stooping to an inferior, a strong soul desirous of bending to a feeble one, not to adore, but to serve, to console, to protect, as one does for the sick, — a soul endowed with a sensibility as lowly as it is profound; which strips off the pride so natural even to love, in order to put on the shroud of an obscure affection which the world will not notice; to consecrate itself to a creature all weak, languishing, and interior; to concentrate all its rays on a flower without brilliance, a tremulous and sorry flower which returns to it indeed those perfumes whose sweetness charms and penetrates, but not those which intoxicate and exalt to the happy madness of rapture."

Guérin strove heroically to conquer his misery; but there were fatal errors in his methods. He needed spiritual rest, that his organism might accumulate force; but he kept up an incessant spiritual activity, an uninterrupted waste. "My thought is ever passing in review things present and things absent; and, always carrying with itself the image of death, spreads a funeral veil over the world, and never brings any object before me on its smiling side." A wearing intellectual anxiety usurped the place of the leisurely and complacent

assimilation of intellectual nourishment which he needed. Instead of sedulously cultivating every means of avoiding introspective and critical thought, to give room for repose and recuperation, the worse he suffered the more he analyzed and criticised, still adding to the already excessive exhaustion.

The style of his thinking was as much at fault as its persistency. If he could have made his transitions of thought, outward and upward, to rest on great objects of glory and peace, permanent standards of duty and good, his ideas would have re-acted wholesomely on his body, radiating a tonic refreshment through the nervous system. But, as the last direction of his prevailing modes of mental association was inward and downward, returning from the ideal to the actual, and stopping at last on personal defects and longings, his ideas were constantly shedding back irritating and melancholy influences on the body. He says, "The idea of existence necessarily evokes the idea of death. And, passing from the destiny and fragility of man to his interior miseries, to the eternal trouble of his heart, to the agonies which his passions cause, to that astonishing mixture of haughtiness and weakness, of grandeur and degradation, of complaints and hopes, of finite and infinite, of perishable and immortal, — who can say, after having thus studied and dissected man, — who can say, "I am happy here"? Nothing can be more morbid and pernicious than this manner of thinking. It uses reason and imagination to aggravate the ills of our lot, by ideally multiplying, intensifying, and extending them; whereas reason and imagination are properly used when they supplement the poverty and neutralize the hurts of the soul by taking our attention momentarily off from petty errors, defeats, and woes, and fixing it permanently on the grand truths, triumphs, and blessedness of existence. He thought too much: he should have trustfully fallen back on rest. He thought too brainsickly, turning from what ought to be to what is: he should in his thought have turned from what is to what ought to be, and gained serenity from the serene ideal.

Another injurious mistake he made was in the everlasting diagnosis of himself, the ceaseless fingering of his mental

wounds. He knew and described his own case with such profound exactness that it is surprising he did not see the cure. That he did not perceive and practise the true treatment for his disease was, however, less his fault than the fault of the morbid theology and ethics in which he was trained. He followed the same course with Petrarch, Pascal, and scores of other examples of unhappy genius in modern times. Their panacea was self-contempt, detachment, denial, annihilation. Our desires torment us: let us renounce them, destroy them, die out of ourselves into a patient waiting for God to redeem us in eternity! "My God!" exclaims Guérin, "what I suffer from life! not in its accidents, a little philosophy suffices there; but in its every substance. As I go on in age, my spirit drops a thousand spoils upon its paths, ties break, prejudices fall, I begin to show my head above the flood; but existence itself remains bound, — always the same dolorous point marking the centre from the circumference. O Stoicism! founded to combat grief by firmness of soul, who only knewest to combat life by death, we have not yet gone a single step beyond thee." But surely death is not the *cure* for the ills of life: it is their close. The genuine remedy for the disturbances of the soul is the healthy attunement of the discordant faculties and forces of the soul. Not denial, but fulfilment, is the real key to content. The genius of the Christian period is characterized by an unprecedented development of sensibility, — sensibility to finer and larger standards of good. Now, the keener, the more numerous, the wider, the ranks and ranges of obligation and desire of which the soul is susceptible, so much the greater its exposures to confusion, interior conflict, fermentation, — in a word, unhappiness. Sympathy is the crude material of our moral nature. All the standards of good which sympathy can recognize are elementary powers to be taken up and organized into a firm and mature conscience. Then a stable self-consistency and concord will result. Human life is "the continuous adjustment of internal relations with external relations," or the reflection of nature in us. The attempt to invert it, and make nature reflect us, adjust her laws to our desires, must

lead to misery. The purpose of human life is the fruition of the functions of our being in proper co-ordination. Let any man fulfil the functions of all his faculties in their due hierarchical order, and he will be happy, because there will be no war in him. Interior unison, self-respect, and complacency are the indispensable foundations of happiness, though they are not attainable while nebulous expanses of sympathy are floating, meteoric masses of passion darting about, in the soul.

When Maurice de Guérin strove to escape his misery by denying his ambition, scourging down his aspirations, and courting an apathetic resignation, he only made his state worse. His true refuge would have been harmony and fulfilment, with quiet submission to the inevitable. "I die secretly every day: my life escapes through invisible pricks. Some one told me that contempt for mankind would carry me far; yes, and especially if sourness mingles with it. Every profession disgusts, every object fatigues me. I am irritated with the men who are still children. I hate myself in these miseries, which give me the most violent desires to leap on a free shore, and spurn the hateful boat that bears me." — "I laugh my pretensions to scorn. I scoff at my imagination, which, like the tortoise, would journey through the air. I ridicule the superb ego which vainly kicks against the goads of interior sarcasm. I bite myself, as the scorpion in the brazier, to end more quickly."

If he could have ceased to think upon himself so dissatisfiedly, broken the gnawing bondage of self-consciousness, and rested calmly in a contemplation of the everlasting laws of beauty, goodness and joy on which all creation reposes, he would have lost his misery. There was no other cure.

In such occasional passages as the following, he appears himself to have seen this: "My God! how we distress ourselves with our isolation! I was a long time possessed by this madness. It was because I lived wrongly, and established false relations between creatures and my soul, that I suffered so much, and that the creation repelled me from its joys. I wasted myself in a profound solitude: the earth seemed to me

worse than a desert isle, all naked in the bosom of a savage ocean. It was a silence to make one afraid. Madness, pure madness! There is no isolation for him who knows how to take his place in the universal harmony, and to open his soul to all the impressions of this harmony. Then one comes to feel, almost physically, that one lives for God and in God."

One half the soul of Maurice de Guérin alone was partly plunged in evil; the other half ever remained inaccessible to stains, high and calm, amassing drop by drop the poetry he hoped afterwards to shed on the world. The beauty of his descriptions of nature is almost unapproachable. The many paragraphs from his pen on friendship have a tone of penetrative sincerity and sweetness. The sufferings incident to his over-sensitive spirit plaintively reconcile us to the earliness of his death. One easily transfers to him the anecdote he has related of his master Lamennais. Of a summer day, the mournful prophet sat with Maurice under two Scotch firs, behind the chapel at La Chênaie. Drawing with his staff the form of a grave, in the turf, he said, "It is there that I wish to rest; but no sepulchral stone, only a bank of grass. Oh, how well I shall be there!" He teaches us, both by what he has written and by what he was, many a striking lesson from which souls finely made and finely exposed may profit. He was one of those mentally impassioned persons, not physically impassioned, the victims of consumption, who appeal so profoundly to our sympathy; whose lungs, material and spiritual, seem woven of a texture so gauzy that the common air of life works on it like a corrosive fire, who need the more distilled and aromatic breath of love to sustain and feed them, and who fade away into the one great good of eternity, with outstretched arms and vain longings after the many little goods of time. W. R. A.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

ONE Christmas morn, long years ago
(Woods, hills, and fields were white with snow),

Down flew a birdling to my breast,
And claimed it as her rightful nest.

We gave her welcome, glad and true;
Love's language even birdie knew.

And since that time our pleasant hearth
In hours of sadness, hours of mirth,

Has brighter, warmer, cheerier shone,
For little snow-bird, all our own.

We thought that she would always stay,
And gladden all our homeward way.

But we forgot her folded wings,
And only said, "She sweetly sings!"

A fear, a dread, is wakened now;—
A shadow rests upon each brow.

Her longing eyes still upward turn,
Where sunsets gleam, and star-fires burn.

Her spotless pinions seem half spread,—
Oh! must we say indeed, "She's fled"?

Father! we know beyond the skies
Her lasting home in beauty lies;

But, ah! we fain would keep her yet,
Till our own day of life shall set.

May not her white wing fold again?
Thou knowest. We will not complain.

Yes: shield her from the arrow's flight!
Save her a lonely, cheerless night!

And keep her free from earthly stain,
Albeit her safety cost our pain!

Wide open stands the pearly gate:
In faith and prayer, Thy will we wait!

When comes, in Thy good time, the day
That Thou shalt call our bird away,

Oh! let us catch, if waiting here,
Thrilled by an earthly grief and fear,

The radiance of her starry eyes,
Their love-light, as she upward flies;

And ere she settles in that nest,
Hear her clear warble, "It is best;"

And sometimes let her come again,
To soothe our worn hearts' weary pain;

And let the touch of her soft wing
A holy benediction bring!

GRIEF AND TRUST.

WHY didst thou give me, Lord, this cross,
This cruel loss,
Through days and nights of bitter pain,
Counting as gain

Each day that brings me nearer death,
Each listless breath
That wearies out dumb, hopeless days,
Devoid of praise?

The sun comes from the golden haze; *
Through perfect days
He wheels his westward circuit slow:
The silver bow
Of the fair moon in heaven shines:
Yet fragrant pines,
Ensanguined woodlands, purple vales,
Yon cloud that sails,
A flight of silver doves, — to grief
Bring no relief.

Lord, have I slighted thy reproof,
Holding aloof
From common woe and hope and fear;
And, like that seer
Who saw in Joppa visions keen,
Held them unclean; —
Or reckoned good — so weak and vain —
Pride's purple stain?

Or have I loved the creature more
Than the Creator?
"Before me have no other God,"
Thus saith the Lord;
And he who wrote the Apocalypse,
With grave, sweet lips
Said, "Little children, you must be
From idols free."

Peace, troubled heart! He loves thee still:
Through good and ill,
God's everlasting arm shall bear,
With tender care.

* Written in October, 1865.

When wildest storms of sorrow rave,
He's there to save;
And, though man's trouble may not cease,
God gives his peace.

Truly my soul had fainted, Lord,
But for thy word,
"There shall no souls be desolate
That patient wait
On God;" e'en Achor's vale shall ope
A door of hope.
Nought "*can* make trouble" through thy rest:
Thou knowest best.

WEEDS, ESPECIALLY WILD OATS.

A SERMON BY SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

"So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence, then, hath it tares?" — MATT. xiii. 27.

THIS parable of the tares must come home to all who have had any experience in farming the soil, and vastly comfort and enlighten all who have had a corresponding experience in the care of the soul. The parable rests upon a constant fact, and is as true now as eighteen centuries ago. Men now do not generally sow any thing but what they regard as good seed in their fields; yet weeds are the continual plague of the farmer, and insist upon coming up on every side, in spite of him. Whence they come, it is not an easy question to answer,— quite as hard to say where the weeds come from as where the pins go to. The parable proceeds upon the supposition that they are sown on purpose by an enemy; and cases occur in our time of the like mischief-making. Mr. Roberts, in his "Biblical Illustrations of India," writes thus: "See that lurking villain watching for the time when his neighbor shall plough his field: he carefully marks the period when

the work has been finished, and goes in the night following, and sows what the natives call *pandinellu, i.e.*, pig-paddy: this, being of rapid growth, springs up before the good seed, and scatters itself before the other can be reaped; so that the poor owner of the field will be for years, before he can get rid of the troublesome weed." Trench, in his "Notes on the Parables," tells a similar story of the trick of an outgoing tenant, who, in spite of his ejector, sowed wild oats in the fields of the proprietor, which ripened, and seeded themselves, before the crops; so that it became next to impossible to get rid of them. Dr. Alford, a celebrated living scholar, states that a field of his in England was maliciously sown with charlock, and that heavy damages were obtained by the tenant against the offender.

We notice the same result, that is, the growth of weeds, but cannot so readily identify the author of the mischief, nor in fact ascribe it to any person's malice or mistake. The tares come up of themselves, in spite of our care and caution. In fact, it is not a bad definition of weeds, that they are unwelcome guests of the soil, that come without invitation, and persist in staying where they are not wanted. I once sowed what was called the best lawn-grass upon a plot of ground carefully prepared, when, to my amazement, there grew with the grass, and above its slow blades, a plentiful crop of mullein. The first thought was that the seedsman was a cheat, and had sold weeds with the grass-seed; but it was not necessarily so, and the inference was hasty and unfair. Without calling the seedsman infallible or immaculate, why not consider that the ground may have had the seeds of mullein hidden under its surface, ready to grow when the crust was broken by the spade or plough? Last year, I ploughed a couple of acres of fallow land, and planted corn and potatoes. The first thing to come up into decided notice was an enormous growth of bitter-weed that utterly hid the worthy esculents that were looked for; and I could say to the farming hand, "Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in my field? From whence, then, hath it tares?" The reply could not be, "An enemy hath done this;" for the same sight

presented itself throughout the neighborhood, and our good crop was such, because we brought hoe and plough to bear against the weed. If indeed an enemy had done the mischief, it was not any malicious individual; but the perverse habit of the soil, that, in great part by neglect, had been allowed to run to weeds, and thus multiply the seed that is so swift to overrun even well-tilled fields.

Is it taking too dark a view of human nature to say that the tares will show themselves in the face of our best culture; and not only are the weeds to be sometimes traced to some mischievous intruder, but they often come up of themselves. We all at once allow that our best plans for ourselves and our children are sadly interfered with by bad associations. Sometimes a youth who has the best schooling will come near ruin from the influence of a corrupt yet winning associate, who sows tares that crowd and choke the wheat that we were expecting from our careful tillage. Even a daughter, who has been well educated at home and church, may receive from some insidious schoolmate the germs of folly, vanity, and deceit, that float as prettily on the air as the down of the thistle, and bear a crop as fatal.

But how is it when no mischievous hand is at work, and we cannot say "An enemy hath done this"? Can we look for no tares, no weeds, then; or may we not find that they are ready to spring up of themselves? Our reply is, that weeds in plenty are quite ready to spring up of themselves in the soil, as in the soil. I am no believer in the theory, that the mind is only what we make of it: for I am quite sure, that, if we let it alone, it will make much mischief of itself, and run to weeds, unless it is prepossessed by good seed. The mind is not surely a piece of white paper, that bears the mark only of what we write upon it: for it is not passive and dead, like paper, but a living agent, full of living dispositions and powers; nor is its record to be written wholly in the future, like the paper's record, for every soul brings a history into the world, and bears upon its very nature the marks of all that has acted upon his ancestors from the beginning. The soul, like the soil, is historical; and each

infant, like each garden, is the heir of mother-earth and her fortunes since creation, receiving physical influences that go with the blood, and wait and work upon the whole life-plan.

The race, like the soil, has its history and its habits; and what we Liberals regard as the Devil — and in a Devil of some kind we all believe — is not merely the evil purpose that the individual originates, but the perverse habit of the race, the weed-tribe in history, that has been gathering numbers and mischief from the beginning of transgression. The Devil thus, according to us, is not a monster with horns, hoof, and tail, neither a fallen angel who has embroiled heaven, and threatened God's own sovereignty, but the sum total of evil or wickedness as a historic force.

To make our meaning more clear, take as one illustration any piece of ground that we choose, even a shovelful of earth, enough to fill a flower-pot. We wish to plant that soil for beauty or use, — with roses and violets, or corn and potatoes. Must we not take it for granted, that that earth has its own story, not only its own loam or clay or sand or pebbles that tell its geological history, but also its seeds and wood, and vegetable and animal remains, that tell its organic history? Let the earth alone to show its own condition, and to tell its own story, and how many things will creep from it, or grow out of it? Dig and rake it, and what new growths will surprise you before you plant a single seed! A wild rose or a clematis, an oak or a maple, may start up unbidden from some buried germ to prove to you that the very ground on which you tread is historical, and ages have been in advance of you in making it a storehouse and a nursery.

Is it so with the human soul? Has it a history, and remains of former times, when we begin to have care of it; or is it wholly new to our hand, with no germ or disposition, except what we, or others around us, give it? A certain set of theorists say at once, that the former idea is all wrong, and the latter is right; and that the soul has no history, but only a future, at birth; and that life is wholly what we choose to make of it. They are right in thinking that we do not inherit guilt or actual wickedness, but wrong in saying that

we do not inherit dispositions that come from ancestral errors, and tempt us to repeat them. Original sin, as personal guilt, we cannot affirm, nor ascribe to Adam the whole Fall of Man. But original frailty we must accept, and ascribe its compass, not only to Adam, but to all who in any way have had a bad spirit, or set a bad example, or perverted the blood or manners or morals of the race. We simply affirm the continuity of the race, and no more urge its total depravity, in allowing that there are hereditary frailties, like weeds, in its soil, than we affirm its perfect virtue because we affirm that there are worthy affections and energies, like oaks, maples, and vines in the soil. We must accept the law of heredity in both directions, not merely in one direction as the old superstition does; and remember that stout forests and blooming prairies, as well as nettles and wild oats, are the growth of remains of old vegetation, the spontaneous fruit of the soil. Our character is indeed our own, and in great part our work; but our nature is not our own, but the gift of our parents and ancestors and the whole race. The better we understand the powers and perils of our nature, the greater our ability to accept and form the elements of our character.

In children we find a decided nature, and a very mingled one. They are a little book, in which, as in fine print, we may read ourselves, and the whole history of the race. Nothing can be more false and superficial than to say, that they are only what they learn to be; for they are something very positive before they learn any thing, or much of any thing. You have never taught that baby envy or ambition; but if you show signs of supplanting that little monarch from the throne of affection in your arms by petting another child, then see what a tempest you raise on that quiet brow, and what thunders and lightnings lurked under that tranquil sky. This is nature, and it is full of weeds; and the weeds grow, not because it is wholly depraved, but because it belongs to a race that is called to progress, and which is so full of fertilizing power that the germs of lower orders of life will grow of themselves, unless the superior forms are sedulously and persistently nurtured.

Since this is the law of our being, and we are exposed, like the common earth, to this growth of tares from hidden germs as from mischievous hands, it follows that we must be governed accordingly, and shape our expectation, patience, discrimination, and policy, to the demands of our position.

It is evident, first of all, that we are to expect a great many weeds to grow that we do not plant. In our own dispositions, our children, our neighborly, civic, and religious associations, our enterprises, we must expect discomforts and difficulties that we did not originate. Tares of both kinds, too, we must look for, — those that sting or burn or tear, like the nettle and mercury, or cat-briar; and those that oppress by their size and number, like the bitter-weed, wild carrot, or bastard wheat, or wild oats. That last weed tells of itself a great story, and comes very near the tares of the text, which were the darnel, a kind of mock wheat, which most resembles the true wheat, and is thought by some writers to have sprung from it. So the wild oats resemble the true oats, though very unlike in the yield of oatmeal. Says Lander, "*Arena fatua*, the wild oat, is remarkable for the length of time the grain will be in the soil, and retain its vegetative powers: its awns are sometimes used as hygrometers, and its seeds as artificial flies in fishing. Where it abounds naturally, it is an inveterate weed."

It may be well to remember this fact, when we complain bitterly of the impulses and follies of young people. When we think that they are wilfully sowing their wild oats, they may be simply growing the wild oats that have been sown for them by parents and ancestors. Do what we can to bring them to their senses, tell them that the more folly and excess, the more wrong and shame; but do not think them wholly ruined, and past hope, because their ground brings forth some wild oats, and thereby shows that it is a parcel and part of our old mother-earth. Do not call or regard them as totally, incorrigibly wicked; but rather look for the better growths of that soil, under true and persistent culture. Be equally patient with ourselves, too, in our more advanced stages of

growth, at the return of some of our old infirmities or vanities. If we find that some nettles or bitter-weed, some downy thistles or flaunting poppies, the remains of by-gone times, insist on showing their mischievous heads in the gardens of our sage meditation, or the fields of our careful industry, do not despair of ourselves, nor think our life-work a dismal failure. Our very prayers are not free from intruding passions and follies, and we may well cry with the devotee: —

"Ah, dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free:
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.

Old voices murmur in my ear;
New hopes start into life;
And past and future gayly blend
In one bewitching strife."

It has been so with better men, and will be so again. Keep on in well-doing, and the wheat shall be more, the tares shall be less; and a stray weed, that pushes its impertinent face into sight once in a while, will not be wholly an offence: for it will tell us that the soil still has abounding life, and the weed is the exception, not the rule; the trophy of our victory, not our enemies', — like a banner left by the enemy after his passage from within our lines; once his, now ours.

The next lesson taught by the parable is one of discrimination in separating the wheat from the tares. The servants said unto the owner of the field, "Wilt thou, then, that we go and gather them up?" But he said, "Nay: lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them." The difficulty in the specific case of the text was all the greater from the fact, that the tares in question were bastard wheat, that looks so much like the real wheat as to be mistaken for it until the grain ripens, and the harvest comes. The caution is needed both in judging of personal traits and social fellowship. Thus, in personal traits, we are to use great caution in dealing with faults, especially with faults from

fulness of natural spirits; lest, in gathering up the tares, we root out the wheat also. Many young people are sympathetic and genial to a fault, so that they run into any folly for the sake of good fellowship; and others go quite as much astray in the opposite direction, by reckless daring and dashing self-will. In dealing with the over-yielding, we are to beware of souring the sweetness of the temper by austerity; and, in managing the self-willed, we must not forget that we may break the spring of manhood, instead of wisely tempering it. We must deal wisely and gently with all human faults, as seeing the excellences with which they are united, and of which they are sometimes the excess. We must, indeed, make one very important distinction in this respect, and beware of planting our wheat in a field of tares, instead of tolerating, for a season, tares that came of themselves in the field of wheat.

So also with our associations. We must expect a certain amount of imperfection in them, especially in the stages of development; and not adopt any harsh methods or exclusive policy. What is positively wrong we must shun at once, and use all our influence to put it away. Yet we must remember, that, as our characters are of mingled materials, and by no means perfect, we must grant the tolerance that we ourselves so need. We are not to say, that we will not go into any society that we do not wholly approve; nor cry down all recreations that do not come up to our standard of taste or intellect; or insist that a whole congregation, or the Church universal, shall think and act exactly after our pattern of propriety. True it is, that there is danger in tolerance; and the tares may be encouraged to grow, if let alone. But is there not danger in intolerance? and may not the wheat be rooted out with the tares, and be, in fact, mistaken for the tares? Take, for example, that portion of Christendom that now most abounds in young life and liberal thought, and which is most in danger of being proscribed as weeds, the bastard wheat, or the wild oats of the Church universal? Shall we gather this growth up or burn it or wish to do so, because so much self-will, conceit, and excess, comes from its rank vitality? Surely not. Let the young growth go on its way; and let

not the wheat be rooted up, on account of its bad or equivocal associates. Much of the growth that we think weeds is good wheat; and in our age, as in the past, the Church will find its freest and freshest recruits from that very young life that once seemed to stern censors erratic and pernicious. Sad it would be now, as of old, if bigots and inquisitors could have their sway. Poor Pius IX. once favored tolerance, liberality, reform; and was the idol of young Italy and young Christendom. What would Christendom be, if his encyclical letter were to become the rule; if the State were again to set up the Inquisition, proscribe heresy as crime, and freedom of thought as infidelity? The tares might disappear, but the wheat would surely go with them. Let the wheat grow in spite of the tares, and not be rooted up in spite against them. What would be the result, if the Genevan exclusiveness were carried out in the same way, and the ghostly fathers of the dominant orthodoxy were to weed out the churches of America with the Westminster Catechism in their hand? The best growth of the Church would go with the tares, and there would be a very equivocal and invalid hue to whatever wheat would be left in the field. Our own theological fathers would be more merciful; but we could not wholly trust our churches to their hoe and plough, nor risk mischief to the wheat, likely to come from their zeal to root out the tares. We desire no Inquisition from either wing of our own Liberal Christian body; and our Christian catholicity would be sorely wounded by anathemas in the spirit and thought of Parker's "Discourse of Religion," or of Norton's "Latest Form of Infidelity."

Yet the end must surely come, and every growth must reveal itself, and be created according to its use. By their fruits shall ye know them, and by their fruits shall all things be judged. The law of God is, that all creatures and powers shall be brought to nought that interfere with his supreme plan. In the individual soul, his will is, that whatever disposition sets itself against the true life of wisdom and goodness shall be subdued or destroyed. In the development of his kingdom among men, all hostile powers must be subdued and assimi-

lated, or else cast out. The wheat must be gathered into the barn, but the tares must be burned in the fire.

We are not to apply this distinction solely to the last judgment or the future state. In this world, the process is going on, and mankind divide according to their affinities;' and a portion goes away from the true fellowship, and lives without God and true humanity in the world. Mark each crisis as it arises, and meet it wisely and well. In the stages of our personal career, as character and circumstance develop themselves, see the real issue: secure the true wheat, and burn the tares. Abandon the habits and associates that show themselves to be evil. Hereafter the issue shall be more distinct; and they who die without the faith and the works of God's children, without filial trust and usefulness, do not die within the graces and the fellowship of his kingdom, nor is their end peace.

So also with social stages or the crises of nations. Let not the harvest pass without bringing the weeds to destruction. A great harvest is now at hand. The day of the Lord has come, and his angels of judgment are chanting the "Dies Iræ" over rebellion, fanaticism, and slavery. Before, perhaps, we might not touch the tares without endangering the wholesome growths of civic order and local rights. Now the harvest has come. Gather the wheat into barns, and burn the tares with fire. Let the old wrongs utterly perish. Burn them in eternal fire.

These æons of our personal life and of national history should interpret the great æon of the law, and prepare us for the last judgment, that is to sum up the awards of mankind. Judgment will be there, and Mercy too; but no mercy can veil from us the fact, that, here and hereafter, as a man soweth that shall he also reap: if he sow to the flesh, he shall of the flesh reap corruption; if he sow to the spirit, he shall of the spirit reap everlasting life.

Dwell upon the brighter and more encouraging truth of the triumph of faith and virtue in spite of obstacles. Live in faith and duty. Do not despair at trials and temptations. Grow in the midst of them, in spite of them, and even above

them. Depend not upon one sowing or one season, but sow the good seed always, and always burn the tares, until the land itself is regenerate, or is haunted no more with the remains of old mischief, and keeps the great jubilee of redemption, when the germs of the Devil's sowing are extinct, and, —

> "Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree;
> And instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle-tree;
> And it shall be to the Lord for a name,
> For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

THE STORY OF RUTH.

A MOST remarkable interest and a most touching pathos attach to the simple, unpretending, scriptural narrative of Naomi, and Ruth her daughter-in-law. For the brief sketch of personal history which is here given us, not only presents a story that in itself is of most wonderful attractiveness and fascination to all, young and old, who have at heart the giving or receiving of Bible instruction, but it is found to have a most sweet and tender connection with the Saviour of the world. Such portions of the sacred volume are of especial value to the teachers and pupils of the Sunday school.

The one special, immediate object of the Sunday school is to make the minds of its pupils familiar with the recorded facts and truths of Scripture. One of the important duties that devolve upon the teacher is to awaken the child to a realization of the transcendent interest that characterizes the Bible as a book. It is not a dry, dull, dead volume, filled only with monotonous genealogical details, and historic annals of families and nations that have passed away, and that are of no practical concern to ourselves. The contents of the Scriptures are endlessly varied, and are of such a character as, in one portion or another, to address every age of life, every kind of taste, every order of mind, every degree of culture,

every mood of the soul, every interest of humanity. There, indeed, are traced the fortunes of families and nations. But there also are strewn all over those sacred pages the most precious and inspiring truths. Plain and direct commandments are made to alternate with beautiful stories and charming parables. There are mighty expositions of doctrine, and full, powerful sermons and arguments, addressed to the conscience and the reason; and there are also sublime prayers and lofty poems, which have no parallel in the world's literature beside. Didactic discourse, familiar conversation, pleasing incident, striking illustration, brilliant metaphor, notable event, — all appear before us by turn, and lead on our minds from page to page, from book to book, from Genesis to Revelation. Here and there are given us accounts of bloody and terrible wars between the Hebrew people and the nations that surrounded them: but here and there, too, set in at intervals amongst these darker and more fearful chapters, are the loveliest pictures possible of simple, quiet, pastoral life, all bright with the sunshine of love and purity, and full of a dewy freshness and an artless beauty that carry us back in thought to the morning age of the world. Such is this little story of Ruth, so exquisitely touching and refined, introduced in here, as it is, between the crimsoned books of the Judges and the Kings, and breathing its delicate aroma through the whole volume. And running through the whole volume is the one great, sure bond of unity, that connects and assimilates all these varying, differing elements and materials; and makes of them the entire, compact, indivisible, and glorious Bible, whose central theme is that of salvation, whose providential object is spiritual enlightenment, and whose brightest light and truest life are Christ. Sweet and beautiful in itself, as is this ancient pastoral of which we speak, — and competent judges have said, that there is nothing of the kind in human literature that can be compared to it in genuine purity of feeling, and in tender, accurate delineations of humble life, — yet it borrows its brightest hue, its richest charm, from the circumstance that it finds its sequel in Him who, twelve hundred years later, came to be the light and the

life of men. Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, was the ancestress of Christ. What an additional interest, for children and for adults, does this fact impart to the record of her life and character! And what an increased value it gives to the Old Testament, that, extending back through all the warp and woof of its nearer and remoter histories and sketches, it is permitted us to trace the bright, luminous thread that marks the lineage of the Saviour of the world!

You will recall the leading facts in the life of the young and beautiful Moabitess.

In the days when the judges ruled in Israel, there was famine in the land; and Elimelech, Naomi his wife, and Mahlon and Chilion, his two sons, set forth from Bethlehem, their home, to seek their fortunes in the country of Moab, on the eastern side of the Dead Sea. Here Elimelech, the husband and father, died; and the two sons married Orpah and Ruth, women of the country into which they had come to dwell. Then died also the sons themselves, Mahlon and Chilion. Naomi, the widowed and sorrow-stricken mother, having lived in Moab for the space of ten years, and hearing at length "how the Lord had visited his people, in giving them bread," turned her face once more toward Bethlehem. She entreats Orpah and Ruth to return to their former homes, and to leave her to go her way alone. Orpah consents, but Ruth chooses to share the fortunes of Naomi. "So Naomi," runs the story, "returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest." There, in the fields below the hill on which Bethlehem is situated, the fields where centuries later the angelic hosts announced to the simple shepherds the birth of her mighty descendant, the gentle stranger gleaned, as women glean there to-day, after the reapers; and found favor in the sight of Boaz, a wealthy kinsman of Elimelech. "So Boaz took Ruth," the narrative says, "and she was his wife." From this union sprang Obed, the father of Jesse and the grandparent of David. And so the line descended to Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary.

This is but the simple outline of the story, which the narrative itself fills out with interesting details, rare touches of nature and life, delicate delineations of character, and delightful pictures of the purer manners and the simpler joys of the olden time, such as no one can afford to lose sight of.

It is difficult enough for any one to be transplanted, after having become well-rooted in one's native soil. It is especially so, when one has reached the age which Naomi had attained when famine drove her with her household to the mountainous country of Moab. It was a country which was not indeed then, as now, desolate, inhabited only by roving, savage, treacherous Arabs, and strewn on hilltop and plain with the ruins of the past. But it was a fruitful and well-cultivated land, dotted with villages and cities, and swarming with a vast population. But here was a strange and idolatrous people, whom, like other surrounding heathen nations, the Hebrews regarded with peculiar aversion. When the Israelites came up out of Egypt, they passed by the country of Moab on the east; but the inhabitants "met them not with bread and water in the way," but "hired" "Balaam the son of Beor" "to curse" them; wherefore the law, that "a Moabite shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord." As will always happen among the just and kind, the strictness of a law like this, and the force of such a prejudice, gave way in the case of the family whose fortunes we are tracing. The sons of Naomi married women of Moab for their wives; and Ruth, when she returned to Bethlehem with her mother-in-law, found a hospitable welcome and a ready home. Yet still, Naomi in Moab was with a people not her own. Those ten added years of her life, to one who had reached, and who indeed had passed, the meridian of her days, were a marked advance in the earthly pilgrimage. They had been shaded with the changes and sorrows to which all, sooner or later, are subject. Husband and sons — the strong supports of her life — had been taken from her. She was more than ever oppressed with a sense of loneliness. She felt that she was a stranger and a pilgrim. Her thoughts turned to the dear old home. How often, from those purple

mountains of Moab, must she have gazed across the intervening waters of the Dead Sea, and strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the peaceful, sunny heights of Bethlehem, and longed to mingle once more with the old, familiar friends; to look out upon the neighboring hills and valleys, whose pastoral scenes she had loved so well; to spend there the evening of her life, as she had passed there its morning; and at last to die in her nest! It was the deep, deep homesickness of the soul which so many of us feel, in the later years, drawing us back to the places of the earlier joy and sunshine of our days. Who of us does not feel with the poet, as well as with Naomi? —

"There are they who have left their sweet home,
Through these strange, distant places to roam;
And no more back, no more, ever come:
And I sigh with their memory oppressed,
'Let me die in my nest.'

When the troubles of nature are rife,
And the heart with itself is at strife, —
For then death is at conflict with life, —
I submit to the sovereign behest,
But would die in my nest.

Where within me the first thoughts were dreamed,
And upon me affection first beamed,
And through blossoms and tears my spring teemed,
Amid scenes and companions loved best,
I would die in my nest.

Not in lands with a speech not my own,
Where the sights that are newest look lone;
But where all most familiar had grown
To the eyes, and the throb of my breast, —
Shall I die in that nest?

They will say it is one to the wise
From what country the freed spirit flies;
For the way is the same to the skies!
Truths to faith and to reason addressed!
But alas for the nest!

Oh! methinks it would glad the last gaze
To be circled with friends of old days,
And the spots that are gilt with the rays
That stream from the sun of the west
O'er the down of my nest.

And I hear a propitious decree,
And the blessing I hoped for shall be;
For I smell the fresh air of the sea:
There is land o'er the wave's foamy crest, —
I shall die in my nest."

"Wherefore," we read, "she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah." Now see the unselfish, unexacting spirit of Naomi. Unspeakably dear to her must have been these children of her adoption, — Ruth and Orpah. They were all she had; and she was burdened with grief, and was treading the downward slopes of life. To what earthly aid should she look for comfort and support, if not to them? How should she forego the faithful care and devoted sympathy which, it is evident, she had always received at their hands and hearts? Why should she not, like too many of those who are advanced in years and afflicted with trials, demand that they should attend her still in all her fortunes, and make their life a perpetual ministry to her personal ease and enjoyment? Human nature is ever prone, under such circumstances, to be requiring and tyrannical. Not so with this good mother in Israel. Happy and blessed in each other, as the whole narrative shows that they all were, she would not yet ask her daughters to leave the land of their nativity and kindred, and share her own uncertain lot amongst a strange and prejudiced people. "Go," she said, in the true spirit of self-sacrifice, "return each to her mother's house; and the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me! The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband! Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept." Where shall we find described in history a personal interview more pathetic than this?

But, if Naomi was noble and disinterested in thus being willing to leave her daughters-in-law at their homes in Moab, and to go forth, on her return to Bethlehem, solitary and alone, what shall we say of the steadfast devotion of her children, and especially of Ruth? "Surely," they said, "we will return with thee unto thy people." Yes: just as she was ready to give up their companionship and care, so that they might live in peace and plenty at the homes of their childhood, so they, too, were willing to forego all these prospects and blessings in order that they might be a solace and a stay to their bereaved and desolate mother. Still the considerate, tender-hearted parent pleads with them, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? And they lifted up their voice, and wept again."

What were all the considerations that influenced the heart of Orpah to yield to these earnest persuasions of the mother, we cannot, of course, say. But the narrative, on the face of it, reveals her to us less strong and devoted than Ruth. Was her love less potent? Was her sense of duty weaker? Was her fear of journeying and dwelling in a new land greater? Did the hopes and prospects that centred now in her early home prove mightier, at last, than her fidelity to her mother? We know not. Certain it is that her parent's entreaties prevailed; and some such causes as we have mentioned must have occasioned the change. She kissed her mother a good-bye, "went back unto her people and unto her gods," and disappears from our sight. Without passing upon her any severe, unwarranted judgment, let her remind us of those who allow themselves to be turned aside from the path of duty by urgent solicitations and appeals, or those who from a regard to their own personal comfort and welfare suffer themselves to prove unfaithful to the near and the dear.

Not so with Ruth, whose firmness and affection shine forth more brightly in contrast with the character and conduct of Orpah. For when the mother once more besought her to go back, as now her sister-in-law had done, she poured forth the pent-up love and devotion of her heart in those beautiful, thrilling words, which have ever been regarded as the most

fitting expression of one's most sacred personal attachment and loyalty: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!" The fair Moabitess stands before us, the true, loving, self-forgetful, steadfast, heroic daughter. Her best instincts, her noblest feelings, her pure conscience, and sense of duty, bade her cling to her dear old mother. She was determined to be faithful to her better nature, to what she knew to be right, to the sentiments that were highest and holiest in the soul. And, in that act of fidelity and consecration to duty, she surrendered the attractions of her early home, and cheerfully went forth to accept the uncertainties and changes of the future. Beautiful foregleam — was it not? — of that spirit of self-renunciation which her divine descendant enjoined when he said, "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," — the spirit, too, which He himself so sublimely illustrated, when in his death for the race he performed the great sacrifice of the world's history. A light, a voice, it is, coming down to us across the extended wastes of the ages, counselling every daughter that lives to be loyal to that which is truest in her heart, to be unfaltering in her allegiance and love to the mother or friend that is given her of God, and is bowed down with many sorrows; and not to renounce her devotion to duty, however strong may be the allurements that would draw her back, however persistent may be the appeals to her to yield, however dark or difficult may seem the way that God asks her to tread.

See, for a moment, what comes of an unshaken adherence to a great moral purpose or principle, in the hour of temptation. "When," the story runs, "she saw that she was steadfastly-minded to go with her, then she left speaking to her." Most pregnant, encouraging words! It is when the tempter sees that you are in hesitation or in doubt that he

feels sure of his prey. To parley, to be undecided, to give signs that all is not strong and sure, in the critical moment when your moral power is besieged by the adversary, is almost, if not quite, surrender itself. There must not be so much as a word or thought of concession, arrangement, delay, or failure. The enemy is quick to discern the faintest, slightest indication of weakness or irresolution, and to avail himself of the opportunity or advantage. But if he sees only a fixed, unalterable, undying determination, if he sees that you are steadfastly-minded, — beholds that, and nothing else but that, — he leaves speaking to you, ceases to ply his ingenious, devilish arts, and retires from the contest, cowering and defeated; while you yourself are consciously, and in reality, stronger and nobler than ever through the splendid victory you have won. It was, somehow, so with the Moabitess. It may be so with you.

Nor was this the only reward that came to her from her fealty to what was just and right. No one can ever walk in the path of obedience and self-sacrifice, without emerging, at last, out into the open way of prosperity and blessedness. Dark and uncertain, at present, may be the prospect before her; but there are light and peace beyond it all. She may leave behind her much from which it costs many a pang and heartache to break away. But the future has its sure, abundant compensations. It had them for the daughter-in-law of Naomi, more and greater than ever on earth she dared to hope.

Behold the watchful, wonderful providence of God, calling forth from the idolatrous nation of Moab the ancestral mother of powerful monarchs and of the Redeemer of the world, giving here an early intimation that Gentile, as well as Jew, should share at length the great salvation. See the two pilgrims, all unconscious of the mighty destinies they bear with them, as they descend the hills, and pass through the valleys of the country they are now to leave, on their way to the city of Bethlehem; an invisible hand guiding them on in their journeyings by day, and the bright, silent stars of the orient keeping watch over their resting-places by night.

Humble, loving, trustful, toiling pair, what tremendous issues and glorious developments of the future depend upon them! and how little they think or know of it, while they wander on! They round the southern point of the Dead Sea, the water immediately at their right, and the wild mountains and deserts of Edom stretching far away at their left. Nearer and nearer they approach the green-hill pastures and the ripened corn-fields of Judea. How wistfully the eyes of Naomi scan the outlines of the country to catch a sight of the familiar mountains that "are round about Jerusalem"! With what interest the daughter, too, surveys the objects and scenes now coming into view, and on which, in other years, the mother has so often dwelt! Eagerly do both press on to see the walls, and walk the streets, of the longed-for city; and to be with old friends and acquaintances, of whom the parent had told, and the child had heard, so much. There, at last, is the sacred hill of Bethlehem, dear with many a happy memory and association of the past, but yet to be consecrated by sanctities richer and more fragrant than any it ever yet has known. Still, they cross, with quickened footsteps, the intervening heights and valleys; they hasten over the plain that stretches around the destined elevation; they ascend to the gate, which is open to receive them. The news of the return of the long-absent Naomi runs through the city; whose inhabitants are all moved at her coming, and throng about her to see her, and give her welcome. How true to nature is the scene which is presented of her spontaneous reception! "Is this Naomi?" they said. "Call me not Naomi; call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

Arrived at their destination, the first care of Ruth is to provide sustenance for herself and mother. But she would not go forth amongst the reapers without asking and receiving the permission of her parent. "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn, after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And Naomi says, "Go, my daughter." "Her

hap was to light upon a part of the field belonging to Boaz." What a dignity and courtesy in the relations between this "mighty man of wealth" and his laborers! Approaching them, "The Lord be with you!" he exclaims. "The Lord bless thee!" is their answering salutation. Seeing the Moabitess, "Whose damsel is this?" he asks; and the reapers tell him who she is, and how she had come to gather sheaves in the field. The rich kinsman of Elimelech had heard the story of her faithfulness to Naomi, and bestows upon her the beautiful testimonial and gracious benediction, "It hath fully been showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband, and how thou hast left thy father and mother and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust!" In various ways he provides for her personal comfort, security, and success, in her daily tasks. And when did a generous man ever extend aid to the poor and the needy in a more delicate, unostentatious way than Boaz, when he commanded his servants, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not; and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them; and rebuke her not." For many a one is well-disposed enough to give to others, if he can only make a show of his liberality, excite in the minds of men a lively sense of his open-handedness, and secure the admiration and gratitude of the recipients of his favors. Few, comparatively speaking, are those who are willing to do a kind, beneficent deed, and to hide it from the one who is blessed, and from the world at large; few who will do good to the unfortunate in such a way as that they shall not know it, and who will increase the amount of their benefactions so as not to burden the objects of their charity with an undue feeling of obligation or indebtedness. But this is just what Boaz did; and his example there, in the field near Bethlehem, three thousand years ago, preaches a most salutary and telling lesson to all who have wealth at their command, and who are therefore called

upon to provide for the children of want and distress. "Let her glean, even among the sheaves. Let her glean where she may glean the most. Do not forbid her. Do not reproach her. And, lest she may not venture thus, let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, that, as she follows after, where the supply is scant, she may gather them up, and gain the more. Whatever she may get, let her feel as much entitled to it, and welcome to it, as possible. Rebuke her not." That seems to us the very crown and perfection of the virtue and the art of giving, — a fine illustration, again, of one of the great lessons of Jesus, whose progenitor Boaz was, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

It was fitting that an acquaintance and friendship thus natural and beautiful should ripen into something more. It was wise in the mother, under the circumstances, to desire it. She herself must soon pass away. The daughter was a stranger in a strange land. How instinctive and irresistible the maternal wish to see her somehow provided for! "Shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?" Boaz was the kinsman of the deceased husband. Law or custom required that some one standing in such a relation to the widow should take her to wife, "and raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." A still nearer kinsman of the family than Boaz is first privileged to redeem the parcel of land that was Elimelech's, and to claim the hand of Ruth. But this his circumstances could not permit him to do; and Boaz, in conformity to the time-honored custom, purchased her to be his wife in the presence of a council of elders and of people assembled at the gate of the city.

The record, when properly understood, gives no intimation of any impropriety on the part of Boaz, Ruth, or Naomi. Many of the things in the Scriptures, which at first sight seem inconsistent with our ideas of what belongs to delicacy or purity, offend us no longer when read in the light of a correct knowledge of Eastern manners and customs. There is scarcely a transaction mentioned in the story of Ruth, as

given in the Bible, which has not still its counterpart in the innocent life of Judea to-day. There is no book which will bear the test of scrutiny like that which we have been taught to venerate as the word of God. The more we study it, and the more we let the light shine down upon it, the more will its perplexities and mysteries vanish, and the more will its glory come forth to view.

One scene more. It is the last, and one also that carries the mind on down the ages to Him from whom the Moabitess derives her highest interest. What a hold upon the thought and love of the world has the "Holy Family" had, in which the infant Saviour appears as the central object of wonder and hope, while grouped around him are seen Joseph and Mary, Elizabeth and the young John Baptist! and how the divine genius of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Murillo and all the masters has exhausted its skill and power to make the dead canvas glow with the inspiration and beauty of the sacred subject! But something like this happy scene, which art has thus so often and successfully reproduced, was presented there at Bethlehem when Obed was born to Boaz and Ruth, and, as the simple record runs, "Naomi took the child and laid it in her bosom, and she became nurse unto it." A holy, happy family! The aged grandparent, — like so many that have succeeded her, — after the storms of life have spent their fury, and life's wanderings and cares are well nigh over, is at peace at last; and is here at her early home to spend the tranquil evening of life, filled with grateful joy at the thought of one who had come to flood the long-darkened home with sunshine, and perpetuate the house and inheritance of Elimelech. Neighbors come to give her their greeting, "Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel! And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thy old age; for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him." There, holding the child in her arms, happy in the still-devoted Ruth and her rejoicing spouse, encircled by the sympathizing friends of other days, — there is Naomi at last. It is the clos-

ing picture, and the curtain falls upon a scene that tells of the sweet peace and blessed reward that sooner or later come to those who are faithful to duty, who forget themselves in the service of others, and who make the Lord their God their everlasting trust. One crowning joy alone was wanting. Could Naŏmi, could Ruth, have known that in the child of their united love were concealed the hope and consolation of Israel; and that in him and in his seed, not alone their own nation, but all the nations of the earth should be blessed, what transports of gladness and triumph would have filled their souls! — raptures which, it is not too unreasonable to believe, have since given an added joy to the blessedness of the heavenly state.

Let the story we have dwelt upon yield us its appropriate lessons. Let it teach us that it is always safe and well to do that which is right. Let it encourage us to be firm and unshaken in every good purpose and principle. Let it show us the beauty and glory of an unexacting, unselfish, generous spirit. Let it impress upon us the obligations of filial devotion, and the assurance of the blessings that shall for ever attend it. Let it strengthen within us the love of home and of its tender memories and precious sanctities. Let it preach to us of the gracious amenities that should characterize our daily intercourse with each other in all the relations of life, and also dispose us to give of our abundance to the stranger and the destitute, in every considerate and helpful way. Let it remind us that the earthly pilgrimage is one of change and vicissitude, and that it becomes us to repose our trust where there is permanence and security for ever. Let it convince us that God's loving providence guides and guards the humblest soul or the lowliest family, not less than the mightiest king or the greatest empire; that no condition is so adverse, no life so obscure, as to be beyond the hope of better days and ultimate victory; and that they who cling to God, and do his will, shall at last issue forth into some brighter way, and find themselves rich with some nobler inheritance. Let it attract us more strongly to the study of the word of God; and let the sweet, winning lessons which this unrivalled pastoral unfolds

to us lead us gently on to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, to whom the finger-points of prophecy so clearly direct our eyes and steps, and from whom there streams a reflected glory that adorns and transfigures the whole.

A. P. P.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE great event of the past month was the Philadelphia Convention, to inaugurate a new political party to be known as the National Union party. It makes the issue with Congress, in behalf of the President, to go before the people in the fall elections. Stripped of all disguises, it is this, Shall the men who broke their oaths, and fought four years to destroy the Union, now be the ones to reconstruct it, with an increased representation in Congress as the reward of perjury, treason, and the murder of our Union men? That is the issue on which the people are to vote Yes or No. Congress is charged with a revengeful temper, for keeping the rebels out in the cold till they give some guaranty for our future safety and peace. If a man murders two of your children, you are not a Christian unless you adopt him straightway into your family, and put the remaining three children under his guardian care. This is the ethics of the new party.

S.

MY FIRST VIEW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

DENVER CITY, COLORADO, June 15, 1866.

WE are told, as a matter of interest, that from the top of *Wachusett* the visitor may sometimes, of a clear day, see the city of Boston. What, then, would you say, to be told that this whole range of rocky summits is *perfectly* visible, and that each separate

"peak" or mountain summit stands out clear and distinct to view, at a distance of two hundred miles or more?

We first saw the chain on a bright morning at sunrise, as we ascended to the prairie from the valley of the Platt. It was a sublime spectacle. Directly in front, to the west, stood "Long's Peak," towering far above the others into the very clouds, robed in pure white. Then away to the south and west rose "Pike's Mountain," standing to appearance by itself, and shining in the reflected sunlight as if covered with a glittering sheen of silver and gold; and in range with these were a multitude of other snow-capped summits rising abruptly from the vast plane before us. The first range is of the usual gray and blue; but the second rises far above the first, and is clad in snowy white, where at every season of the year the snow descends in fitful storms, and "holds high carnival" undisturbed.

There is no time in which winter *there* is not. One may pass, in a single day, from the hot temperature of August below to the chilly blasts of January above. At our first view of these mountains, we felt assured, that it would be but an easy day's journey on foot to go to their very base from where we stood. Judge, then, of our surprise when we were informed that they were over an hundred miles away! During the day, we rode on and on, south and west, at a rapid rate towards them, with this sublime picture perpetually before us; and, when the shades of evening began to gather, they *seemed* still to be nearly as far from us as ever.

And now, as I look from my window northward to "Long's Peak," I find it difficult indeed to realize that seventy-five miles yet intervene between that huge summit and the place I occupy, — so near does it seem to be, so distinct in outline, so sublime.

Nor can I realize that more than twenty miles yet must be passed over before we shall reach the first range of these mountains; for we *appear to be* almost under their very shadow: so deceptive, in this atmosphere, is distance, when measured by one whose sight has been trained to measure distances in the denser air of New England. Said a traveller to a stage-driver, "How far is it to the next station?" — "Do you see that house yonder?" replied the driver. "I do." — "Well, that house is seventeen miles from here. There I stop." And yet, in the morning light, the traveller declared, that he could easily discern and count the panes of glass in the window of the house!

Never can I forget my first view of these mountains. It is a picture not to be effaced from memory; nor may the pen, however gifted, adequately describe it. And with confidence we predict, that when facilities for travel shall be created, so that they may be visited with comparative ease, our country will be found to have attractions of mountain scenery which will successfully rival the celebrated Alps of Europe; though differing widely from them in many respects.

The devout mind gathers from these mighty witnesses to the Divine Omnipotence a profound impression of the infinite power and wisdom of God. F.

EXHIBITION OF STATUARY AND PAINTING IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

We have again improved the opportunity, annually afforded by this Exhibition, of contemplating superior works of art.

In passing among the statues, we could not help being impressed with the conviction, that we pay a false and injurious, as well as servile and superstitious, homage to classic statuary, when we regard it as superior to modern power of attainment. It had indeed an excellence of its own, carried to the summit of perfection, which it is equally vain to compete with, and futile to imitate. All the details of form were studied, and brought to faultless excellence, by the ancients. But the faultless form of each feature, having been attained, is repeated ever afterward. And hence the charm of variety is lost. Real life is, however, more beautiful as it is than it would be, if cast in one mould of faultless form. Not but the ancient statuary has the variety produced by changes in combination of features; but it has not the beauty which a departure from a faultless standard in some feature may be made to afford, when contrived, as a master composer knows how, to heighten harmony by an occasional discord or half discord. Then, too, the ancients studied much more form than the spirit which gives it expression. Add to this, that their ideal of womanhood and childhood were inferior, and chiefly bodily and physical, rather than elevated and spiritual; and we account for the insipidity of female beauty both in the multiplied forms of Venus and Minerva. The statues of men, too, however

fine physically, rather represent bodies than the spirits residing in them. The error of modern sculpture is in seeking to attain the unattainable faultlessness of ancient feature, rather than to breathe into marble the modern spirit and mind which are so different, and, we must add, despite the idolaters of the past, so much truer and higher than the ancient standard. It is refreshing occasionally to meet a modern statue which indicates an artist thinking and forming from his own soul. Such is the "Child with Bird," designated in the Athenæum catalogue as by an anonymous artist, and belonging to Miss Bryant. The "Indian Bride," too, by Stevenson, shows some freedom, and is good. Miss Hosmer's "Will of the Wisp" has a boldness of conception; yet it has an attitude which does not speak for itself, and therefore lacks expressiveness, and manifests a study of features in detail. She has formed herself, we infer, rather by the study of form than the spirit of form. The natural is put before the spiritual; whereas the great artist, like the Creator, should make the visible copy the invisible, and the spirit to give a visible impress to figure.

We missed some pictures which graced the collection last year, — pictures by Bierstadt, who knows how to paint the soul of a landscape, while he is, however, too hasty in the details and formal expression: some landscapes, too, our eyes looked for in vain, as well as for the noble portrait of Everett by J. H. Young. But some old friends were there. "Night," by Francis Scheyrer, feasted our eyes, seeming really imbued with the deep stillness and blended moonbeam and shade which make the resistless charm of night. "The Evening Hymn of the Huguenots," by Edwin White, we thought lacked the vesper beauty and was day still, notwithstanding the white crescent low in the sky. The indefinable charm of the hour was not apparent there.

"Dante and Beatrice," by Ary Schaeffer, impressed us, as always, with the exalted beauty of pure and elevated womanhood, and its power to raise man. Woman's standard must rise in advance of man's in the celestial scale of progress. He must duly honor and elevate and emancipate her, that she may be fit to stimulate and kindle him with more heavenly fires. The true friend of man will, therefore, strive to raise and ennoble woman. This Christianity does; this every form of heathenism, whether philosophy or idolatry, undoes.

"A Sunset" by Kennett, and "Study for an Angel," struck us as

sweet and moving pictures. And there is still the weeping "Peter," a portrait almost as immortal as the incident it commemorates.

The picture which has attracted much attention, the present season, is "The Departure of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven, Holland, 1620." They are engaged in a season of devotion, just preliminary to embarkation. They are all noble figures, with heads and faces expressing Christian grandeur and depth of character, and those sterling traits which have since formed the best elements of American history. The face and attitude of the minister, John Robinson, are uplifted and animated, and, as it were, inspired with devout sentiment. The spirit of the pilgrim — who looked to God, and trusted in him, while stirring all his own energies, and strong in will and courage to brave and endure — is admirably portrayed in the lifted, light-filled eye, and rapt devotion of his face.

Art lives and breathes! Yon painted forms,
  Instinct with soul, stand forth.
The group one grand emotion warms,
  Uplifted from the earth.
And none will ask, "What do they there?"
For all the speaking scene is prayer.

Nor wait we for the uttered word
  To tell us what they pray:
Language is seen as well as heard,
  And shows us what they say.
The lifted eye's seraphic fire
  Has holy purpose, pure desire.

But would you ask who they may be?
  Each open brow and face
Stamp natural nobility
  And more than earthly grace.
Whoe'er they be, 'tis plain that they
An enterprise have under way.

And heaven above them bends to bless:
  Their end, from this beginning,
Obtains a prestige of success, —
  Its goal already winning.
Great consequences, we are sure,
Must flow from such an overture.

Is yon devout man Abram, going
  At God's call on his way,
Whither he walked by faith unknowing,
  But willing to obey?
Or Moses, at the desert's verge,
While Pharaoh's host behind him urge?

Not so; yet they are pilgrims too.
  The wilderness to roam,
And found in faith a nation new,
  God calls them from their home;
And here they launch upon the ocean,
To heaven committed in devotion.

TASTE, A MORAL QUALITY.

I WANT you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste;" for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing: morality is another. Tell us what is pretty; we shall be glad to know that; but preach no sermons to us."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality, it is the ONLY morality. The first and last and closest trial-question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is; and, if they answer candidly, you know them body and soul. "You, my friend, in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" — "A pipe, and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" — "A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good! I know you also. "You, little girl, with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" — "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." — "You, little boy, with the dirty hands and low forehead, what do you like?" — "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch-farthing." Good! we know them all now. What more need we ask?

"Nay," perhaps you answer, "we need rather to ask what these people and children do than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and, if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing, and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school." Indeed, for a short time and in a provisional sense, this is true. For, if resolutely people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state, when they *have* come to like doing it; and, as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thirsting for the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning, and wine in the evening, — each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people, not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things, — not merely industrious, but to love industry, — not merely learned, but to love knowledge, — not merely pure, but to love purity, — not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice. — *Ruskin.*

DIVINE SERVICE.

THAT is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master, the order of all others that is given oftenest, "Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order: that's the "Service of God," not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need any thing; and, by the perversion of the evil spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are "service." If a child finds itself in want of any thing, it runs and asks its father for it, — does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake, — does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and he likes to hear it: he likes you to ask him for cake when you want it, but he doesn't call that "serving

him." Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do. He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father: neither is singing songs about God serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's any thing: most probably it is nothing; but, if it's any thing, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chantings, "Divine Service." We say "Divine Service will be performed [that's our word, — the form of it gone through] at eleven o'clock." Alas! unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work, the one ordered sacrifice, is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. — *Ruskin.*

If we isolate Christ's teaching from his life, we may come to the conclusion, that it contains little that could not be found elsewhere, and found accompanied with reasoning and explanation. Those who fix their eyes on the Sermon on the Mount, or rather on the naked propositions which it contains, and disregard Christ's life, his cross, and his resurrection, commit the same mistake in studying Christianity that the student of Socratic philosophy would commit, if he studied only the dramatic story of his death. Both Socrates and Christ uttered remarkable thoughts, and lived remarkable lives. But Socrates holds his place in history, by his thoughts, and not by his life; Christ, by his life, and not by his thoughts. — *Ecce Homo.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

A writer in the "*Deutsche Blatter*" describes at length one of the effects of the circulation of the "Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan. He says that no work of the age has so much revived theological studies. "He obliges his reader to consult the Bible, the commentators, the Fathers of the Church; and this is certainly

no small achievement in these times of steam, electricity, and political excitement, when great practical questions seem to have entirely absorbed the ideal interests of humanity, so that there is neither time nor place for any religious controversies and disputes on subtle points of creeds and dogmas. But Renan has conquered this difficulty: for he knows how to excite curiosity; how to entertain, and finally to convince, the reader. There lies the charm, the indescribable attraction, of his works." The same writer from whom we have quoted this sentence, in the paper above named, gives some definite statements of the extent to which the "Life of Jesus" has been published. The cheap edition, sold for one franc a copy, made it accessible to every one; and eighty thousand copies were purchased by the working men of Paris alone. "Of all the books printed in Paris during the last ten years," to quote another sentence, "not one has had a run to be compared with this. The most celebrated romances of Eugene Sue, Dumas, and Victor Hugo, have not been sought for so eagerly by the lower classes of the people; and the same enthusiasm for the work was visible in all grades of society." The work on the Apostles does not seem to have produced so deep an impression, though it is said twenty thousand copies were sold in the first two days. A lady friend accused the author of leaving only one of the apostles unharmed; and, when Renan asked which one "Thomas" was the ready and suggestive reply.

THE war in Continental Europe has driven the tribe of English summer tourists, and vacation scribblers, in other than the old directions, some of whom have visited the United States, California, Oregon, Utah, Colorado, and the Rocky Mountains; all promising, as says the "London Review," much variety to the usual fall crop of ephemeral books.

THE immense influence of the newspaper press has been acknowledged by the Government of France in a noteworthy manner. An extensive system has been organized throughout the whole empire, by agents visiting every town, village, and even mountain district, for the sale of a half-penny sheet, published every evening, in Paris, under official sanction and patronage. Perhaps for the instruction of the people, and the stability of the Government, this is an exceedingly wise measure, especially if the reading matter to be supplied shall not be determined by narrow governmental or bigoted considerations.

One effect of the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable must be to make the public indifferent to items of intelligence that are more than a day or two old. The supposition will be that every thing really important will now come by electric speed: at any rate, the eagerness to get the new will make us impatient of the old. We shall live more intensely in the hour that now is, and feel the same pressure that is felt in London and Paris and Rome. This great step in the world's progress seems more safe and assured, when we look at other experiments in marine telegraphing. It is stated that the cable connecting Malta and Alexandria, distant 1,535 miles, has been in successful operation for five years; and what is specially to be noticed is, that, as it is in three sections, the part that is in deepest water has never called for a cent for repairs. Following this, the next longest cable in the world, excluding the Atlantic, is in the Persian Gulf, which is 1,450 miles long, and has been in operation two years. None of the other fifty-two submarine telegraphic lines are near as long, the next in length being that from England to Denmark, — a distance of 368 miles, — in successful working during seven years. If the Atlantic cable, 1,866 miles long, continues available for any of the above-named periods, it will not be the only line that will connect Europe and America.

We have presented some facts above, in regard to the vast circulation of the works of Renan. They have made many thoughtful observers look with fear upon the present tendencies of opinion; and, in several of his later books, Guizot has discovered what his friends have thought to be a too timid and re-actionary spirit, as if he thought all the bulwarks of the Christian religion were likely to be thrown down. It appears that this is by no means the opinion of that distinguished writer. He has lately expressed the strongest belief in a general re-awakening of the religious life in the European world; a fact which shows that works of criticism and dissent will, in the end, only call new attention to grand, everlasting, spiritual verities, and give them a fresh life and power.

Whoever has read some of the thoughtful and healthy books of Jules Simon will desire to see the new work from his pen on "Labor," its history, significance, the dignity that should be accorded to it, and its beneficent influences. He seems to have been particularly impressed by the high position which labor holds in the

United States. The fact of our leading men springing from the class of *ouvriers* he often points to, as one that occurs so frequently and honorably in no other part of the world. But, in his manifest leaning to co-operative associations, it is very evident that the author has not fully comprehended the position of the American laborer. With us, the man of work owes all the spring of his greatness to his independence, — his reliance on his own resources; and we believe that the respected French author could prepare a work of far deeper influence on European readers, if he would come to America, and study the details of American life.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: American Unitarian Association; Walker, Fuller, & Co.

We receive this book just as we are going to press, and therefore shall not attempt now a full report of its merits. Meanwhile our readers need not hesitate to buy it, if they will trust our judgment as to its value. It discusses the grand truths which underlie the orthodox theology, not in the way of controversy, but in sympathy with them, and from a desire to extract all that is pure and genuine in the spirit of a Christian eclecticism. It has all of Dr. Clarke's directness of statement, and freshness of style, besides being more logical and profound than any thing he had ever written. It is broadly liberal, and at the same time a great deal more positive than any Unitarian book we know of. Naturalism and supernaturalism, miracles, inspiration, depravity, conversion, regeneration, atonement, the Trinity, election and reprobation, immortality, resurrection, eternal punishment, restoration, are treated from Dr. Clarke's new standpoint, not always convincing his reader, but never failing to gain his interest and keep it. There is an Appendix of valuable matter, germane to

the themes discussed, all making a volume of over 500 pages of closely printed matter. The book is destined to make a stir in the theological world.

Dr. Clarke's method, though not always the best to adopt, is plainly the true one, after a period of controversy. It is the method whereby a true Catholic Church is to arise out of the chaos of sects and parties, with none of their noxious errors carried forward, and with no essential truth left behind or lost. S.

Roll of the Students of Harvard University who served in the Army of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, prepared by order of the Corporation, by FRANCIS H. BROWN, M.D. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co. A pamphlet of 48 pages, carefully prepared.

THE many admirers of the author of "Rab and his Friends," Dr. JOHN BROWN, will be glad to know that even a busy physician could find some more "Spare Hours," and that he has devoted them to topics so interesting as "the Engraver, John Leech" and "Marjorie Fleming," and has given us his "Lay Sermons on Health;" and has dedicated the whole to our good and great Abraham Lincoln.

"*The Young Folks*," already so attractive, will be made still more so by the fine illustrations which are to adorn future numbers. Alas! we came into the world too soon. Will not some one cater for "the old folks"?

Poems. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. Roberts Brothers. 1866. These poems are greatly above the ordinary measures of inspiration, and are well deserving of the pleasant form in which they appear. Miss Rossetti speaks in nature's language; or rather she is a skilful interpreter of what is so often to us an unknown, or almost unknown, tongue. It is a blessed necessity which is laid upon her to open her mouth in parables. She does not search for figures of speech, or borrow from the old stock of the poets. She has only to select from the abundance which awaits her bidding. It is a volume to be often taken into the hands, and many of the poems will be read again and again until the book will no longer be needed to recall them. E.

THE

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SECOND LETTER TO REV. DAVID A. WASSON.

REVEREND SIR, — I have read with much pleasure your second letter in "The Radical" addressed to me. I do not propose to controvert its positions, or to make a formal reply to it in any way. But it is plain to me, that some of our disagreements are rather verbal than essential; and, as you have written with a candor which is not very often to be met with in theological discussions, I have been led to think that some service might be done to the cause of truth by clearing away these verbal misunderstandings, that the eye might be fixed more steadily upon the real issue.

We are using the words *natural* and *supernatural* in different senses, when it is apparent that we mean the same thing. And this verbal misunderstanding runs through nearly all the discussions which I have met with of late on these and kindred subjects. It is a great pity that so much time should be wasted in mere logomachy, and not devoted to the great questions themselves. Let us try to clear this up a little.

I take it for granted, that every Christian man believes in two ranges of existence. This material plane of being, which we apprehend by the organs of sense, we cannot but believe in, as it infolds us and nourishes us from the cradle. Those who are said to deny the existence of matter, only deny that it exists in itself; or, in other words, that it has any sub-

stratum of its own. The world of sight, sound, and fragrance, which lies over against the senses, and thus becomes an object of perception to the mind, is believed in by both peasant and philosopher; and this, by common consent, is called NATURE, or THE NATURAL WORLD.

In this natural world, there is nothing fixed and stable. All is mobility and change. The very same elements, by new and rapid combinations, produce the most diversified forms; and the minerals, the waters, the forests, the flowers, and the winds that blow over them, are these same elements commingling by new affinities. Man himself is involved in these perpetual revolutions. He appears for a while on the surface of nature, is dominated by it, and then melts into its bosom, and disappears. The order of sequence, according to which all these changes take place, we call by common consent THE LAWS OF NATURE. To discover these changes, and chronicle them, is the business of science. To group them in their class and order, and so determine their law of sequence, is the business of natural philosophy.

The Christian believer acknowledges another and higher range of existence. Nature discharges man from her keeping and domination, and all that the senses knew of him dissolves and recombines in her earths and ethers and flowers. Three hundred generations have thus come and gone. Nature nursed them on her bosom, and then received back their crumbling forms into her unending circulations. The number of human beings, then, who exist at this moment on the surface of the earth, compared with those who have existed, is only an insignificant fraction of that whole which we call humanity; only as a single page of one great volume; only as the last cluster of leaves that flutter in the forest that has shed its foliage.

But Christianity affirms, that, when nature quits her grasp upon man, he still lives on; that only his visible coverings dissolve and recombine with the natural elements, while the man himself emerges beyond her sphere, subject no longer to her conditions and laws. It follows, of course, on the Christian theory, that the three hundred generations of human

beings whom this natural world has discharged from its keeping are still alive and active. Hence Christianity affirms a sphere of life above nature, more vast and more thronged with inhabitants, and whose empire is ever enlarging, since the stream of existence has discharged its immortal contents for six thousand years, and probably much longer, into those endless abodes.

This higher range of existence has been called by common consent THE SUPERNATURAL, because it is above the dominion of natural law. This I understand to be what Christians generally mean when they speak of a supernatural world. It is very true that the word "nature" is made to have other signification, and passes through an extended range of secondary meanings. We sometimes speak of the nature of man as meaning the whole aggregate of human qualities which make him what he is. So we might call all beings and things, from the mineral up to the highest angel, created *natures;* and then, by this definition, deny that there is any thing above nature except God. Or we might follow up this game at definitions yet farther. Cicero writes a treatise "De Natura Deorum," and we speak familiarly of the Divine nature, meaning the sum of Divine attributes; and one who should be so disposed might place all beings and things, including God himself, under the category of nature, and then of course it would be very easy for him to prove that the supernatural has no existence.

Plainly nothing is gained in this way, but much time is lost. The words "nature" and "supernatural," or the nature-world and the spirit-world, whether put in contrast or correlation, have a meaning fixed and well apprehended in the popular judgment; and we produce only confusion when we try to disturb it. Herein, moreover, the popular judgment and the most philosophical are in perfect agreement. With both alike, the nature-world is this range of existence conditioned by time and space; whereas the range of existence conceived of as out of time and space, and therefore beyond the dominion of natural law, is the supersensible or supernatural world. Thus Kant uniformly discriminates these two spheres of being, —

nature, the realm of sensible phenomena conditioned by space, and a cogitable world above space, defecated of sense, and free of natural law, and therefore supersensible and supernatural.*

It is unquestionably true, that this Roman word "nature" to the Roman mind comprehended all conceivable existence beneath the divinities, and even involved the gods themselves. But the obvious reason was, that the Roman had no conception of any such order of being as the Christian defines by the word "supernatural." Even when the poets imagine and describe a life after death, they never transcend the plane of natural existence. They make to themselves a realm of being more ghostly and unsubstantial than this of veritable flesh and blood, but always within the conditions of space and time, and therefore under natural law. And, even thus conceived, they generally ascribe to it no objective reality. Julius Cæsar, in the face of the Roman Senate, could deny that there is any future life; and neither Cato nor Cicero murmurs any serious opposition or dissent. For the same reason, I have no doubt a great many modern writers ignore the supernatural, or rule it out entirely, simply because they do not believe there is a spiritual world; or, if they do, it is too ghostly and unreal to be an object of faith or even of thought. I think no one can read the late treatise of Dr. Strauss without perceiving that the reason why the supernatural element in the New Testament is with him essentially incredible, is that the doctrine of a personal immortality is incredible; and that he thinks we are nowhere, the moment we lose our footing from the platform of material nature. But you, who avow in the largest and most unqualified sense the doctrine of a personal immortality, have no such reason for denying the supernatural, or making the natural and phenomenal identical. Is it not conceivable, is it not certain, that the spirit-world, not less than the material, is phenomenal; nay, that its phenomena are resplendent with an unimagined beauty and glory, for the very reason that they are not under natural law, and therefore reflect more com-

* See the Kritik of Practical Reason, *passim*.

pletely the Divine perfections and charms? You believe that man is essentially a progressive being; and, if so, why not say that, when evolved from this rude envelopment which we call nature, his existence, instead of being more wan and shadowy, is altogether more plenary and real; and therefore that the supernatural, instead of being factitious or spectral, most abounds with the immanent life of God? Having done with heathenish unbelief, should we not have done with its vocabulary also? And should not the reason, in the noon-day of its illumination, no longer dominated by sense, but released from its deadly grasp, be brought face to face with supersensible realities, so that their gleaming ranks and far-dissolving perspectives may lie on the soul as brightly and surely as nature does on the bodily organs? It seems to me the consummation of our religious faith and Christian culture ought to give us,—the supernatural world the eternal reality, and nature its feebler adumbration; that the sun-bright substance itself, and this the moving shadow projected on the dial-plate.

I think it equally plain, that the revelation of the supernatural in the natural, by what are usually called miracles, is a subject which has been involved also in needless misunderstandings. How barren of results has been this whole discussion about the miracles! It seems to me that all Mr. Parker's destructive energy put forth in this direction was against an image of straw, or else against certain theories of the universe which needlessly cumber and darken the subject. The most enlightened believers who accept in the main the alleged supernatural facts of the New Testament, accept them, not as the breach of law, but its grandest fulfilment. They do not fall without the eternal order, but within it, as much as the opening of spring-buds by the early rain. Drs. Hedge and Clarke, the former in his "Reason in Religion," the latter in his "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy," have put this question in a light so clear, and so relieved of false issues, that whoever argues it henceforth after the old fashion ought to be regarded as fighting with windmills. I presume we should have no disagreement on this topic; and so let us proceed to matters where the real issue is made up, and which involve the great

problem that now presses on all earnest and thoughtful minds.

You describe three degrees of revelation. Here I seem to follow you perfectly. Let me put this in my own way, without trying to improve upon your statement.

1. We have first the nature-religions. Their most perfect type in the East is found in the religion of the Hindus; their most perfect type in the West, in the religion of Hellas. In Brahminism, the infinite alone comes to its rights. This has a real, while the finite has only an illusory, existence. The world is only spectral, and man as an individual personal being is only an apparition. So long as he knows himself as a special existence, so long he belongs to the world of illusion; and only when all independent personality is lost, and Brahma alone is and man is not, does man reach his consummation. In this state, Brahma is not drawn down into the individual, but the latter is rapt into Brahma, as the water-drop is one with the sea. The Indian pantheism is not self-deifying, but self-destroying.

Buddhism, the consummate flower of the oriental religions, tries to bring the human, the finite, to its rights; but, in so doing, it loses the infinite altogether. The world becomes real; but God becomes unreal, and vanishes from thought. To the Brahmin, God is every thing; to the Buddhist he is nothing. Brahminism is all centre, Buddhism is all circumference. The former says, "Because Brahma is one only and immutable, all things subject to mutation are unreal: they only seem to be." The latter says, "Because all things are mutable and multiform, they cannot have a single and immutable basis." With the former, man's personality is lost in God; with the latter, it is lost in the world. With the former it is swallowed up, with the latter it is "blown out." In neither do the infinite and finite come to their essential difference, but one goes incontinently into the other.

The Greek religion runs the same course as the oriental, only in an opposite direction. It begins where the latter ended, and ends where the latter begun. It begins, that is, with the finite, bringing it to its rights in full, while the in-

finite retires into the shadowy unknown. Man is divine, and the Cosmos is real; but its deities are all local and finite, and only the dark background of fate dimly shadows forth the idea of the infinite. In seeking the infinite, however, it lost the finite, and warped round completely to the opposite extreme. A deified world for a while remained to the Greek; but since this, neither in itself nor especially to a people so spiritual as his, avouches itself as true, we cannot wonder that this world for the Hellenic spirit sank into nonentity, and that for the Neoplatonist nothing more remained than the All-life, the one Divine Substance before which all the finite is a sham. The Hellenic spirit ended where the orient began, but found therewith its grave. And as its starting-point was where the oriental spirit ended, so was now the whole course of the heathen world completed. Borne back finally, it reached its poor, unsufficing beginning. A true union between God and man is sought in vain, because the essential difference between them is never found. Without denying at all the good contained in these nature-religions, I think you will agree with me, that this summary, though very brief, is true to history.* One deep and crying want of human nature was brought vividly to its consciousness, for whose supply out of the affluence of God the world was waiting now.

2. The second form of revelation, which not inaptly you call moralism, has its type in the Hebrew religion. In this, both the infinite and finite, both God and man, come to their full rights and their essential difference. Neither passes over into the other. They stand face to face, not only in awful contrast, but in dreadful antagonism: one in immaculate and dazzling holiness; the other guilty, sinful, self-condemned, and liable therefore to be invaded with avenging thunders. Under this form of religion, as you justly observe, we are subjects of law imposed from above. The only way to the Divine favor which we know of is by righteousness, by rituals, by

* Any one may verify this in Wüttke's exhaustive work on the heathen religions. See vol. ii., Geistesleben der Indier. Also the Introduction to Dorner's earlier treatise on the Person of Christ.

obeying the commandments. It is a hard dispensation to live under, especially for fallible mortals who relapse every day, and must therefore be made haggard with fear and with consuming remorse. And yet how immense is the debt which the world owes to Judaism, since out of its bosom alone Christianity could appear; for God and man must come to their full difference before they can come to a true unity. I quite agree with you, that there are forms of belief called Christian, which are little in advance of this hard Jewish type. Ebionitism, and the old Socinianism working its way to heaven, and working hard — are little else than salvation by the ritual of legal and moral righteousness.

3. The third and highest form of revelation is that in which God and man, having found their true difference, find also their blissful unity. It is that in which God yields himself to our sinful humanity, not to invade it with his thunders, but to flood it with his cleansing love. I do not see how this could be described in language more graphic and impressive than your own. The Christian Church has imperfectly apprehended this in what it calls the atonement, in which, though a great truth is involved, it is cumbered with provisions that belong to the nature-religions, and not to a Christianity which ought to extrude their corruptions, and rise clear of them. It is that delightful consummation of our religious experience when we are not "servants," but "friends;" when we feel neither our sins nor our virtues any longer imputed to us, but taken up as the burden of an Almighty power in which we are folded and made trustful, as childhood in the maternal embrace.

Having gone with you thus far, I am sorry to part with you here. But the question of all questions must now come up;—how are Divinity and humanity thus reconciled without having one merged in the other and extinguished by it, yet assuring to the latter God's exceeding peace?

Precisely here, as I apprehend, are the distinguishing power and glory of Christianity, not as a nature-religion, not as an intuition of the soul gone down in sin and darkened by it,

but as a Divine disclosure FROM ABOVE. The Christ is not a normal development of our weak and depraved human nature, but an opening down to it of the Divine nature to transform the human, and take up the burden of its sorrows and woes. These are the terms, not only in which he is given to us in the records, but in which through all the Christian ages he has found the soul, and drawn it up into that august divine friendship.

As our object is not controversy, but statement, let me describe wherein, as it appears from my position, Christianity is an advance on the nature-religions and the Jewish; and wherein, from yours, it appears a hopeless relapse into the former.

By the terms in which Christianity is given to us, God is revealed, not merely as a power, however vast and intelligent; nor as a lawgiver, however just; but as a Divine Humanity expressed and ultimated in a Divine Life. This is set forth in great variety of phrase, and in the whole life of Jesus Christ upon the earth. If he is only a natural development of our sinful humanity, he is not the man of the simplicity and sweetness of spirit which you make him to be, but of the most intolerable self-assertion and arrogance. Think of the best man among us getting up and proclaiming to his fellows, "He that hath seen me hath seen God." — "No one knoweth the Father but me, and the men to whom I shall reveal him." Nature tells us of God's power and majesty, less of the Divine personality, nothing at all of the Divine humanity and tenderness. She nourishes man and insect alike, and then crushes them alike into the dust. Love, mercy, forgiveness, communion, fellowship, and prayer, have scant meaning in her code, as her laws involve us and grind us to the earth. But in Christianity, if we abide by the terms of the record, God is revealed to us in his fatherhood, personality, tenderness and grace; not through our darkened humanity, but from above it; and, as such, breaks as a new sunrise upon a sinful world.

But this would not have availed, if this had been all. It would not have availed, that is, to reveal God, unless

states of reception had been wrought in men fitted to receive him. Man must stand right towards his brother, or he never can stand right towards his God, and be receptive of him. Hence the new code of human fellowship which Jesus labored to inaugurate. Every man is a part of every other man, this in sum was the new doctrine, and on this Jesus founded his society of believers called a church. Until that were done, there was no organic form for God's reception and conscious indwelling amongst men. But Jesus left eleven disciples, the first organized form of this kingdom of universal love. What followed? The God who had been revealed had now a place to come in. As soon as man stood right towards his fellows, the Divine love and blessing came and swept his soul like a lyre. *The procession of the Holy Spirit* followed inevitably in the logical sequence of events. God, newly revealed as divinely human, began to flood our wasted nature with his life and power, and hence the new dispensation of the Spirit as the inheritance of after-ages.

Now, we lose all this when we sink Jesus Christ into our common humanity, and make him merely its natural product. Make him only a normal evolution from it, and not the Divine Word descending into it from above, and we are pushed back more than eighteen hundred years, and set down at the precise point where the nature-religions would leave us. Unless we resort to moralism, we have no longer any religion *which brings the Divine and the human to their difference*, and therefore no true and living concord between them can ever be obtained. Let the Christ sink down into our human nature and be lost in it, and the inevitable tendency of our thought then is — if I may use a bad Germanism for want of a word — to *subjectify* the Deity. As the supreme personality, existing above man while immanent in him, the distinct object of all thought and devotion, he fades away from the scenery of the soul, and only in our finite humanity has a concrete and conscious existence. Moreover, we lose the Christ, not merely as the descending word, the opening down of the divine into the human, but we lose him as a form and type of human nature itself. For go through the records, and

eliminate carefully every thing in the life of Christ as there given which presents him as superhuman and supernatural, and every thing, too, with which these are essentially interlaced, and what have we left? Nothing which we can reconstruct into any figure that has form and outline. The Christ, whether as a revelation of the personality of God, or the possibilities of man, evanishes and disappears from history. He is a phantom of the mist, but no being of flesh and blood. Strauss is candid enough to acknowledge this. Having ruled out the supernatural, he describes the meagre shadow that is left, and confesses that about no great man of history is our information so unsufficing as about Jesus; that, while the image of Socrates, four hundred years earlier, stands out distinct in the clear Hellenic atmosphere, the form of Jesus looks out as scarcely human from the fog of Jewish fantasy and Alexandrian fanaticism.*

If we forego, then, Christianity as a revelation, not through nature, nor through our dark and finite humanity, but from above them both, we are set back into the fortunes of the nature-religions to go through the same gyrations. We lose that which shows the infinite and finite in their eternal difference, and so merge the one in the other. If the divine comes to its rights, it devours the human; if the human comes to its rights, it swamps the divine; and there is no real union and atonement. Do not say that I imagine all this. What is the grand metaphysical drama, just closing in Europe and just beginning here, but the circuit of the old nature-religions performed anew, simply because the mediating Christ disappears from it? In Hegelianism, man is lost in God. In Comteism, God is lost in man. One is all centre, the other is all circumference. In one, we have only the infinite and absolute; the finite is spectral, and the human personality dies back into God. In the other, we warp round into the opposite extreme: the finite is real, and God is nothing; and the human personality dies back into the world.†

* See das Leben Jesu für das deutsche Volk, pp. 621–3.

† Cousin virtually acknowledges the truth of what is here stated, when he says, "The history of the philosophy of India is an abridgment of the whole history of philosophy."

Do not misconstrue me as imputing any views to yourself which you do not personally acknowledge. I speak, in general, of what seems to me the inevitable gravitation of human thought, gratefully acknowledging that the reflected light of Christianity, or what I should regard as such, often warms and ripens the germs of good in human character, as it fails to do always under its noonday beams; and that under every form of religion there is, in some degree, the influx and imbreathing of the Holy Spirit. None the less heartily and strongly would I hold to Christianity as a revelation from above, as the essential instrumentality of human progress. And I have no fear of any general and permanent relapse into naturalism, inasmuch as I do not believe the Divine Providence will throw away eighteen hundred years of history.

Thanking you for the rare spirit of candor and courtesy which breathes through your letter, I am, dear sir, yours in all goodly human fellowship, E. H. SEARS.

A WORD ABOUT PREACHING.

We can almost utter it in two short sentences, — 1. Preach your highest, your best, your largest, your most illumined, your most Christian thought; and, 2. Be what you preach.

Preach your best. The preacher is called to be an apostle; he is separated unto the gospel of God; he does not stand in the pulpit, or go about in homes which ought to be Christian, to share with others any lower or worldly moods into which he may have been betrayed, — to shed abroad darkness, coldness, and despondency. He has an ideal to present, — glorious things which have been revealed to him once at least on the Mount of Vision and Transfiguration; a truth and righteousness and love of God in Christ. We like this solemn question; and it is more to the purpose that the candidate should be able to answer it with a modest yet firm "I trust so," than that he should have the certificates of many professors of theology, — "Do you trust that you are

inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of his glory, and the edifying of his people?" We would not say, with some counsellors, "Preach what you are;" preach down to any present level; because the people have a right to the minister's best, — even to what he sees only, as it were, reflected from a mirror. "I want," said a parishioner, "for my minister one who believes more than I do." Body, soul, and spirit must be made to yield their increase. The Christian ministry is an unceasing act of faith. It is at once a thoroughly ideal and a thoroughly practical occupation. The preacher must always be reaching up to that which is above him. He must preach, not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, just as the disciples and evangelists preached him who swept them away from the fishing-boat and the receipt of custom, — from the land in Cyprus, and the school of Gamaliel. The preacher is a prophet. To prophesy, in old language, is to preach. Prediction of future events entered only in the smallest measure into the old Jewish conception of the prophetic office. The preacher must still speak of that to which he has not himself attained, even though in so doing he may be condemning himself.

And yet, on the other hand, we say, Preach your best, yet not as one who is only a preacher, however for the hour earnest and even inspired. The Church needs something more than even first-rate acting; and so, Be what you preach. Apprehend that by which also you are apprehended; grow into the grace which is by Christ Jesus. Herein are success, facility, eloquence, breadth, variety. Important in other callings, genuineness is absolutely indispensable in this. In the Christian ministry, more than in any thing else, we want the man as well as the word, — the man to be the impersonation and the incarnation of the word. God helps us by persons. What is the institution in our day without the person? What is the creed without the life to recommend it? Christianity is not a new theory so much as it is a new life. This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and that this life is in his Son. The minister of the gospel is

nothing, unless he receives and imparts this divine reality. If, in the providence of God, through unpropitious circumstances, he fails to impart it, it shall nevertheless be an unspeakable comfort to know that he had it to impart. This is the grace of apostleship, passing on from generation to generation; supernatural, and yet inseparably blended with our being and character; in us and going from us, though not of us. There are those who say that the efficacy of the priestly office is not conditioned by the spiritual and moral quality of the priest. The direct opposite is the truth, — that we can truly give only so far as we have truly received. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." To Him, as to all his earnest children, the mere religious functionary, metropolitan formalist, or village gossip, is an abomination.

Be what you preach in doctrine. Every true Christian doctrine is the expression of Christian experience, the answer of God in Christ to some voice in the soul, the bread from heaven for the hungry heart, the word of love that pronounces our sins forgiven. There is a great deal of preaching which is in an unknown tongue, — preaching which is unintelligible alike to preacher and hearer; vague or merely traditional talk about the highest themes, — sin, Christ, prayer, providence, immortality; mere parrot repetitions; true, but not true to the speaker; mere preaching, which is not so good as acting, and not much better than cant. Of course, you will fall into no such speech as that; and yet such is our mortal infirmity, that we all need to be reminded that words which have the best sound in themselves — fragrant, hallowed, heavenly — are, of all words, the most disappointing and hollow, when the heart does not more and more flow into them, and fill them with meaning. The people must have a drop, at least, of your very heart's blood. The only way to preach Christianity in its richness and variety, in its great doctrines as well as in its moralities, is to be a Christian, — so truly a Christian that you cannot withhold your Christian reasonings any more than Paul could withhold them. Let us be Christian, and then the dogma and

sect will take care of themselves; and we shall be High Church or Low Church, orthodox or heterodox, right wing or left wing, as it pleases God: then we shall no longer be told that doctrinal sermons are tedious and useless. If we find praying efficacious, and are in that what we preach, we shall easily persuade the hearer of the efficacy of prayer. If we find that God cares for us, and directs us in all our way, we shall easily persuade the hearer to trust in that infinite power and love. If Christ is still, even in these last days and at these ends of the earth, our Saviour, we shall so speak of his mighty help that the words shall be as real to the hearer as the speech of the man of science, when he tells of well-ascertained laws and proven facts. Be real, at all costs: one word which shall be a part of yourself, rather than a thousand words in an unknown tongue, however learned and eloquent; one word which shall be the true solution, wrought out in struggle and prayer, of the mystery of your own life, and it will be the interpretation of many other lives, and the key to many a dark saying and Scripture parable of old. Be what you preach, — not a mere Scripture-reader, or gospel story-teller, or rehearser of pious commonplaces. It would not be so hard, perhaps, to construct an automaton which should give forth orthodox preaching: orthodoxy itself — right believing — must be of the heart and the life.

Be what you preach. That will settle for the people of your charge a very important and often-mooted question, that they shall have a pastor as well as a preacher. One who should have been wiser once said to the writer, "Go to those who can help you make your sermons: do not concern yourselves about the rest." It was wretched counsel. Help in making the sermons the preachers all need, we know; but Christianity may be sacrificed to sermonizing. And what is it that we preach save the law of love? Our doctrine, if it is Christianity in any sense, will be a doctrine of sympathy and helpfulness, of self-sacrifice for the good of others, — the doctrine of a new life to be lived in and for others, a communion and fellowship in Christ. Unless we preach this, we do not preach Christianity, no matter how

diligently we may discourse upon the natural and the supernatural, upon science and faith. One may be a useful Christian lecturer, and yet not a Christian evangelist. Preach the gospel. Be what you preach. Then you cannot choose but be a pastor as well as a preacher; a minister *at large* as well as a minister, — the mere incumbent, as the significant word is, of a pulpit; a true servant of man as well as a servant of a particular people, providing indeed, and of your very best, for your own household, and yet not unmindful of the command to preach the gospel to every creature: then the pastor will not go to the homes of his people because they will complain if they are not visited, but because the new love in his heart is drawing him to them, that he may be the helper of their joy and the consoler of their sorrow. Let the preacher stir up the gift that is in him in the way of all good learning, and yet remember that the failure to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep, is a fatal incompetency. It was argued of old that the orator must be a good man; how much more the preacher! It is not to be denied that this is a solemn trust which is committed to him. It is the peculiarity of his calling that it demands character. We ask for it in other callings, because it is the only adequate assurance of genuine work. In this high service, we can almost dispense with all else; and a busy world has a right to demand of its servants in Christ a special proficiency, not only in the theory, but in the practice, of religion. How else can they stand up amidst the careworn workers of this most intense age, and not be ashamed? And if some man shall say, "What Pharisaism is this that would be better than others, and make every thing turn upon character?" we can only reply, Consider the calling, friend, that we have been bought with a price, and are not our own; that it is not we who speak or act, but the Spirit to whose blessed fellowship we have been committed, and without whom there is no true ministry. We are nothing, if we are not light in the Lord. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify, not you, but

your Father in heaven. It is true, indeed, that these things are impossible with men; but the things which are impossible with men are possible with God. In humblest reliance upon that mighty help, the work of an evangelist is to be done. Let that which is perfect come in the soul, and that which is in part shall be done away. We must give ourselves to the reconciling God, that through us he may now, as of old, seek and save the lost, and gather into the fold of the good Shepherd his poor, wandering sheep. And may the part and lot of the Christian preacher ever be with all glad and successful workers! E.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

LVI.

WIE SCHNELL VERSTRICH, O HERR VOLL MILD UND HULD.

From the Berliner Gesangbuch. In eigener Melodie.

How swift, O Lord, most kind, most bountiful!
Has flown a large part of this mortal living!
Should I, of all thy love, a full account be giving,
How vast would stand my debt in sense and soul!

O Father, God! how gracious to bestow
Gifts fair and full upon me undeserving!
And did there fall some grief, the soul unnerving,
It was that I should not presumptuous grow.

Yea, to thy loving-kindness Thou hast stood
For ever faithful; but I oft have broken
The solemn word the tongue and heart have spoken.
Forgive, for thou hast known how it was rued!

So much already lent of this life's whole
Should have advanced me far in ways the highest;
But, oh, how powers of flesh will press the nighest,
And still how weak and backward hangs the soul!

Oft think I, if those many vanished days
That have, in folly and in worse, been wasted,
Could be brought back, or might have longer lasted,
Oh, how much better they would meet thy gaze!

Yet, might I not thy gracious favor find,
No saving health could ever be my portion;
And life's remainder, like a vain abortion,
Would pass no better than the days behind.

Wouldst Thou see fruit on branches dry and sere,
There must come down from heaven creating power:
My whole redemption, Lord, is of thy dower,
My sense and soul, my being and my sphere.

On, on, ye flying years! still onward bear
To reach your goal, and with a double fleetness;
I would not stay you for your earthly sweetness;
The sooner gone from hence, the sooner there.

The longer, Lord, I tread this mortal land,
The fuller grant thy glad illumination;
And my poor light burn clearer on its station
Till I transfigured be at thy right hand. N. L. F.

LVII.

WER BIN ICH, HERR, IN DEINEM LICHT?

From the Berliner Gesangbuch. *Melody*, — "Ihr Seelen sinkt," &c.

Who am I in thy light, O Lord?
Know I myself as thou dost know me?
And, if I for thine own should show me,
Would nought within belie my word?

And is thy yoke borne cheerly still?
And is thy law my chosen, sainted?
Or is my foolish heart contented
With idle wish for steadfast will?

Appear I always what I am?
And am I what I am pretending?
Know I what way my course is bending?
And sound my word and thought the same?

Abashed, O Lord! make me to be,
If e'er untrue thy Spirit found me!
Thou, who in heart and mind dost sound me,
From every falseness set me free.

Still hold, O Lord! my eyes awake,
And keep my feet still persevering:
The spirit would be onward steering;
The timid flesh would falter back.

Thou, who the sovereign Helper art,
Wilt never leave the weak forsaken:
Beneath thy strong arm they are taken,
Till fast and sure are step and heart.

Of life the inner Life be Thou!
Come, of my spirit be the Spirit!
Let no false wishes disinherit
The heart wherein Thou rulest now. N. L. F.

CHURCH AND STATE.

A Sermon by Cazneau Palfrey, D.D.

Rev. ii. 15.

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." These words occur in the course of a description of a prophetic vision, in which future conditions of the Church and the world were unveiled to the eye of the Christian seer. They give promise of a blessed state of things, in which all the kingdoms of the world will be thoroughly imbued with Christ's spirit; when all human law will be brought into harmony with Christ's law; when all social and governmental institutions will be conformed to Christ's standard, and administered on Christian principles. The gospel manifestly tends to the product of such an effect. It is compared to leaven, the operation of which does not cease till the whole mass into which it is introduced is leavened.

It deals indeed, first and immediately, with individual hearts: it aims to kindle the affections, to quicken the conscience, to mould the character, to guide the life of each one of its disciples. Living hearts are the soil into which the seed of the word must fall, ere it germinates and blossoms, and brings forth the fruits that bless the world. All the various forms of social, civil, and political life are the product of the average opinion, sentiment, conscience, of the community. They express the aggregate character and will of the members that compose society. All the changes that are continually taking place in them, sometimes abruptly, and sometimes so imperceptibly that they can be noted only by comparing together remote periods, are preceded and caused by changes in the opinions and feelings of individuals. The habits and forms of society, indeed, when once established, re-act with mighty power on individuals, and serve to perpetuate the character in which they originate. They are the last product of individual feeling, and are the last to experience the effect of change in that feeling; but they cannot fail to experience it eventually. Imagine for a moment that every soul in a great nation should be suddenly imbued, more thoroughly and deeply than any community has ever yet been, with the spirit of Christ; how quickly would they find very many usages of society, and forms of civil and political life, created and entailed upon them by less pure and righteous generations, unfit for their use! and how soon would all social forms that obstructed the free operation of the new spirit that possessed them be broken up, and others be provided that would better express its character, and be more fit to become its organs! That is the way in which Christianity effects its reforms in the world,—by the conversion of individual souls. When the Christian element is once introduced into a soul, it possesses it entirely. It pervades its whole life. In whatsoever sphere the Christian man is called to act at all, he is bound to act as a Christian: especially when he comes to act in the highest sphere of social duty, to fulfil his obligations as a member of the State, either by depositing his vote for the election of public officers, or by taking upon himself

the high function of making, administering, or executing the laws, is he bound to do all in the name of Christ. Surely he should not leave his religion behind him, in entering upon this important sphere of action. But, if in this sphere, Christian obligation were universally felt and acknowledged, the State would be already Christianized.

Such a happy state of things, which we must all feel to be so desirable, and to which so many of the promises of our religion point, would be a most complete union of Church and State. We are accustomed to speak in the strongest terms of condemnation of a union of Church and State. We congratulate ourselves that all attempts at such an union are precluded by our Constitution. No greater odium could be attached to any sect or party than the imputation of a wish for it. No more conclusive objection can be brought against a measure than that it points in that direction. I do not wonder at that feeling. Understanding a union of Church and State in its common acceptation, it is a right and wholesome feeling. It has been usually understood to mean giving to some existing church or denomination the support of the government, making its forms of faith and worship the State religion, and placing its offices at the disposal of the civil authorities, whilst all other religious bodies are, at best, but tolerated, perhaps prohibited or persecuted. It is easy to point out theoretically the evils that must necessarily ensue from such an alliance; and we find abundant exemplifications of them in history. It tends to corrupt the simplicity and purity of religion, by making it a mere formal and stately observance, instead of an inward experience. It discourages the exercise of a free religious spirit, and offers a strong temptation to a hypocritical profession of the creed of the State Church. It occasions the exaltation, to the highest places in the Church, of ambitious and intriguing men, instead of the truly good men whose characters would diffuse the best religious influences in the community. The Church has too commonly repaid the support it received from the State, by finding a religious sanction for the worst acts of the most tyrannical rulers. The arbitrary government of the Stuarts

was constantly upheld and sanctioned by the doctrine of passive obedience, which the Church of England zealously preached in their behalf. The temporal dominion of the pope — an example of the most complete union of Church and State — has long had the reputation of being the worst-governed country in Christendom. And, at the opposite extreme of the Christian world, there once existed, for a brief period, a no less intimate union of Church and State. I mean among the Puritan Fathers of New England. They were driven almost of necessity, by the force of circumstances, to try this experiment. The Pilgrims were a Church. The tie which bound them together was their church relation to each other. It was to enjoy their Church, to secure the freedom of organizing and conducting it on the principles which alone seemed to them right, that they first went to Holland, and afterward came to these shores. But when they came here, and found themselves out of the limits of their charter, with no authority from the parent State to organize a civil government, they were forced to make a government for themselves. They entered into a civil compact with each other, and chose their rulers, before they left the Mayflower. They were never for a moment on these shores without a government. They left Leyden a Church; they stepped upon Plymouth rock a State; yet not the less on that account a Church still. Their Church and State were one. Their State was the Church applying itself to civil functions, as the necessities of their condition demanded. That was their excuse, if they need one, for the close union they instituted between Church and State. They themselves probably did not dream of needing one. This state of things was exactly conformed to their ideal. A band of earnest Christians, bound together in church fellowship, it seemed to them perfectly natural and right, that none but church-members should vote in civil affairs. The rule, when it was made, scarcely excluded any one. They did not think, perhaps, that it ever would exclude an inconveniently large number. This system worked well, so long as the circumstances in which it originated were unchanged. But, as the colony increased, and men of different

stamp from the first settlers came into it, the evils necessarily consequent upon the system developed themselves. The Church was seen to have become a spiritual aristocracy in the State; the elective franchise was continually offered as a bribe to a hypocritical profession of religion; and men who were too honest to accept that bribe felt themselves to be unjustly deprived of a natural privilege.

All such kinds of union between Church and State as these of which I have spoken cannot be too heartily deprecated. I do not think we stand in any danger of it. I know of no party or class of men that desires it. But it is one thing to desire and seek for such an alliance of religion with the powers of this world, and quite another to assert that all national acts, all proceedings of government, all legislative enactments, all the policies and councils of rulers, must be brought to the standard of Christ's truth, and approved and condemned according as they can or cannot abide that test; that upon all these matters the Christian conscience of the nation should of right be continually holding its inquest; that its judgments should be distinctly pronounced; and that nations and rulers refuse to heed that judgment at their peril.

A national religion, in the sense of an outward form of profession and worship, to which all, or a majority, are expected to conform, is the least desirable of all things. But a nation, no less than an individual, needs a religion, a vital faith in eternal verities, and a clear perception of eternal right, and a profound sentiment of loyalty to it. A nation, like an individual, needs divine guidance, and cannot go on its way rightly without a sense of that need, and without seeking and following that guidance. A nation is not a mere assemblage of individuals, nor a mere succession of generations. Those individuals and generations have a vital connection with each other. They do not fulfil their destiny by living each for himself, and pursuing narrow and temporary aims. The nation, in its whole extent and duration, is a great and long-lived person, and was called into existence for a purpose, and has a place in the plan of divine providence, and a destiny to accomplish, and duties to perform. It is a

human, a rational, and accountable being, and should therefore be consciously and practically a religious being.

When you look deeply at the foundations of government, you find that they are laid in the religious sentiment. Governments depend ultimately for their security, not on any nice adjustment of the adverse interests of their several departments; nor upon the common interest that all have in the maintenance of order; nor upon the vigilance with which magistrates are able to watch the people, or the people their rulers; nor on fear of the temporal penalties annexed to transgression. The framers of our constitutions, after having carefully provided all these, show their sense of the inadequacy of them all, their consciousness that no supervision that human eyes can exercise can avail to secure the requisite fidelity, by exacting of those to whom power is delegated, or any important trust is committed, an oath that they will faithfully perform the duties required of them; *i.e.* they remand them to their own consciences, and their sense of obligation to God, and the spiritual sanctions of the divine law. As, in constructing machines, man merely adapts to his uses forces already existing in nature, and so is able to produce mechanism that will keep in operation whilst he sleeps, because its motive power does not depend upon him; so, in constructing governments, he avails himself of great primal instincts of humanity, which he did not originate, and which do not depend on him for the uniformity of their operation. These great interests of mankind, government, security of rights, social order, rest upon foundations deeper than the hands of man could lay. How important, then, is it that rulers and legislators should ever respect the moral and religious sentiment of the people; that they should beware of weakening the foundations on which all legitimate authority rests, by requiring acts which outrage the universal conscience of mankind!

A nation is as responsible to God as an individual. It must feel that responsibility, and be guided by it in all its national acts. So to feel and act is religion. There is always danger of a nation's losing sight of this responsibility. A

mighty nation, united within itself, with vast resources and a well-ordered government, which can wield the forces of the nation with effect, is the most imposing exhibition of power on earth. An individual who has no faith in any thing that is not perceptible to his senses, who is unconscious of the divine government, cannot keep feeling that he is controlled by a great visible, human power above him. The necessity of submitting to that power supplies to him in some small measure the place of a religion. But a great nation looks up to no earthly superior. It acknowledges no responsibility to any human power. It can be controlled by none. It can work its own will. If it knows not God, it has no restraint. A great and godless nation would be the most awful spectacle the world has ever seen. It would be a blind giant, rushing the more speedily, the greater its strength, to its own sure destruction. The truth is, that the mightiest nation is as accountable to God, and as powerless in his hands, and as sure to be punished for its sins, as the humblest individual. As nations do not exist as such in the future world, they invariably receive the retributions of God's law in the present. No amount of human might can make right; and, though hand join in hand by millions, the wicked shall not be unpunished. If any wrong, injustice, or oppression is allowed to become a part of a nation's settled policy, to enter into the organism of its government, and the public conscience is induced to acquiesce in it, one of two results must follow: either the poison thus introduced into the body politic will eventually work its death, or, if there be yet health and strength enough left to throw it off, it can be done only through suffering and agony. There is no safe course of national conduct, except in accordance with the principles of eternal right. Complete and immediate justice is the best policy. To shrink from doing it, from a dread of evils that will surely be multiplied by delay, is cowardice, folly, and wickedness.

As I have said, I cannot see the least danger of our having in this country a national church, in the bad sense of the words. But, on the other hand, I am far from thinking that

we are a godless nation. With all our earnestness in the pursuit of material things, I can see also many indications amongst us of true practical religion. I think, too, that we have in fact, in the desirable sense of the words, an American National Church, — a church that preaches to this people the gospel of the day; which dispenses to them the Christian truth they need to help them to meet their present trials, temptations, and duties. It is not the Presbyterian or Episcopal or Catholic Church. It is neither Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational. It is not Universalist nor Unitarian. It has no primate, patriarch, or archbishop, to which it looks as its earthly head and representative. Its limits cannot be exactly defined. It is, like the true Church of Christ of which it is a part, an invisible church. The qualifications of its members are in their hearts and spirits, and can be perfectly discerned by God alone. It is composed of true and living disciples of Christ, of every name and church, who have in their hearts a vital faith in his truth, and speak it with their lips, and live it in their lives. Its organs are, not the pulpit alone, but good books, Christian literature, and the daily conversation of every man, ordained or unordained, who has a living word to speak. It seeks no lordship over men's souls. It comes to them like Paul, saying, "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." It comes to them with the words of the Master himself, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" This church has long been speaking in this land, out of the Christian heart and conscience of the people. It has borne a solemn testimony against national sin. It has consoled and strengthened the hearts of the people amidst sore trials, sorrows, and sufferings. It has labored to lead them in those paths of righteousness which are the only ways of prosperity and safety. And it has been heard. It has not spoken in vain. It has been opposed indeed, as truth always has been; opposed sometimes even in the professed sanctuaries of religion. But that opposition was one indication of the power of its word. It has been heard and heeded, and has had its influence on the counsels of rulers and legislators, and on the course of public events.

May it be ever thus with us! May there ever be present in the hearts of this people, and ever manifesting itself more and more powerfully, a Christian influence, which shall bring all public measures and acts to the judgment-seat of Christ, which shall demand Christian rectitude of all who are entrusted with our public interests, and which shall make of the vast nationality which is to occupy this continent a kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ!

WAITING FOR A BLESSING.

Sitting at the heavenly portal,
Waits she day and night,
Seeking from the gracious Father
Health and strength and light.

Seasons coming, seasons going,
Find her waiting there;
Year on year, successive rolling,
Hears the earnest prayer.

Grant me, O thou tender Parent!"
Pleads she day by day,
"Health and power once more to serve thee
On my homeward way.

Gladly would I lay before thee
Deeds of active love,—
Thus, by service toward thy children,
Love to thee would prove.

But, if weakness still enthrall me,
Give me heavenly light;
Through the paths of lowliest duty
Guide my steps aright.

Let me not despise the mission
Gentle words to speak;
Pity offering to the fallen,
Comfort to the weak.

Slighting not the humblest power
  Kindly lent me still:
Like the starlight and the dewdrop,
  I would do thy will.

Thus may dust and ashes praise thee,
  Till new vigor come;
Or this frame, its hold releasing,
  Send the spirit home!"

Thus she sitteth, watching, praying,
  At the heavenly gate,
Knowing that the good All-Father
  Blesseth those who wait.

THE CHARACTER OF ZIMMERMANN.

THE fame of his treatise on the "Influence of Solitude" has echoed the name of Zimmermann through the world. Born at Brugg, a little town on the banks of the Aar, near Zurich, he received an elaborate education, covering the various provinces of history, science, philosophy, and poetry. His masculine understanding made him a good proficient in mathematics, politics, and statistics, while his uncommon sensibilities and taste gave him delighted range in the richer field of romantic literature. He was familiar with the Greek and Latin poets, the best German and French authors, and the English Shakespeare, Pope, Thomson, and Young. He must have had by nature, not only a clear and powerful intelligence, but also an unusually tender and noble heart.

He was greatly capable of enthusiastic admirations. When still a mere youth, studying his profession at Göttingen under the celebrated Haller, he felt the warmest love and reverence for this great physician, formed relations of charming intimacy with him, and afterwards wrote a glowing life of him. In his old age, the last flame of his hero-worship broke out with tenacious heat and brilliancy in connection with the king of

Prussia, Frederick the Great. His soul was fitted to enjoy friendship in its most sacred delicacies. His writings and his life abound with the proofs. What a gracious charm of sincerity and fervor breathes in his numerous allusions to his friends in his literary works! This is especially the case when he refers, as over and over he does in his "Solitude," to Lavater, Hotze, Hirtzel, Tissot. He was highly esteemed by his friends, on whom his many noble qualities made their proper impression. We have a life of him written by Tissot, who does full justice to his renowned and lamented associate.

He was exceedingly fortunate, too, in his wife. A niece of Haller, she was lovely in person and mind, with the mildest temper, the softest voice, extreme cultivation and brightness, and fascinating manners. While she lived, she was his sweet and sure asylum from every care. When dying, she said, "O my poor Zimmermann! who will understand thee now?" The first shock of tangible affliction he had known was her death: the second, following a few years later, was the death, by consumption, of his only daughter, whose worth he has affectingly celebrated in his literary masterpiece. Some time later, he married, again, a beautiful and estimable lady, whose assiduous fondness alleviated as far as possible the miseries of his remaining years. For, gifted as Zimmermann was with talents and accomplishments, true and kind as his friends were, widely as his celebrity as author and physician extended, he was still, a great deal of the time, a wretchedly unhappy man.

Now, turning to our author in his character of a morbid shunner of men, a sentimental courter of solitude, let us study him on the reverse of what should have been his rich and sunny side. What is the philosophy of his shrinking recluseness? The unsocial side of Zimmerman was based in twofold disease: first, the mental disease of an excessively sharp and constant desire to be appreciated, to be noticed and admired; secondly, the bodily disease of hypochondria,—that sickly irritability which results from an overtasking of the nervous system. Carlyle says, "He had an immense conceit

of himself, and generally too thin a skin for this world. A person of fine, graceful intellect, high, proud feelings, and tender sensibilities, hypochondria was the main company he had." He suffered dreadfully from what may be called social hyperesthesia, a morbid over-feeling of the relations between himself and others. At twenty, while yet a student in the University, he wrote to his friend Tissot, "I pass every hour of my life here like a man who is determined not to be forgotten by posterity." Later, when established as a physician in his native village, the feeling of his own superiority to the rude people around him destroyed all comfort in intercourse with them. Still later, when promoted to a more courtly sphere, as physician to the king of Hanover, a keen perception of the neglect he received from some, of the envy and gall of others, of the innumerable foibles and vices of most, incessantly nettled and depressed him, and kept him in a ferment of misery. Had he possessed a stable self-complacency, contemptuous of foreign opinion, or calmly superior to it; could he have been content with the approval of his own conscience, trying himself by the fixed standard of duty, — his distress and melancholy would have been unknown. But the idea and desire of being thought highly of by all were nailed to his imagination and heart, and they fastened him in misery.

His impartial biographer says, "Many parts of his work betray the feebleness of his nerves, and the peevishness of his temper. But there was a striking difference between his manners and his writings. When with others, he was always generous, gentle, and polite, incapable of saying an offensive word. He always made his patients his friends, by the unwearied complaisance of his attentions. But the moment he was alone, and at his desk, his urbanity left him, and he grew satirical: his natural energy, his vehement love of virtue and hatred of vice, carried him away, and he painted the worse characteristics of men in the liveliest colors." His very words seem to tingle with indignation, when he speaks of hearing dolts praised for their learning, and atrocious villains complimented on their well-known humanity. He seems

misanthropic, only because the glowing height of his ideal of humanity ironically condemns the base deviations from it which are so common. If he said, "Who lives with wolves must join in their howls," he also said, "He alone is fit for solitude who is like nobody, liked by nobody, and likes nobody."

The chief and chronic happiness of man ought to arise from himself and his own conduct. Feeling that his witness is on high, he ought to be satisfied with the approval of his own conscience, and not rise and fall in soul, like a barometer, with the favors and frowns of other men. The misery of Zimmermann originated in his inability to secure this self-sufficing independence. It is astonishing to see how clearly he knew the truth he so grossly failed to practise. "It is not," he says, "my doctrine, that men should reside in deserts, or sleep like owls in the hollow trunks of trees; but I am anxious to expel from their minds the excessive fear which they too frequently entertain of the opinion of the world. I would, as far as is consistent with their respective stations in life, render them independent. I wish them to break the fetters of prejudice, to imbibe a just contempt for the vices of society; and to seek occasionally a rational solitude, where they may so far enlarge their sphere of thought and action as to be able to say, at least for a few hours every day, 'We are free.'" Yet the writer of this fine paragraph was never free from the bondage against which he so well inveighs. Vanity was his colossal foible. His elation at the attentions of Frederick, the pomp of happiness with which he proclaims the flattering gift and letter sent him by the Russian Empress Catherine, are ludicrous. And the cleaving agony he suffered from every mark of opposition or undervaluation tends to provoke laughter in one class of spectators as much as pity in another. If the poetic side of his suceptibilities challenges admiration, their personal side is obnoxious to contempt. When he had been blamed for an article which he had published in some medical review, he says, "There arose against me a universal shrieking-combination, a woman-epidemic." It is obvious that much of his pain originated in

the sore imagination that he occupied a greater space in the thoughts of others than he really did, and that he was less favorably judged by them than he desired to be and believed he deserved to be.

Zimmermann has been a prominent member of the Apostolate of Solitude. He experienced it so thoroughly, meditated on it so patiently, in its wretchedness aud in its happiness, in its inspiring influence and in its blighting influence; he saw the truths on both sides of the subject so sharply, — that, on the whole, he has handled the theme with remarkable fairness. He has not been frightened by the appearance of inconsistency, but has stated the facts of the case in its opposite aspects with energetic boldness. Here are some of his scattered aphorisms: "Number is the father of impudence; unity is its enemy." "Genius stagnates in solitude: where merit shines, merit is kindled." "Those who are good alone should not be left alone." "We are most of us, even in our maturest age, infants: we cannot go alone." "Great characters are their own heralds, though they have thousands to announce them."

A few hours before expiring, Zimmermann uttered these words, the last that he spoke, "I am dying: leave me alone." He died: they left him alone in his coffin underground, — at least, seemed to leave there such part of him as may be left in any material enclosure; for the power of God reclaims at once his returning child, the bosom of nature soon her sundered elements.

Two generations had passed, when, at sunset, after a day of calm beauty, in the summer of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, the writer of this sketch, a pilgrim from America, stood in the burial-ground of the quiet and quaint old city of Hanover beside that deserted tomb. He pondered the lessons written and lived for the benefit of others by the silent slumberer beneath his feet. He meditated on the different forms of human loneliness, their causes, their acccompaniments and results. His musing ended in a peaceful thought, which blended the memory of the once-popular author with the loneliness of death and oblivion, and with a

fame glimmering swiftly over the nations of the earth to subside in the dark silence of the grave. Kneeling then, half-unconscious of what he did, he wrote with traceless finger on the stone, Here Zimmermann drinks his fill of solitude!

W. R. A.

REQUISITES FOR COMMUNION WITH GOD.

One evening while I was in the army the conversation between myself and a party of soldiers, somewhat inclined to scepticism, was directed to the promise of Divine help in trouble, which they had just read from one of the Psalms, "He shall call upon me and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver and honor him." They doubted whether it was ever fulfilled otherwise than in the imagination of fanatics. One of them said, there was a certain occasion in his life when he believed he had tried it with all the earnestness and sincerity of his heart. It was in a time of very great family affliction. He had gone into his closet and knelt down and cried unto God from the very depths of his soul, hoping that in some way he would manifest his presence and afford him consolation. But it was all in vain. There was no sign given that he was heard. His grief was finally worn away by contact with the world. And never since that day had he tried to meet God in prayer.

The experience of this soldier is doubtless only a repetition of what is happening in a great number of cases. There are many persons, the world over, who are able to find no reality in their efforts to commune with God. They go to him in the midst of some great adversity and call upon him for assistance. But their petitions do not seem to be answered; there is no ray of light that falls on their pathway, no word of cheer that is heard in the depth of their souls; and, as a result, they conclude that this Divine promise is all a delusion, or at least was never meant for them.

Where is the difficulty? Is there really any such thing as spiritual communion? Was the promise of God meant for

all ages of the world? And, if so, what are the requisites on our part to its enjoyment?

The difficulty is nowhere but in ourselves. The divine promise was meant for all time and for all lands. Our heavenly Father is always ready to do his part. And, if we ourselves are in a right condition, there is no reason why we should not have the communion of his Spirit as truly now as his children did in the days of old.

First of all we need to have an inward susceptibility to the divine presence and power of God. The person who comes before him with no development of his spiritual nature and with his heart all crusted over with sin, even though it be in the midst of trouble, has no right to expect that he will receive at once an answer to his petitions. The answer may indeed be ready, yea God himself in all the majesty and power of his Spirit may be round about him; but he has no inward means with which to know it. He is like a blind man who goes out of doors to see the sunlight, or a deaf man who tries in his trouble to be soothed by the power of music. How absurd for the one to say that God has ceased to send abroad his sunshine over the earth, or for the other to complain that music is no longer possessed of power to cheer the troubled breast! What they need is to have those senses which were made to take cognizance of sounds and sights quickened into new activity and new life; and then, without any change in the outward world, the music and the sunlight will rush in upon them with all their old power to cheer and console. And so with the man who complains that in the day of trouble he is able to find no relief in prayer and nothing to bring him into communion with God, his first step should be the repentance of sin and the quickening of his own spiritual insight. We are furnished with separate faculties to perceive God, just as much as we are with separate senses for the perception of sights and sounds. Spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned. If we seek after God and are not able to find him, the fact proves not the absence of God but the deadness of our own spiritual nature. We need to be born again; need to purge our hearts of their

impurity, need to anoint our inward vision anew with the power of divine truth; and then, like the blind man, we shall find, as fast as our eyes are opened, that God, even in the darkest hour of misfortune, is all around us in a flood of light, and ready to pour his full richness into every dark place of our souls.

Then, as another requisite, we must understand the language in which the Divine will is expressed. To be conscious merely of a person's presence is the lowest kind of communion, such as we are able to have with nature and with the brute creation, and is not what the soul yearns for in its day of trouble. We wish for a real answer to our prayers, for some manifestation of Divine friendship, some expression of sympathy, some word of counsel and direction, something to make us realize that God is indeed a Father. And how is an answer of this kind to be given? We have no right, none certainly in this age of the world, to expect it will ever come with an audible voice. The day of miracles has gone by; we are living under a dispensation of the spirit. And human methods of intercourse are not the ones we should naturally look for in our relations with God. The written page and the spoken word, however, are not the only means by which, even among men, we are able to hold communion with each other. There are lines and shades on the face so subtle and delicate that only the trained eye of friendship can see them, full of meaning, and which we are able to read as clearly as any thing that was ever put in type or written out with the hand. There are tones and quavers in the voice of those we know and love, which the ear of no stranger is able to interpret, that come to us laden with a far richer meaning than any thing which is conveyed in the words which even they themselves articulate. And oftentimes when we are called upon to communicate with each other under new relations, as in the telegraph and in secret correspondence, we throw aside the old alphabet, and adopt a set of signals entirely new. So likewise in our communion with God; — we speak to him with no audible voice, with hardly the shaping of our thoughts, but with the presenta-

tion, as it were, of our minds phase after phase to his all seeing eye; and he in turn speaks to us with the language of symbols and signs, with subtle impulses and stirrings in the depths of the soul, with sudden flashes of light in the mind, with new thoughts and suggestions from the phenomena of the outward world, and with a delicate breath fainter than the softest murmur of the evening breeze, which comes and goes through all the avenues of our spiritual nature.

It is impossible, however, that a language of this kind should be understood as a mere natural endowment. It is only in the perfect hush of the soul that we are able to hear the still small voice of God, only when we have gone to him day after day in the morning offering and the evening prayer that we are able to get at the full meaning of what he speaks. The person who has never learned the first word of its interpretation, and who rushes into his presence unfreed from the jar of the world and the revelry of passion, has no right to complain that his prayers have received no answer. It is just as if he were to send a message over the wires to a distant country and then say that no reply had been given because it had come to him not in round English, but in the mystic lines and dots of the telegraphic alphabet. The reply is all there, and given in the only language that the medium of communication will admit of; and there is nothing to prevent him from understanding it but the want of greater intelligence on the part of himself. So in our communion with God, the clearness of the answers he gives us will be in exact proportion to the culture and development of our own spiritual being. When our Saviour was praying at Bethany, Father glorify thy name, and there came a voice from heaven saying I have both glorified it and will glorify it again, some of the people standing by said it thundered, and others that an angel spake; and it was only our Saviour's spiritual ear hearing the same sound, that knew it was the voice of God. When Peter was at Joppa and a great sheet was let down to him in a vision from heaven filled with all manner of fowls and beasts and creeping things, and a voice said, Rise, Peter, kill and eat, it was only

as a meaningless dream until by the spirit of God he was furnished with the right key to its interpretation. In those glorious days of inspiration that we read of in the Bible, when the earth was full of wonders and signs, and when God every day was sending down a message to his children, there were thousands and thousands of dull minds living in the very midst of Israel's prophets and bards, and looking up into the same heavens and abroad over the same earth, unto whom there was no open vision. It is this human dulness, the same now as in the olden time, which is the chief obstacle in the way of our communion with God. The line of prayer is stopped up only so far as it reaches unto our own hearts. It is well known that after that great enterprise of our day, the Atlantic cable, was completed across the ocean, and its messages from Europe actually received on the American shore, there were still some delay and confusion in our obtaining them here, because the short connection between its terminus and our chief cities was so incomplete; and the first thing which had to be done before we could take full advantage of its wonderful power was to re-establish a telegraphic line across the bays and rivers on our own soil. And so in our communion with God. The great line across the infinite depths of the Divine nature is complete. Christ laid it ages ago, yea, there has been something of the kind there from the first sunrise of Eden; but the nerves of feeling, the subtle wires between its terminus in humanity and our own spiritual nature, have been broken down or never truly laid. There are gulfs of passion, wastes of the world, rivers of earthly affection by which the celestial current is interrupted. The great thing we now need is not more clearness, more connection on the part of God, but more intelligence, more means of reaching that connection on the part of ourselves. The stories which are told of the divine counsel and guidance which the quietists and mystics even of our Christian faith have experienced, are based on a solid foundation of fact. The communications of God, so far as he himself is concerned, are not only coming continually over the mighty abyss between eternity and time, but coming as

clear and explicit in the present age of the world as they ever did in the days of old. And when our souls are quickened to perceive them, as now and then they are in all deep spiritual experience, we find the whole world is written over with a diviner meaning: there is a message of his in every flower and in every star; the changing events of life, so meaningless to all other eyes, are the dots and lines with which he reveals to us some glorious lesson of his Providence; and in the depths of our human hearts there are suggestions, intuitions, yearnings and promptings, the touches of God's spirit, which speak to us of divine counsel, sympathy and care as really and truly as though they came to us in the sound of articulate words.

Thirdly, we need a deep and long cherished love between ourselves and God, as a requisite to the fullest communion with him in the day of trouble. It is not merely the presence and speech of a person, but the relation in which he has before stood to us, which is able to give our intercourse with him its highest value. The words of a stranger, it matters not how wise and precious they may be in themselves, are never able to go home to the heart with such a rich and consoling power as those which are spoken by a friend. Who is it that we instinctively seek in all times of trial and affliction? Who does the child cry after when it is sick and pained? Who does the wife write to in the midst of her sorrow and perplexity? Who does the boy think of first when he is cut down on the field of battle? Who the father and mother crave to have around them, when the pulse is beating low and a shadow not of earth is creeping up over the pillow? Is it not always the nearest and dearest friend,—the mother, husband, child, or all of these together? What a richness there is in their sympathy and kindness! We feel the value of them now as we never did before. Their most indifferent and common place actions come to us laden with all the heart's wealth. Who has not felt in his times of trial what inspiration there was even in the glance of an eye or the clasp of a hand, when it came from one that he has known and prized? And the longer and

deeper our affection for each other has been, the more precious and powerful is the aid which our friends are found to give us in our time of need.

And so it is in our communion with God. If He has been to us only as a stranger, if we are going now for the first time into his presence, it matters not how great on his part are the manifestations of divine glory and kindness, they never can come home to our souls with all their meaning and power. It is only so far as we have loved him in the past, only so far as we have laid hold not only of his truth but of his heart, that we are able to experience the full worth of his communion. The power of his presence is intensified with all the holy memories and associations that we have clustered around it. The face unto which we have looked with thanksgiving at the marriage hour, is able to shine upon us with new brightness when we go to it for consolation at the parting of death. The words of Scripture, that to the careless eye are endowed only with a common place meaning, are changed into jewels of priceless worth when we have learned to read them as the utterance of a loving Father. And, like the page of black and white whose crooked words traced by the hand of wife or child have a line of beauty and a glow of light within them such as no grace of art or richness of color could ever give, the dark and crooked path of life, yea the very sorrow out of which we pray for consolation, is found by those who trace its meaning by the heart's glow to be the writing of some answered prayer and rich already with divinest cheer.

This subject is one which comes home to every human being with a deep and practical significance. In the midst of health and strength, in the sunny days of prosperity and pleasure, in those gladsome hours when the smiles of friendship are lavished full and rich upon us, we may indeed forget God, and at least content ourselves with the communion of earth. But these lower blessings will not last forever. The day of trouble is sure sooner or later in all human experience to come upon us. Our health and strength will waste away, the shadow of adversity creep over our sky, our beauty

be turned into ashes, the sweet ties of friendship now so mighty to uphold our hearts, snapped asunder by the grave. And it is then that we shall feel the need of an arm to lean upon mightier than aught of earth, then, if never before, that we shall cry out for the communion of God.

But with all the goodness of our heavenly Father, and with all the force and frequency with which he has promised to hear us in the day of trouble, it will not do for us to wait till that day actually comes, in the thought that we shall then, as a matter of course, be able to receive it. The question as to whether it will be really ours depends not on the avenues of our earthly thought and feeling, not on any sudden opening of our hearts to have it, but on the spiritual preparation that we have made already with many an hour of still and secret worship in the depths of our being. What is light to him who has no eyes to see it? What is counsel to the mind which has never been trained to understand it? What is love, even the priceless wealth of divine love, to the heart which has no yearning for its immortal blessings? The man of wordly and material life, the one who has never cultivated the inner hearing and sight or who in health and strength and the presence of earthly companions has deliberately cut the acquaintance of God, has surely no right to complain that he is not able all at once to get into the audience chamber on high, or to understand the everlasting speech. It is now in the day of health and strength, now in the fulness of our powers, now while the way of knowing him is laid open so plain before us, that we need to feel his spirit, to read his language, and to open our hearts to his wealth of love. The long line of communion that we would use in the darkness and storms of winter we must lay down in the bright summer days, when the skies are fair and the seas are calm. And when this is done, when we have once established the means by which his influence subtler and swifter than electric fire shall be received and read in our souls, there is no disappointment so dark that the touch of his spirit will not be able to brighten it, no burden of sickness and care so heavy that the inspiration of his counsel will not

make it light, no anguish of bereavement so bitter and keen that the whisper of his love will not wreathe it over with consolation. It is in the solitude of earth that his voice will have its richest meaning, in the night of sorrow that his smile, starlike, will shine the brightest, in the place where the weary head rests only on a pillow of stone that our prayer, like Jacob's ladder, will reach the highest into heaven. J. C. K.

SOME OLD BOOKS.

I AM sitting in a minister's study. The shelves around me contain a motley collection, the result of the various wants and tastes of at least three generations, male and female. Here are theology and history, novels and poetry, children's story-books and well-worn school-books. Here are keepsakes from the nation, in volumes of Public Documents sent by some member of Congress to his reverend constituent; and here are keepsakes from the State, in the School Reports of bygone years. Here are presents from friends, each probably suggesting to the owner some interesting memory of the past; and here are books bought of travelling agents, which apparently, not having been wanted, have never been read. Here are old books of architecture, full of plans of old-fashioned houses, with immense chimneys and never a closet. Here is an Encyclopædia, published sixty years ago, and therefore slightly deficient in some matters of a scientific and an industrial character, to say nothing of history and general literature. Here are aids to Scriptural interpretation, Rosenmüller and Schleusner; and here is an old copy of Doddridge's prolix but sensible "Expositor."

Perhaps among these volumes there may be some which are old enough to be new; worth looking at for something curious about them, if not for something edifying.

Here are Sterne's sermons, or, as the oddity who wrote them chose to entitle them, "The Sermons of Mr. Yorick," borrowing a name from the jester of whom Hamlet makes

honorable mention. Here is Sterne's portrait, however, with his true name under it; and looking, in spite of clerical gown and wig, as if he might have something in him, of him whose name he affected, — "a fellow of infinite wit and humor." Eighty years ago, when Dodsley published these volumes, they were very popular, their way having been heralded by the single sermon that Corporal Trim reads in "Tristram Shandy." Now their eloquence is as antiquated as Shandy's free and easy wit. Their present owner might plunder thoughts from them *ad libitum*, only — he would have to read them; a task, which, I think he has not frequently undertaken.

Here is a thin volume in German, the "Poems of Hölty," who died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1776. Its titlepage bears the words "Edited by his friends, Frederic Leopold, Count Stollberg, and John Henry Voss." So the literary aristocrat and the stern, laborious schoolmaster read together, not always with dry eyes, the lines of their fellow-student, sometimes tender and sometimes sprightly, and felt their own friendship knit more closely by the memory of their friend. Alas! who can tell the future? Nearly forty years had passed from the days of that brotherly labor, when, in their old age, the divergent tendencies of their respective castes estranged the nobleman and the man of the people. Stollberg joined the Catholic Church; and, in his position and the state of Germany at the time, the act had not only a religious, but a political and literary importance. The example was a dangerous one to the cause of intellectual advancement; and Voss came to the rescue of that cause, against his old friend, in a book entitled "How lost Fred. Stollberg his freedom?" (Wie ward Fritz Stollberg ein Unfreier?) The count died soon after; people said, of a broken heart, though that supposition is not necessary to explain the decease of a man over seventy. He left, however, a reply to Voss, ably and gently written, which was published after his death; and the old age of the great champion was embittered by the controversy that ensued.

Oh that true-hearted men, arrayed on opposite sides, — as they will be, from the imperfection of human knowledge and

the strength of prejudice, — could but learn to do justice to each other!

The following translation from Hölty was written several years since, independently of the beautiful version by Rev. C. T. Brooks: —

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh! she is gone that sung the songs of May,
The minstrel bird,
Who thrilled the wide grove with her melody,
No longer heard;
She whose soft tones deep in my bosom sank,
When by the stream
I lay, that, mid the flowers upon its bank,
Is seen to gleam.

From her full breast how clear that song arose,
That silver sound!
Echo, from out her cave, at every close
Light murmured round,
And country songs and rural minstrelsy
Responsive rung;
And maidens moved in simple dance, by thee,
Bright moon! o'erhung.

On mossy seat, a youth with rapture listens
Each heavenly note;
His young bride's eye with deep emotion glistens
As round they float.
They press each other's hand, as thou art heard,
Gently and still:
They would hear none but thee, though every bird
Should prove his skill.

They listened till afar was heard to rise
The evening chime,
And Hesperus the pathway of the skies
Began to climb.
Then homeward turned, fanned by the breath of May,
Their gentle breast
Filled with soft feelings, wakened by thy lay,
And pleasant rest.

Here is an old book, picked up by a friend of the present owner, in a New-York bookstore. It is "The Decrees and Canons of the Holy and Œcumenical Council of Trent," a small volume in Latin, bearing date, Antwerp, 1694. The lower part of the titlepage represents the council in session,

the sacred dove hovering over the assembled fathers. Here, too, are the effigies of the Popes, Paul III., Julius III., Pius IV., under whose reigns the council held its long-drawn sessions. Venerable men they were, if these pictures represent them rightly. Perhaps they cherished the hope, that the council to which they gave their sanction would restore the Church to unity under the sway of their triple crown. But that rule, though it answered a purpose in Divine Providence during the dark ages, was never to be restored to what it once had been. As "the dead nations never rise again," so is it with institutions which no longer represent the feelings, nor answer to the wants, of mankind; and such is the papacy, notwithstanding its wonderful tenacity of life.

This volume, however, yields in age to another; for this copy of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is, in spite of its modern binding, upwards of two hundred years old. It was printed at Cambridge in England, in 1665. Its titlepage exhibits a hideous female figure, bearing in its extended hand the sun and a chalice, with the motto, *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra*, and identified by an inscription below as *Alma Mater Cantabrigia*. The volume was once the property of "the Right Hon^ble^ Sir Thomas Trevor, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of Her Majesties court of common Pleas," as we are informed by the title under the armorial bearings of Sir Thomas, and bearing the date of 1702.

As I handle this old volume, my thoughts go back to a more distant antiquity, the age of the Ptolemies in Egypt, by whose order this translation of the Old Testament into Greek was made. What was the true origin of its name, — the Septuagint, the Seventy? The legend is, that there were seventy learned men sent from Jerusalem to Alexandria; that each in a separate cell translated the whole Hebrew Bible without aid from the others; and that, through the directing agency of the Holy Spirit, the numerous versions were found in perfect agreement. The truth that underlies this story, probably, is simply, that there was a large number of persons employed in the translation, and that they worked harmoniously and successfully. They were Jews, and had never heard of the

Trinity; an encouragement to us to believe that Unitarians can work together, however rare such agreement may be in our day.

Even a scholar may find this copy of the Septuagint not easy to read; for, as if Greek were not hard enough, every contraction is introduced which can make the text look more crabbed. If you want to consult the Septuagint, look rather at this, the earliest attempt by an American to render the Scriptures into English. It is the "Translation of the Bible," by Charles Thompson, Secretary of the Revolutionary Congress.

Whoever remembers Trumbull's picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," will recall the tall figure of the secretary, as he stands by the side of Hancock, to receive the important document from the committee who present it. This patriot statesman was led to his theological labor, if I have heard the story rightly, by an accident. He chanced to be in an auction store as an odd volume in Greek was offered for sale. He bought it, found it to be a part of the Bible, and amused himself by translating it. Some time after, he bought another volume in a similar manner; and, struck by the coincidence, completed his work. The New Testament is from the commonly received Greek text; but on the famous passage, 1 John v. 7, there is a note, stating the most important critical grounds for the rejection of the passage, and quoting Beza and Calvin against considering it, even if genuine, as applicable to the doctrine of the Trinity. The Old Testament is from the Greek of the Septuagint; and is of interest, as exhibiting the differences that exist between that version and our common bibles. Those who have read Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" are aware that these differences are considerable. There is a psalm in the Greek which is not in the Hebrew, — consequently not in our bibles; and, in the historical books, sometimes the order of arrangement is different, and sometimes additions are made to the text. The additional psalm reads thus in Thompson's translation: —

"I was little among my brethren, and the youngest of my

father's family. I fed my father's flocks. My hands had made an organ, and my fingers had tuned a psaltery. But who will tell my Lord? My Lord himself heareth. He sent his messenger, and took me from my father's flocks, and anointed me with anointing oil. My brothers were comely and great, but the Lord did not delight in them. I went out to meet the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols. But I drew his own sword, and cut off his head, and took away reproach from the children of Israel."

Few will suppose this psalm to be genuine; and the other alterations and additions made in the Septuagint have still less claim to consideration. The result of an examination of this version is to make one value more highly the venerable original, and the translation from it that is in common use.

The translation of Secretary Thompson, both in the Old and the New Testament, is faithful rather than elegant. Sometimes it is literal even to a fault; yet it not unfrequently sheds light on the meaning of the original. There are occasional notes, such as that already spoken of, showing a knowledge of scriptural criticism which could scarce have been expected of an American layman in the last century. Few, probably, even among the clergy, then gave a thought to any other bible than that of King James's translators. The work which Secretary Thompson undertook was in advance of his age; and, creditable as his learning and abilities were, the magnitude of his task was far beyond them. His attempt is nearly forgotten; yet it was an honorable one to himself and to the rising nation, which thus brought its earliest contribution to the cause of scriptural interpretation.

Here is another book, "The Works of the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man." It is in two volumes folio, the second presenting to us the portrait of the good bishop, with fair, round, pleasant English face, arrayed in his episcopal robes, and holding in his hand a map of his singular diocese, the Isle of Man. A strange little island it was, anciently a kingdom in itself; and, even in this bishop's time, governed according to its own quaint old laws and customs, by a deputy appointed

by the Earl of Derby, the heir of its ancient sovereigns. The allusion to it in one of Wordsworth's sonnets, and the description in "Peveril of the Peak," lead us to take up with interest the works of its venerated bishop. He presided over its spiritual interests for nearly fifty-eight years, from his consecration to the episcopal office to his death in 1755, at the age of ninety-three. His office was not without its difficulties, the worst of which was a collision into which he came with the temporal authority of the island, in a matter of church discipline. The bishop excommunicated the governor's lady, and the governor retorted by fining and imprisoning the bishop. Both parties were apparently in the wrong, but the bishop was at least conscientious: the sufferings he endured brought into clearer light some of his noble qualities, and the sentence against him was reversed upon his appeal to the king in council.

Among the bishop's works we find his "Sacra Privata," an aid to Christian meditation which is still in use; and many prayers and treatises of instruction. A "History of the Isle of Man," and a "Form of Prayer for the Herring Fishery," remind us of the peculiarities of his location. There is a very curious work, entitled "The Indian Instructed," in the form of a succession of dialogues between an Indian and a missionary. The child of the forest is a model of courtesy and intelligence, listening to the missionary's long explanations of abstruse doctrines, not only with patience, but with an eagerness to learn and an ability to understand which are much more edifying than probable.

But, though we may smile at the portrait drawn from fancy, by one who understood Arminian theology better than he did the characters of North-American Indians, we cannot look over the good bishop's life, without rendering to his memory our cordial admiration. If he was tenacious of his spiritual authority, he used it uprightly. If he would not bend to the assumptions of the civil power, neither would he retaliate when the advantage was on his side. He refused to bring a suit for damages against the governor who had imprisoned him; and to another who had been prominent in opposing

him, he afterwards had the noble revenge of affording relief in circumstances of distress. Zealous in all that related to the religious instruction of the islanders, he was attentive also to the relief of poverty among them, raising the portion of his revenue which he appropriated to charity as his means increased, till more than half appears to have been thus devoted. His bishopric was the poorest in the realm, but he refused repeated offers to change it for another. It entitled him to a seat in the House of Lords, though not to a vote; but he could never be induced to attend, saying, "The Church should have nothing to do with the State. Christ's kingdom is not of this world."

"See here, my lords," said Queen Caroline, as he approached on some occasion when he had to attend at court, "is a bishop who does not come for a translation." — "No, indeed; an't please your majesty," said the bishop, "I will not leave my wife in my old age because she is poor."

And with the pleasant contemplation of such a character in a Christian minister, we leave for the present our meditations among the books. S. G. B.

SCRIPTURAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ETHICS.

Gibbon, in speaking of the religion founded by Zoroaster, remarks, that any form of belief, in order to attain wide and lasting influence in the world, must, in many particulars at least, inculcate such moral precepts as are in harmony with those perceptions of right which are inherent in the nature of man. This theory, reasonable in itself and abundantly supported by the facts of history, does not in any wise conflict with the equally reasonable supposition, that the precepts of a true revelation would be in accordance with the moral sense of those to whom it might be addressed; that is to say, with the highest reasonings and the best intuitions of the purest and wisest among those who had never had the opportunity of listening to its instructions. It is true, that the acceptance

of it reduces the argument derived from this latter supposition — that a religion possessing marked adaptation to our moral nature must of necessity be divine — from its high rank as a positive proof; and makes the inculcation of a lofty morality a condition precedent, without which the claims of no religion to a heavenly origin can be considered, rather than a claim in itself. But the Christian revelation, so well supplied with other arguments and evidences, can well afford to allow this to take its proper position as an introductory proof.

Independently, however, of its bearing upon the evidences, the agreement between the teachings of the Bible and those of the best heathen moralists is a subject which well repays attention, by its own interest, and by the view which it gives of the different aspects which the same truth may assume, and of the various reasonings by which it may be inferred and enforced.

Of all heathen ethical writings, those of the Greeks and Romans claim the pre-eminence, not only from their superior elegance, but likewise because they are connected with schools of philosophy, instead of being encumbered by a union with mythology, which, partly allegorical and partly traditional in its origin, has never, among any people, been fit to form the foundation of a pure system of morality. The gods of Olympus were indeed worshipped in the earlier ages, not merely by the lower classes, but by men of intellect and culture. Homer and Pindar believed in their existence; and, willingly shutting their eyes to their imperfections, adored their virtues, trusted in them as the defenders of the innocent, and sang immortal hymns in their honor. But, in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era, these mythical beings held, among men of learning and refinement, a position but little different from that which has been accorded to them in modern times. Their exploits and their attributes were made the subject of graceful verse; were sometimes used to assist the action of the drama; or were introduced by way of illustration in graver writings, with some qualifying clause, such as, "according to the myth," or "as the story goes." Per-

haps some dreamy wanderer might still fancy that he heard the voice of the naiad mingling with the sound of her waters, or strive to wed the feminine loveliness of the dryad with the masculine grandeur of the oak; but for actual belief in the ancient marvels, it could be found, if at all, only among the populace.

In those days flourished satire, the natural expression of scorn and disgust, elicited by the unrestrained license of an unbelieving age; for though the idea of an unjust and evil-minded deity, who relentlessly punishes in others the same acts that he himself performs, be incapable of inspiring true reverence, yet dread of the punishment itself had not hitherto been without a wholesome influence in restraining men from crime.

But the office of the satirist, lashing with sharp stroke the vices and follies of the day, sinks to an affinity with that of the public executioner, when compared with the priestly dignity of the philosopher, who, surrounded though he was by the prevailing corruption, dwelt ever in the temple of purity, and loved and honored the abstract ideal of that perfect virtue, of which he could find neither earthly nor heavenly embodiment. Then, in its turn, the absence of any such recognized embodiment called into exercise that tendency to personification, which is shared, though not equally, by the savage and the sage: so that we see the wise and philosophic Cicero writing to his son of the "form" and "countenance, so to speak," of goodness; and quoting an older philosopher, who speaks with enthusiasm of the love which the beauty of wisdom would inspire in the hearts of men, could she but be seen with the eye.

When this intense, disinterested love of virtue thus dwelt in the hearts, not of ignorant mystics, but of learned and eloquent men, we might well expect that it would lead them to the knowledge and promulgation of many valuable truths of practical morality.

Such is indeed the case. Sometimes introduced into writings upon other subjects, and sometimes in treatises wholly devoted to their consideration, may be found pure and lofty

precepts, deduced by cogent reasonings from grand general principles, and enforced by apt illustrations. Often we may meet, in such works, with moral truth, the same in substance as that with which the Scriptures have rendered us familiar, though very differently presented. This difference in the arrangement of truth is, however, an all-important one. The brilliant diamond, most precious of gems, differs from pure carbon, not in the nature, but only in the disposition, of its particles; and thus, by mere variation in the method of its arrangement, the same absolute truth may be made to gain or lose in practical value: so that what in one form would have been disregarded, save by a few, in another may win the admiration of all.

It might be difficult to find a more striking example of this than is furnished by the fact, that the groundwork of that remarkable epitome of duty toward man which has received the well-deserved name of the *golden rule*, is to be found in the writings of the ancient philosophers. The principles upon which it rests, and a rule of conduct derived from them which is eminently just and wise, though destitute of the point and force of the great Christian maxim, may be seen clearly stated in Cicero's valuable little treatise, "De Officiis."

In the narrow compass of this small book is contained a wonderful amount of practical moral wisdom; its precepts, with perhaps one or two exceptions, being in conformity with the loftiest Christian standard of purely human duty. Traversing the dim corridors which the Stoics had hewn out through the dark mine of truth, Cicero was well able to distinguish the virgin lustre of the precious ore from the false glitter of stalactite and stalagmite. Keen of intellect and pure of soul, he was equally unlikely to be deceived by those absurdities in which philosophy, questioned of matters which are beyond her sphere, speaks but the oracles of folly; or to be beguiled by those sophistries which owe their chief support to a covert inclination toward sin. Perhaps a slight consideration of the instructions of such a teacher upon the great subject of duty to our neighbor, or to man as man, may be of some value in illustrating, not only the past deficiencies, but the present

capacity for usefulness, of the ancient dissertations upon morals.

Almost at the commencement of the work (lib. i. ch. 7), Cicero, after slightly touching upon the nature and origin of private rights and the respect due to them, argues that justice requires something more than that others should be left undisturbed in the possession of what is peculiarly their own. "Since," he says, "as Plato nobly wrote, we were not born for ourselves alone, but our country claims an interest, our friends an interest, in our birth; and since, according to the Stoics, all things that come into being upon the earth are created for the use of man; but men exist for men's sake, that they might mutually be of use one to another; we ought, therefore, in this to follow nature as our leader, to bring into the common stock such things as are useful to all, and to bind more closely the ties of human society by the interchange of kind offices, by giving, by receiving, by the various occupations of life also, by labor, and the proper use of our possessions."

Thus he lays the only foundation upon which a rule of duty, strictly mutual in its operation, can rest, in the primary equality of mankind; not deriving the principle, however, from the common fatherhood of God, but considering that men must be created for men's sake, because there is not, as in the case of the inferior beings, any higher race upon earth whose interests they can subserve. From this idea he first infers, that it is the duty of every man to promote the general good.

Farther on (lib. i. ch. 16), under the head of "Beneficence," he makes the same principle the basis of duty toward individuals in all the various relationships of life. After mentioning, by way of introduction, the tie of reason and speech which "unites men among themselves," and the differences which separate them from the brute creation, he asserts, that in this widest society of men should vest the right to all things which are not otherwise disposed of by general or local law; and then continues the subject in this manner: —

"Those things seem the common property of all men that

are of the kind of which Ennius gives a single example, which may stand for a large class: —

> 'Who kindly guides the wanderer on his way,
> Lights, as it were, his torch with friendly ray;
> Nor on its bearer doth his own shine less,
> When thus its kindling beams another bless.'

By this one illustration he teaches, plainly enough, that whatever can be afforded without loss should be bestowed, even upon a stranger. Wherefore it is, for instance, the common duty of all to grant access to running water, to give permission to kindle fire from fire at will, to offer faithful counsel to those in perplexity; all which services are beneficial to the recipients, and not grievous to the giver. Wherefore, also, we should regard these things, and always contribute something to the common weal. But, since the means of individuals are small, while the number of those who are in need is infinite, our general liberality should be restrained within that limit which Ennius gives, 'Nor on its bearer doth his own shine less,' in order that we may have the power to be liberal to those nearer to us." Cicero then proceeds to consider, in an ascending gradation, the claims to friendly service of our countrymen, our relatives, and, above all, our friends.

Now, the similarity and the differences existing between this detailed and amplified teaching and the simple rule of Christ are plain. At first sight, it is true, the differences may appear more obvious than the similarity; but a slight analysis will show, that a man of enlightened mind, acting in good faith upon Cicero's instructions, would pursue, in respect to this class of duties, a precisely similar line of conduct with one who should guide his life by the gospel maxim.

The striking peculiarity of the golden rule is its appeal to consciousness. But what consciousness is it to which this call is addressed? Manifestly, not the absolute, existing consciousness of what we ourselves desire at the time; for it seldom happens that the wishes and mutual relations of two individuals so exactly coincide, that the same specific acts of duty or kindness could be desired by both. It is, then, a species of secondary consciousness which is called into action.

We must endeavor to place ourselves in the position of another, and to look at the question of duty from his standpoint. This, however, is but the first step; for we are next obliged to decide what are the rightful claims to service which can be preferred by one in that position. And here we must be guided by our own reason and knowledge, even as the follower of Cicero would be, with this sole advantage, that we attempt to consider the duties in question as our claim instead of our debt; an advantage whose value depends partly upon the fairness with which we make the attempt, and partly upon the power of our imagination, by which alone we can thus merge our own individuality in that of another. Thus it is, that, as both methods of instruction finally leave the inquirer to discover by the exercise of his reason what may be his duty in any particular case, we may suppose that men of equal enlightenment and fairness of mind, proceeding upon either, would arrive at similar conclusions.

The great difference between these methods lies in the fact that the teachings of Christ are addressed more to the heart, while those of Cicero furnish more of guidance to the intellect. This point of dissimilarity is indeed by no means peculiar to the precept under consideration, but forms a grand distinguishing mark between the Christian and the philosophical systems of moral instruction; and in this may be found the especial value of such treatises as Cicero's ethics, to a certain class of minds at the present day.

It was impossible that such works should exert any very powerful influence among the mass, at the time of their composition; for, beside the difficulty of disseminating them, they presupposed a love of virtue which was far from being general, and addressed themselves simply to the desire of attaining excellence, not to those hopes and fears of men which have always been found the most powerful incentives by which they can be urged to take the first steps in moral improvement. On the other hand, Christianity is well adapted to gain the attention of such as are awake only to their own interest by her promises and threatenings, rendered impressive by the most vivid and tremendous imagery. Not often condescend-

ing to argue upon moral points, her apostles tersely and authoritatively utter their precepts, — the orders of the day and words of command to "the army of the living God." Christianity waits not for the slow decision of the reason, but appeals to the instinctive perceptions and intuitions of the human heart to authenticate and avouch the justice of her commands.

It sometimes happens, however, that these intuitions do not possess their normal strength and activity, being weakened by a disproportionate development of the reasoning powers. Such cases, perhaps more frequent in our time than at any other, must naturally be always rare; yet, when they do occur, the ancient philosophy may be of the greatest service, by presenting moral truth to those powers of the soul which are best able to grasp it. Undoubtedly, such cases should never occur. Undoubtedly, that soul is the best developed and most healthy in its action which gladly welcomes the rays of heavenly light, and needs no artificial intervention to bloom and blossom in its invigorating beams. Yet surely it is well that the feeble plant, which cannot flourish beneath the sunbeams coming down to it directly from the heavens, should be warmed into strength and beauty by those same rays passing through an interposing medium, instead of being left to wither and perish. And who can say that a soul, thus nurtured in the time of its spiritual weakness, may not yet grow up strong and fruitful in the garden of the Lord? L. E. S.

We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Every thing which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices, and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished: it is monstrous, that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers of truth. — *Ecce Homo.*

RANDOM READINGS.

TREATMENT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, AND POLITICAL PREACHING.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is just now the object of a vast deal of virulent criticism. Is he receiving fair treatment? Is it not one of the saddest signs of the times, that, whenever a man of mark is led to change his course of action, or sees reason to make a fresh application of old principles, there are persons without number who immediately cast contempt upon him, if they do not impugn his motives? Their oracle yesterday, he is their pet aversion to-day. All this seems to us very wrong, and very unfavorable to the interests of the truth. We have never regarded Mr. Beecher as a competent guide in Church or State; but just now, as it seems to us, he is not having fair play. We can neither understand nor accept his present position; but we believe that he is a thoroughly honest and earnest man. By the way, the course of the preachers who undertake to instruct their congregations as to the respective merits of the different "policies" does not much commend that sort of pulpit exercise to judicious people. They do a great deal of thinking aloud, which would be much better kept to themselves; and there is seen to be a wide difference between great politico-moral questions, such as the rightfulness or wrongfulness of a war, or the Christian or unchristian character of an institution, and an inquiry as to the wisest and best methods of putting a principle into effect, and a discussion of the character of an accidental or providential ruler. Strongly as we may feel upon matters of party politics, as to which good men are divided; sadly as we may be disappointed in persons and policies; earnestly as we would express ourselves about them on other occasions, we should not feel at liberty to make the sermon or the prayer of the church the vehicles of our expressions. We should be very sorry to belong to a congregation that had been canvassed and num-

bered and posted, like the church of Henry Ward Beecher, to ascertain who was with the President and who was not; and the fact that we chanced for the time to agree with the minister would not make the thing one whit more satisfactory. When Mr. Beecher returned from his vacation, more than the usual crowd assembled, doubtless to hear what he would say about the President and the Congress. He *said nothing;* and it is refreshing to think that the *quid nuncs* went away disappointed. We like practical, earnest, simple preaching on subjects of the day; but just for that Sunday we should have taken an unrighteous satisfaction, we suppose it would have been, had the preacher discoursed upon some theme the farthest possible removed from the hour. Two classes of hearers are little to be desired, — those who cry out "politics!" when the preacher unfolds the right and wrong in social and public relations; and those who come to church to listen for the echo of their own political opinions, and the denunciation of their political opponents. A necessity is sometimes laid upon the minister to offend both these classes. It is a good sign, perhaps, if he altogether satisfies neither; and by some is called extreme, and by others tame. E.

A SHORT "ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE."

How many visits does the minister receive from the male portion of the congregation? Who goes to see him besides the treasurer, and the chairman of the standing committee, and the deacons, and the superintendent of the Sunday school. If others and many others, it is well, and you need not read this "address;" if few or none, it is not well. The minister, according to our Puritan notions and traditions, is the presiding officer of the Church; he is not the Church: moreover he needs your sympathy and your friendly counsel. There are laymen in every parish, — busy no doubt, and for this reason not altogether without excuse, — who might do a great deal of good by simply passing a few hours of every year with the clergyman, and yet withhold themselves altogether. Sometimes he hesitates about going to see them, as one naturally will, when the visiting is all on one side. It is indeed the minister's privilege to visit the congregation, even when unsummoned and unsought; but the relation would be greatly aided,

if the feet of the parishioner were even occasionally upon the pastor's threshold. Do not be afraid of using up his time: he can make no better use of a portion of it than in an interchange of thought and feeling with those who habitually attend upon his ministrations. Has he not a right to feel that his position is a very anomalous and unnatural one, when year after year passes, and many of his congregation have never seen the inside of his dwelling? The omission does not proceed from any want of kind feeling. In many cases it is only carelessness, and it will be enough to have called attention to the subject in this "random reading." Do you know where your minister lives? — or did live at the last accounts? E.

A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

JOHN THORNTON, when he grew to man's estate, continued the traditions of his house, and raised the family fortunes. He was, in business, an active merchant, keen in watching opportunities, and skilful in using them. Eminent for other qualities, he never lost the practised eye of the merchant and his watchful observation. In one of his tours in Ireland, undertaken late in life, to recruit, as was his habit, his strength; and also to furnish a holiday, at his own cost, to hard-worked ministers of the gospel, whom he took with him, — he showed the habits which particularly characterized him. Walking out in the early morning, at Cork, he turned down to the harbor, where a number of vessels, laden with tallow, had just come in. A few questions, addressed by him to the persons connected with them, put him in possession of the facts; and, by a stroke of his pen, he made the cargoes his own. By this adventure, he cleared a handsome profit, more than enough to cover the cost of his tour. From the harbor, he and his friend strolled into a nursery-garden, where they fell in with its humble proprietor. The poor man was in great perplexity, sore hampered for want of capital. Mr. Thornton talked to him, ascertained his circumstances, inquired into his character, and, being satisfied, he by another stroke of his pen helped him out of his troubles, and set him fairly on his feet. We give another example, which is creditable to both the persons concerned; and, as it has been imperfectly stated, we now give it as it occurred, derived from the grandson

of one of the parties. There was a young merchant, engaged in business, who attracted Mr. Thornton's notice. A follower of Wesley, he was warmly attached to him, but no less attached to the Church of England, of which he was a sincere admirer. His family was large, but his capital small. The want of capital cramped his business. One day, Mr. Thornton accosted him on the Exchange, and thus addressed him, "John, I have been thinking much of you and your circumstances. I think, if you had a larger capital, you would soon do a better business." The young man admitted that this was true. "Well," added Mr. Thornton, "ten thousand pounds are at your service as a loan. If you prosper, you will repay me. If you don't, you will never hear of the debt." The young merchant thanked him warmly, but begged a few days for consideration; but days passed, and he did not approach Mr. Thornton, who at last addressed him again, and asked him the reason of his silence. "I have been thinking," was the answer, "of your kind offer; but I feel that I must decline it. If I lost your money, I should be very unhappy; and, through the blessing of God, I am now doing a fair business, and had better remain as I am." Such facts illustrate character, and deserve a record.

In these traits we have an epitome of the man, — a mind not remarkable for intellectual power, but full of sound sense, and practical talents well applied. His industry, tact, and knowledge of business, raised him to wealth; and amongst the thriving merchants of the metropolis he soon held a high position. But he is better known for benevolence, to an amount which was in those days rare, and remarkable at any time. This virtue gave him, and justly, the title of Munificent. Large gains brought him large resources; and a large fortune was spent, not in buying lands and building houses, or setting up a costly establishment, displaying the pomp of plate and splendor of entertainment, but in the better luxury of a discriminating benevolence. His charity ranged far and wide as his business: his was the hand of a merchant prince, scattering largesses over England, and across the seas in other lands, where he dropped seeds of good that bore fruit after he was gone. Wilberforce, who observed him carefully, thus speaks of him, "It was by living with great simplicity of intention and conduct in the practice of a Christian life, more than by any superiority of understanding or of knowledge, that John

Thornton rendered his name illustrious. . . . He anticipated the disposition and pursuits of the succeeding generation. He devoted large sums annually to charitable purposes, especially to the promotion of the cause of religion, both in his own and other countries."

Thus, whilst the poor around him partook of his bounty, he supported schemes of education and piety. Young men of promise were sent by him to college: public seminaries were supplied from his purse: the Dissenting Academy of Newport-Pagnell was maintained at his cost for twenty-seven years. After his death, his son Henry was visited by a student from the United States, who had been brought up in a college founded during the heats of the American War, which owed both its origin and support to the liberality of John Thornton and the Earl of Dartmouth. No wonder that his son records this with honest pride, pointing "to an institution containing a hundred and fifty to two hundred scholars in the New World, now spreading its branches in that hemisphere; of which a few hundred pounds, opportunely given by my own parent, sustained the existence."

Another channel, through which John Thornton applied his liberality, was one characteristic of himself. It was costly, but it had great results. It gave comfort to worthy pastors, help to the poor, hospitality to the stranger; and it also promoted religion. His plan was to buy livings, and present them to deserving clergymen; or, when he found clergymen in livings slenderly endowed, starving on narrow incomes, he supplied them with a yearly revenue, that they might give abundant charity, and exercise hospitality. Thus he gave John Newton two hundred pounds a year during his residence at Olney. He transplanted him to St. Mary Woolnoth, which he purchased for him. He furnished an income to another clergyman in a small vicarage in Bedfordshire. He sent yearly sums to the Independent minister at Newport-Pagnell, to supply him with resources for charity, and with books for his studies. He writes to him, "I should not have suspected your business at Oxford, but it is a blessed one; and, when the wheels stick, I hope to be able to supply you with somewhat that will keep them going. I think the expense is heavier than you are aware of." Again: "I am glad you are beginning a Sunday-school: when you want assistance, you know where to come for it: when you want money, remember I am your banker, and draw freely." Another mode of

charity adopted by him was practical and novel. When he took his holiday, he carried with him some hard-worked ministers, Dissenters or clergymen, to the coast to recruit their strength, entertaining them as his guests.—*From "Wilberforce and his Friends."*

HUMAN NATURE, A NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL THING.

Now, mind you this, first, that I speak either about kings or masses of men with a fixed conviction that human nature is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it, — the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall. But the nature of it, — and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me,— the *nature* of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.

Take the faith in its utmost terms. When the captain of the "London" shook hands with his mate, saying, "God speed you! I will go down with my passengers," *that* I believe to be "human nature." He does not do it from any religious motive, from any hope of reward, or any fear of punishment; he does it because he is a man. But when a mother, living among the fair fields of merry England, gives her two-year-old child to be suffocated under a mattress in her inner room, while the said mother waits and talks outside, *that* I believe to be *not* human nature. You have the two extremes there shortly. And you, men and mothers, who are here face to face with me to-night, I call upon you to say which of these is human and which inhuman, — which "natural" and which "unnatural." Choose your creed at once, I beseech you; choose it with unshaken choice, — choose it for ever. Will you take, for foundation of act and hope, the faith that this man was such as God made him, or that this woman was such as God made her? Which of them has failed from their nature,— from their

present, possible, actual nature; not their nature of long ago, but their nature of now? Which has betrayed it, falsified it? Did the guardian, who died in his trust, die inhumanly and as a fool? and did the murderess of her child fulfil the law of her being? Choose, I say. Infinitude of choices hang upon this. You have had false prophets among you, — for centuries you have had them, solemnly warned against them though you were; false prophets who have told you that all men are nothing but fiends or wolves, half beast, half devil. Believe that, and indeed you may sink to that. But refuse that, and have faith that God "made you upright," though you have sought out many inventions, so you will strive daily to become more what your Maker meant and means you to be, and daily gives you also the power to be; and you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go."— *Ruskin.*

TRUE CATHOLICITY.

Mrs. Wilberforce was, like her brother Mr. Thornton, catholic in her views of religion: she drew no distinction between church and chapel: she followed as her guide any preacher who could benefit her. At one time, Newton; then Berridge, Whitefield the Methodist, or Bull the Independent. She corresponded with Newton, and to her several of his letters in the "Cardiphonia" are addressed. She turned often to Mr. Bull for advice; and, in her declining years, for consolation. Both she and her brother, when Mr. Bull accompanied them on their tours, threw open their rooms to receive an audience; and Mr. Thornton encouraged Mr. Bull to itinerate as a missionary through England, and to preach wherever he could find an open door.

But, to any persons who are inclined to notice these habits, either by way of imitation or censure, it is right to point out the peculiar circumstances of these times. Then first, after a long stupor, religious feeling had revived in England, and the revival was met by the strongest popular resistance. It was natural that those who were the subjects of these new impressions should draw closer in sympathy to each other; and that, while they felt themselves animated by a new life, they should attach themselves to

those who proved by their actions that they were moved by the same sentiments. When they found themselves cast off by general society, and treated as though they were lepers and outcasts, it was natural that they should regard each other as kindred, overlook the circumstances which separated them, and acknowledge a common bond. It was vain to tell old Berridge that Whitefield was a sectary, and should be driven out of his parish for not duly observing the rubric. Whitefield and Berridge preached the same truths, and were tarred and feathered with the same popular opprobrium. It was idle to tell the poet Cowper or Newton, that their neighbor, Mr. Bull, was a dangerous Dissenter. The Dissenter taught in the ugly Bethesda of Newport-Pagnell the same truths which Newton preached, and Cowper heard, from the pulpit of the church at Olney. It mattered little to John Thornton whether he gave his contributions to Newton or Bull, or took with him in his rounds of leisure Dr. Congers the clergyman, or Rowland Hill who taught in the Tabernacle. Hence arose a curious compound, which in these days might occasion some distaste. In 1782, Mr. Thornton visited Hastings, and hired a house for his preaching friends, in which they might lodge and hold their services: there gathered Dr. Congers, Newton, and Mr. Bull. "We had a delightful meeting last night," writes the Dissenter. "Mr. Newton preached in Mr. Thornton's house to about thirty." In the services, held every night and morning, clergymen and Dissenters took part. "Your visit was a refreshing time to all of us," writes Mrs. Wilberforce to Mr. Bull. Another time, Mr. Thornton arrives at Ilfracombe with Mr. Bull. In the morning, they attend church; in the evening, the Independent preaches in a house to several hundred persons. Another autumn they go to Yarmouth; and on this occasion the Dissenter is united with clergymen, with Messrs. Foster, Storry, and Venn. Mr. Foster preaches in the church, and Mr. Bull sits as a hearer. In the Independent and Wesleyan chapels of Norwich and Yarmouth, Mr. Bull officiates, and four clergymen and four dissenting ministers are his hearers. Nay, so entirely were old differences laid aside, that the Independent minister, stout Calvinist though he was, admired the writings of Madame Guyon, hung her portrait over his chimney, and asked his friend Cowper to translate her verses. Such was the prevailing sentiment in Mr. Thornton's times. But these times did not last; for, when the

flood of religious feeling began to sink, men found out wherein they differed. When the waters are out, inequalities vanish; when the waters subside, hillocks re-appear; and disputants plant their feet on these, and count them great heights.—*From "Wilberforce and his Friends."*

The following description of nature in Australia will give some idea of Mr. Hervey's versification: —

"It is a summer eve! the gorgeous west
Lights into flame the ocean's heaving breast;
The sun has rested from his march on high,
But left his glowing banner in the sky:
And far and wide it flings its crimson fold
O'er clouds that float in purple and in gold,
Or, piled around his rich pavilion, lie
In thousand shapes, to fancy's curious eye.
The very air is radiant with the glow;
The billows dance in liquid light below;
The splendors rest upon the woods of pine,
And jewelled mountains in their brightness shine;
While earth sends flashing back the glory lent,
In thousand colors, to the firmament.

The falcon pauses in his midway flight,
And turns him eastward from the dazzling light;
Along the valleys strides the vast emu,
And o'er the waters wanders the curlew;
The pelican, upon his dizzy steep,
Looks proudly down along the glowing deep;
While herons spread their plumes o'er coral graves,
Or fall, like snow-drifts, on the buoying waves.
Far off, the white-winged eagle sails on high,
And nestles half-way 'twixt the earth and sky,
Above the archer's ken, and arrow's flight,
Rocked on the Eucalyptus' towering height, —
Whose healing leaves weep balsam on the ground,
And fling their sighs of fragrance all around.
O'er many an inland lake, with swelling breast,
And scarlet-painted beak, and golden crest,
The mourning swan in dark-eyed beauty rides,
Or spreads his jetty plumage o'er the tides,
Along whose bank resounds the far halloo
Of tribes that chase the graceful kangaroo,
Or lurk for vengeance in some covert way,
And rush from ambush on their startled prey."

"DROWNED, DROWNED!"

We read every week of lives lost by drowning; and it is painful to reflect, that most of the lives thus lost might be saved, if proper and skilful means of resuscitation were promptly used. In Holland, where this subject has been made a matter of more profound investigation, drowned persons are said to be restored after being an hour in the water. Life, probably, is never "extinct" within that time. Its functions are only suspended, and the organism is all uninjured, if only we knew enough to put it in play again. And yet in this country, we have been told, drowned persons are seldom restored after an immersion of fifteen or twenty minutes. We extract the following from an exchange, which contains the best directions we know of: —

The Treatment of Drowned Persons. — At this season of the year when accidents by water are common, the Humane Society of this State issue, in the form of cards, a description of the means to be employed in the resuscitation of drowned persons. They are as follows: —

I. Send with all speed for medical aid, for articles of clothing, blankets, &c.

II. Treat the patient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the breeze, except in too cold weather.

III. Place the patient gently on the face (to allow any fluids to flow from the mouth).

IV. Then raise the patient into a sitting posture, and endeavor to excite respiration, —

1. By snuff, hartshorn, &c., applied to the nostrils;

2. By irritating the throat by a feather or the finger;

3. By dashing hot and cold water alternately on the face and chest. If there be no success, lose no time, but —

V. Replace the patient on his face, his arms under his head, that the tongue may fall forward, and leave the entrance into the windpipe free; and that any fluids may flow out of the mouth: then —

1. Turn the body gradually but completely on the side, and a little more; and then again on the face, alternately (to induce inspiration and expiration).

2. When replaced, apply pressure along the back and ribs; and then remove it (to induce further expiration and inspiration), and proceed as before.

3. Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly, sixteen times a minute only. Continuing these measures, rub all the limbs and the trunk upwards with warm hands; making firm pressure, energetically. Replace the wet clothes by such other covering, &c., as can be procured.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Societies for Mutual Help constitute one of the most useful institutions of the French. From a late work, published in Paris, we translate a few facts, pertaining to their origin, design, and extent. They date from 1780, when was founded the *Société Philanthropique de Paris*. Before the close of the century, they numbered forty-five; in 1830, there were one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight of them. At present there are, as is estimated, about five thousand, enrolling half a million of members, and a hundred thousand honorary associates. Their annual receipts amount to over ten millions of francs, and they have a reserve capital of rising twenty-five millions of francs.

The rapid extension of these *Sociétés de Secours Mutuels* gives interest to some account of their design. They are organized and managed by work-people, in the large cities and towns of France. By the annual payment of a small sum, each member is entitled to a certain weekly allowance in case of sickness, stoppage of work, or any cause that shuts off the laborer's support. Each society, to give it security and character, has honorary associates from men of wealth and the highest respectability in its neighborhood, who attend the society's meetings, and take part in its management; nor is it the least of the many advantages of these organizations that the rich and the poor are brought together in an intercourse that is useful to both. The moral influence of these institutions has been everywhere marked. The desire of membership has led to a prudent economy, that has taken thousands from the tippling and gaming houses. The fact of a security against the necessity that so often presses hardly, has given them a sense of character and self-respect. The knowledge that is kept up of each other's condition and needs makes the society like a family. The rewards of labor in France are but just enough for a support while in health. In case of sickness or want of employment, the inevitable consequences hitherto have been debt, severe struggles, impossibility to keep head above water, insolvency, loss of character, tippling, and ruin. This long train of evils is prevented in thousands of cases. One of the features of many of these societies is specially worthy of notice. They have what they call the *loan of honor*. If a workman of established character for temperance, industry, and integrity, needs money, it is loaned to him on the security of his

word alone; and this is regarded by all parties as a distinguishing honor, which has stimulated to exertion, and has led but in very few cases to losses. Women, excluded for the most part from these societies, have organized similar institutions among themselves. Of these there are more than twelve thousand in the empire. The experiment has been eminently successful. Their fiscal concerns have been well managed; and their capacity of doing business, holding office, and voting, has been placed beyond a question.

In reviewing these facts, the question has arisen whether similar societies might not be of use in our country. The superior rewards of labor, and the success of our savings banks, render such institutions less necessary with us; but we have hinted at other advantages which we might secure. At any rate, it is gratifying to see their beneficent influence in France. In many ways, the French laborer is fast gaining the upper hand of the English laborer. The former seems to have a finer nature, and rarely falls to the brutalizing indulgences so common in England; and these help-societies are one of the many causes that are lifting up and carrying onward the mass of the French people.

The ownership of one of the great attractions in Rome has lately changed hands. The *Palazzo Farnese*, confessedly the finest specimen of architecture in Rome, built of the ruins of the Coliseum, and designed by Michael Angelo, has been purchased by the French emperor. The Farnese family, descended from the nephew of Pope Paul III., and whom, as the guilty agents in the spoliation of the Coliseum, "every traveller," as Gibbon says, "should curse for the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes," became extinct a hundred and thirty-five years ago. This magnificent palace then became the property of the King of Naples and his successors; and the ex-king has now sold it to Louis Napoleon, who, we suppose, comes in possession of all its masterpieces of art, by Guido, the Caracci, Domenichino, Vasari, and others.

An article in the *Revue Britannique* gives some interesting details of the progress of the tunnel under Mont Cenis. Nine machine perforators are at work with their steel drills, which strike the rock, each one, about two hundred times each minute. There are one thousand workmen employed at each end, boring to a common centre. These workmen are divided into gangs that work eight hours each; and the process goes on night and day, and

every day of the week, Easter Sunday and Christmas being the only interruptions. Thus far the geological structure of the mountain has corresponded with the expectations of the eminent men of science who planned the undertaking; and in four years, that is, by the first of January, 1870, it is expected that this gigantic enterprise will be completed. It must be regarded, next to the Atlantic cable, as the greatest achievement of the age.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Royal Truths, by Henry Ward Beecher, is a volume of about the size of "Life Thoughts," republished by Ticknor & Fields. It is made up of bright and beautiful things, culled from Mr. Beecher's printed discourses; generally suggestive, and vastly stimulative to the faculty of meditation. It has a capital likeness of the author; and a preface, written by him, detailing the curious history of the original editor of the book. Mr. Beecher first met with it in England, where he first found, to his great surprise, that he was the author of such a book; and where it had passed through six editions. An English compiler had culled the extracts, and was thus prospering largely on his stolen capital. Mr. Beecher reclaims his own; and the present volume, full of the gushings of poetic prose, is now given to American readers.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey, edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey; with a Memoir. Ticknor & Fields.

We give in the "Random Readings" an extract from one of the largest poems in the book, entitled "Australia." In the music of language, Mr. Hervey is the rival of Moore and Campbell. In melody and in brilliancy of coloring, "Australia" reminds us of "The Pleasures of Hope;" and it gives the reader, in glowing sunlight, the magnificent scenery of the South-Sea Isles. There are many charming lyrics among the minor pieces, which show both exquisite taste and genuine inspiration. S.

THE

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THE SECOND NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

THE second National Conference of Unitarian Churches which was held at Syracuse, Oct. 10 and 11, was regarded by its friends as eminently successful. If the plans and purposes there matured shall meet with a hearty response from the churches themselves, and go into complete execution, a new era in the denomination will have dawned. It remains to be seen whether the churches will so respond. Our readers already are apprised of the general proceedings and conclusions of the meeting. Three things seemed manifest, — a newly awakened zeal, less disposed to self-laudation, and more eager to work in the vineyard of the Lord; a determination to cling to the Head of the Church, and organize around him alone; and a demand for a more hearty union and fraternization among the churches themselves. The debate of the first day of the session, on the proposition to leave out the Lord Jesus Christ from the preamble of the Constitution, was most remarkable for its intellectual ability, moral earnestness, and the kindness and courtesy on both sides with which it was conducted. It rose sometimes into impassioned eloquence, never (with a single unguarded exception) relapsing into the least offensive personality, but showing, on the other hand, a warm mutual appreciation. The overwhelming vote to retain the clause of the preamble

was indicative of the unwavering purpose, especially among the laity, not to lower the Christian standard of the denomination.

On Thursday afternoon, the last day of the session, an appeal came from the friends of the Meadville Theological School for thirty thousand dollars. The statements made revealed a state of things which touched deeply the sympathies of the Conference. The scene that followed is without its parallel probably in any deliberative body. The thirty thousand dollars were pledged on the spot, and in half an hour.

The most important business of the Conference, however, was that of Thursday morning, when the measure was adopted which will make us an efficient denomination, if we are ever to be one. It was a plan for the formation of local conferences as the basis and constituency of the national one. Unless this is done wisely and thoroughly, the whole new movement will in the end be a failure, and, in our opinion, prove itself nothing more than a spasm of expiring life.

Of the three hundred and thirteen churches of the denomination, nearly one-half of them are comparatively small and weak, — too small and weak to tax themselves, annually or biennially, to send three delegates to a national convention, which may be held sometimes a thousand miles off. About one hundred and thirty-seven churches, more than one-third of the whole, were without representation at Syracuse, notwithstanding the arrangements made to reduce the expenses of attendance. But these smaller and feebler churches are the very ones which need most to be drawn to the heart of the denomination, and the last ones to be left out in the cold. Their supreme want is not money, not a few dollars sent annually from the American Unitarian Association to prolong their dissolution. They need to be drawn in and embraced in the warm fellowship of the churches, that the sympathy and life-blood of the whole body may be sent pulsing into all the extremities. That is what Unitarians want as a denomination, and what they have never had. There is ministerial fellowship, there are associations of clergymen;

but those golden words, the communion of saints and the fellowship of the churches, we hardly know the meaning of.

The one hundred and thirty-seven feeble societies were not all of them originally so. Some of them were strong and flourishing once, but have declined. Some of their meeting-houses are closed, and the light has gone out upon their altars. *How came they to be weak?* That question opens a most significant chapter in the history of the denomination. Doubtless, in some of them, the people have only been fed on husks and negations, and not on the vital truths of the word. But this does not tell the whole story. They have been nearly frozen to death in their isolation and solitude. There is a large flourishing denomination, — the Orthodox Congregational, — which does not hover about the cities, but strikes its roots deep into all the country towns. Their organization is a perfect network, taking into it every hamlet, and, if possible, every cottage in the Commonwealth. Wherever there is a Unitarian society, an Orthodox church is generally planted on the opposite side of the way. It begins very likely with three members and a prayer-meeting, and a home missionary who comes to help them on. It grows stronger from year to year. It draws its life from the Liberal church opposite, till it leaves the latter a mere shell. By and by it becomes self-supporting and strong, as the other grows small and weak. This relative change takes place, not on account of the theology administered, or at least believed, in the Orthodox church, which very often is a modified Arminianism, but because every one who is drawn into its sphere feels at once that the energy of a large working body is pulsing through it. Living and practical men and women like to be where there is active service for the Master, but care less about the speculative theology. The little Orthodox church, which began with a prayer-meeting of three members, belongs to a local conference which embraces half the towns of a county. Into the ear of this local conference comes the report of all the wants, trials, and successes of every society that belongs to it, and is represented in it. The larger churches are brought thus in direct contact

with the small ones. They help them on, wipe out their debts, send their best men there with an earnest word, and hold them in the fellowship of Christ. No wonder the weak society grows strong. The local conference in which it is included belongs to a State conference, and this, in turn, to a general one: so that the whole body, like the human system, is always sending life-blood into the smallest member, and bringing it back. Hence their perfect system of contributions and charities, and the energy with which they give themselves now to the education of the freedmen, and the evangelization of the waste places. We see how this matter stands, and why those one hundred and thirty-seven Unitarian societies, nearly half the churches of the denomination, are small and weak, and how some of them became so. That little Trinitarian church has the whole Orthodox body massed behind it. The Unitarian church opposite stands alone, representing nothing but its own solitary individuality, and probably *doing nothing*. It is the Napoleonic strategy introduced into ecclesiastical matters, — massing the solid columns against vulnerable points, and thereby cutting off all the details.

Plainly, two things are needed, if we are to be a denomination, wielding its scattered forces to do our work for the advancement of society, and the renovation of the world. First, to affirm our prime article of faith, — discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ, on which the Conference stands so firmly, acknowledging him as the Head of the Church, the Source of its strength, the medium of its light and love, always walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. This should be done, not as a timid concession to unbelievers, but it should be the solid foundation of the Liberal churches against which the gates of hell can never prevail. Then, on this foundation, as upon a rock, *begin at the base, and organize upward.* Begin by forming local conferences, where the strong churches and the weak ones shall be brought together in the fellowship of Christ, and to do Christian work together hand in hand. This, forthwith, would bring every feeble church into a larger communion and fellowship, and

send the life-blood of the denomination beating through all the veins and fibrils. Churches, who had lived next door to each other as strangers, would have all the barriers of ice broken down, and melted away. The local conferences, not the separate churches only, would be represented in the larger and national ones; and they would come together for the very practical work of educating and evangelizing the country. The National Conference, otherwise sure to become representative only of the larger churches, or those near the centres of population, will stand on a broad and sure foundation, with the whole country for its base; and every church, and every member of it, will have a living interest in its work. Moreover, it will inherit the blessing of the great Head of the Church itself. "The enthusiasm of humanity," which is none other than the Holy Spirit sweeping the strings of the human organism, would come with tenfold power, and with new kindlings of fire, if it had a common body through which to roll, unobstructed, its tides and inspirations, instead of being diverted, and sent in scant supplies to churches that stand separate and alone. It was not to individuals, freezing on their rock of independence; it was not to separate bodies, standing alone, and wrapped up in themselves; it was to his Church catholic, each living in all the rest, and all in each, — that the promise divinely came, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and they shall be my people, and I will dwell with them and be their God."

What do we need but such an organization, with such a faith and basis, and with such an object to work for, to bring us into a form which Christ will own as his body, and possess with his spirit? Unitarianism *then*, instead of comprising a number of disconnected societies and individualities, lying apart as severed limbs, all over the plains and mountains, and doing nothing, would find a new life astir in all its sundered parts, such as the prophet saw in the valley of vision; when part came together to part, and limb to limb, and a majestic human form rose up, and stood upon its feet, with face blooming and pulses beating and eye kindling, and

with the prayer on its lips, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Just as fast as we realize this, we shall become one in life and action with the great Body of Christ, the true Church catholic, which exists under all sectarian names. Never was the Church of God called to act in a crisis so sublime as this. A new era is upon us; for the crimson clouds of its morning are breaking now. The millions who are emerging out of serfdom and Egyptian darkness stretch out their hands for guidance to the Church of God. What we call the Liberal churches will not comprise much longer the small denomination in which we work, but much larger ones, which break the bondage of a dead past, and put on the largeness of Christ. They have tried controversy long enough as a means of knowing the doctrine: now let them try that other method, — doing the divine will. That done, the denominations will soon find that they are not hostile ranks, but regiments and battalions of the army of the living God, moving to the conquest of the world. S.

FOR EVERMORE AND NEVERMORE.

Ever, for ever, and for evermore!
Oh, words too big for mortals! Give them o'er,
Save when they point to some immortal hope
Matching our mystic nature's boundless scope,
Or dwell abstract, impassively sublime,
Untouched by Feeling, as unreached by Time.

"For ever, evermore!" the lover cries,
As in his loved one's arms entranced he lies.
Incredulous I listen, yet admire
The soul that breathes that pledge of faith and fire, —
Incredulous, not that a fraud I fear,
For passions cannot choose but be sincere;
But oh, stern doom of years! blind thought of men!
How small, beyond the day, our power or ken!

Here hasty heats divide what seemed one heart,
And there the chilled hands slowly drop apart;
Caprice and Temper ply their losing trade,
And creeping Eld or rapid Fates invade,
And turn — though hard it sounds to say it now —
To meanest measures that eternal vow.

"For ever and for evermore!" exclaims
The creed of Calvin o'er its gulf of flames.
Its terrible fervors could not skill to tell
The Saviour's grace, but from an endless hell.
The fiery sea of torment feebly rolls
The fury of a God on human souls,
If Everlasting be not thundered there,
To crown the curse of anguish and despair.
Incredulous I hear. The Scripture Word
To that fierce horror grants no true accord;
The preacher all in vain counts out for me
His arithmetical eternity;
And all this "Ever and for evermore"
Rings yet more hollow than it rang before.

But lo! another strain falls on my ear,
Unlike that vague and far one, plain and near, —
Its very opposite. That ran on and on,
While this can only falter, "Gone, all gone!"
Its solemn cadence is, "No, nevermore!"
My feet I feel now on the narrow floor
Of too well-known experience. Round me rise
Wailing regrets and stifled breath of sighs.
Now am I touched; here is the realm I know,
Thus bounded all the joys we taste below.
What shades of sadness gather and remain
About that phrase, "Never to come again!"
Never, no, nevermore the golden ray
That poured such magic o'er a younger day;
No, nevermore those dear ones by our side
Who took the world's half with them when they died.
Ah, worse! if lost and gone that peace of mind,
Dark memories tell we nevermore can find;
A something wretched done, — no matter what, —
That never can be undone — or forgot.

"It is the last time; never, nevermore!"
That mournful dirge as on a desolate shore,
Is it all mournful? No: that murmur cease;
Full oft it breathes of requiem and of peace.
For the last time that hard task has been wrought;
For the last time that hard fight has been fought.
No, nevermore that weary load shall press;
And nevermore shall cut that sharp distress.
'Tis the last pang, to ease distempered hearts,
When the grim spirit tears them, and departs.

O Lord Omnipotent! O Grace Supreme!
Bless to our use Reality and Dream;
Teach us how different uses melt to one,
That we may praise the Shadow and the Sun.
For all that bends to Time and Fate's control,
And for the Everlasting in the soul,
For Reason's handlings, Faith's supernal eye,
For all that cannot last, or cannot die,
We thank Thee, Father! O Eternal! send
That Power which makes all other powers befriend,
And in one field of love Ever and Never blend! N. L. F.

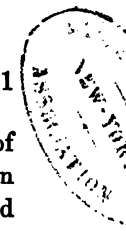
THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.*

A SERMON BY REV. R. M. HODGES.

MATT. xxvi. 42: "O my Father! if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

How deep, how tender, are the emotions excited in the pious breast at the recital of these words of the dear and faithful one, whom God anointed, and sent into the world on a mission of redeeming love! Any trial or suffering, so that the blessing might be secured, the beloved Son of God was ready firmly to meet and patiently to endure. Whatever was his Father's will, especially in the great work which it was given him

* A Sermon, commemorative of Rev. Edmund Quincy Sewall, preached in Scituate and in Cohasset, on the Lord's Day succeeding his funeral, Sept. 23, 1866, by Rev. R. M. Hodges.



to do, was fully, unreservedly, his own. In the fulfilment of the divine dispensation of grace and truth to the children of men, he gave a meaning to that declaration of his, "I and my Father are one." And, my friends, the lesson of resignation to the divine will which Christ has taught us, — on an occasion which will for ever transcend any which in the providence of God we may be called to meet, — is one which we too, if we would be faithful to our mission, must learn. No trial is to be considered too great, no obstacle insurmountable, so long as by patience and perseverance, with the blessing of Almighty God, we can make advances toward the true life, the highest consummation of our being.

"Thy will be done." When we can understand the full meaning of these words, when we can bring all our faculties and all our affections into complete harmony with the spirit of them, then, and then only, will the ultimate purpose of our Saviour's coming into the world, with respect to us, be perfectly accomplished. But alas! who can testify from the deep convictions of his own conscience, who can affirm from the experience of his own life, that his will is always and entirely in subjection to the will of the Supreme Arbiter, the rightful Disposer of all events and all creatures? Ah! Christians, yes, you who are the true disciples of the divine Master, the lesson of resignation as taught by the great Teacher is one that will require your best endeavors, aided by the Holy Spirit, thoroughly to learn. Indeed, so exalted was the character of the Son of God, so intimate was his relation to the Supreme Being, that I think it will never be given to mortal man, with his comparatively limited powers, to say with the understanding and with the spirit, as the Saviour did, "Thy will be done." Still, notwithstanding the disparity existing between us and our Saviour, it is obligatory on us, according to the ability which God has given us, or may give us, to order our lives in accordance with the principles and spirit of the great and only true Master. If we may not hope to attain to perfection, the advancing influence within us, *touched and blessed by the Holy Spirit*, may, in however comparatively low a degree, *tend* to that high end.

In the providence of God, as if in furtherance of the spiritual elevation of his creature man, there are not wanting occasions specially adapted to the culture and exercise of this prominent virtue of resignation. The condition of humanity is various, and continually varying. There is no day which, though it may bring sunlight and cheering brightness to some, does not bear its damps and dews and dark clouds to others. These changes give scope for the inculcation and the culture of sympathy and consolation, of encouragement and hope, and of every generous and humane affection. Inasmuch as God in his infinite wisdom has appointed such a diversity in life, it seems a call to us for the exercise of virtues that shall manifest a recognition of his hand in its disciplinary movement, — virtues healing and invigorating in their influence, according to their adaptation.

Pain and sickness are constituted elements in life's economy. In accordance with the exercise of Christian resignation and trust, — to which in an eminent degree they give occasion, and which, not infrequently, they illustrate with great power and beauty, — they call for, and ofttimes put into exercise and develop, virtues more kindred to humanity, — patience and fortitude, cheerfulness and gratitude; and thus do they give proof that they are not wholly evil, that they are not without some redeeming qualities, that they ally us to man as well as to God.

Disappointed hopes and bereaved affections, in the counsels of Supreme Wisdom and Love, are disciplinary trials in the constitution of life. But what a comfort, what a satisfaction it is to be assured, to be convinced, by testimonies sanctioned and sanctified by the spirit of grace and of truth, that they *are*, in the ordainings of Providence, regulated and controlled by a wisdom that is unerring and a love that is unbounded! It is this consideration that enables Christians to understand in all the fulness of its meaning, and to feel in all the extent of its power, the touching language of the submissive Saviour, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

But the last and greatest call for the exercise of Christian

trust and hope is in the near approach of that event which is to terminate the soul's action in relation to duties and pleasures that belong to this mortal state of being. It was the near view of the fulfilment of his immortal work — a work of which he well knew and tenderly felt the value and importance to the children of his Father — that called from the Son of God the supplicatory and submissive language of the text, "O my Father! if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." That which is expressed by all the other evangelists as the *cup* is spoken of by St. John as the *hour*. "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this *hour*. But for this cause came I to this hour;" an hour which, to his certain knowledge, was to witness the last and most cruel sacrifice of his consecrated life, accompanied with every kind of heavy and bitter contumely. Nevertheless, the language of his God-like soul was, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" All the thoughts of that hour big with divine meaning, all the circumstances which shrouded it with an unwonted terror and gloom, contributed to render it one that should for ever overwhelm the world's imagination, and call forth the world's adoration. Death, as an arbitrament of Providence, since the scene that made Calvary immortal, is accompanied by no appalling terror; and the dying Christian, sustained and animated by the recollections of that scene and its reconciling consequences, may take upon his lips and utter from his heart the words of the blessed Saviour, "Thy will be done."

The thoughts which have occupied our attention, my friends, seem to me to be in accordance with the emotions that swell our hearts. They are in harmony, I trust, in some humble degree, with the meaning and spirit of the text, than which no one in the Word of God can be found better adapted profoundly to occupy the Christian mind, and deeply to interest the Christian affections.

The text has been selected, not without care, because of its adaptation, in several respects, to the circumstances in which the life of the dear friend, whose memory we now honor, for

the most part was passed. The cup of suffering, as represented by physical pain and ill health, was seldom, at least within the period of his mature years, withheld from him. But still his fidelity to duty and his earnestness of purpose, directed by a truly religious spirit, remained constant and undiminished to the end.

The words of the text, too, are the words of Jesus; and their connection with him, the beloved Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, who was reverently dear to the heart of our departed brother, give to them a peculiar and touching appropriateness to the meditations of this hour. Again, the meek and humble, the quiet and resigned spirit so beautifully manifested in the tried life of him whose probation is now ended, it is humbly believed, is in accordance with the words, sublime though they be, "Thy will be done." Suffering and yet patient; relying with unwavering confidence, with loving trust, on him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; bowing in submission to the will of the Father, who doth not willingly afflict his children, — these are the lessons which the beloved servant of the Lord, who sleeps well, learned by heart and illustrated by example in this disciplinary school of life. These are the lessons which the providence of God, my friends, in this very instance, solemnly and impressively teaches us.

Edmund Quincy Sewall could lay claim to an honored and pious ancestry. His father was eminent in the profession of the law. For several years he was one of the associated justices of the Supreme Court, and during the last year of his life, was chief of that high tribunal. His mother was a worthy representative of the matrons who, in her time, were wont to make a leading and lasting impression of maternal influence upon youthful minds and hearts. In that early home, sanctified by the instructions of a wise father and the loving care of a pious mother, the best results in the mental and moral education of the children were experienced. In the course of Providence, and by the gracious interposition of that Providence, three of these children were consecrated to the work of the Christian

ministry; two of them, the elder and the younger, remain to this day. The other has now ceased from his labors, and is at rest.

He whose memoir at this time interests us was born in Marblehead, Oct. 1, 1796. His parents, in the culture of *their* religious affections, found satisfaction and growth in grace in the adoption of a liturgical service, and were associated with the believers and worshippers in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The children of the family, as became the happiness and best good of a pious household, worshipped at the same altar. As sufficiently advised, I accord to this Church, in the early days of these young learners in the school of Christ, the credit of having given direction and vigor to their devotional affections; and although in maturer life their allegiance to her, as one of the communions into which the Church of Christ is divided, failed to be permanent, they never ceased to feel their obligations to her for early instruction in the religion of the heart.

Mr. Sewall pursued his studies, preparatory to entering Harvard College, under the tuition of his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Greele. He was fitted for college when he was fourteen years old; but his father did not think it expedient for him to enter upon a collegiate education at so early an age. In 1811, when not quite fifteen years old, he found himself at Cambridge, connected with a class larger in number than any that had previously belonged to the college, and having an unusual proportion of young men of gifted minds and ambitious tendencies. Mr. Sewall himself was not indifferent to or heedless of the honor of distinguished scholarship. Indeed, he began his collegiate course with that high end in view. But finding after an adequate trial that it could not be obtained by him in the fulness of his desire without impairing his health, which was never robust, he abandoned with some self-mortification the purpose of his cherished hope, and gave himself up to the study of English literature and the *belles lettres*, to the neglect of the critical and exact sciences and the Greek and Roman classics, on proficiency in which studies tokens of distinction were awarded.

Whatever Mr. Sewall may have lost in this way, yet by his conduct, which was scrupulously pure and upright, by his regular observance of the college laws, and by his social characteristics, he gained the respect of the Faculty and the esteem of his classmates. No touch of disgrace, in morals or conduct, ever attached itself to him during his college life. The mantle of purity that he carried with him at the beginning, he took away with him at the end. He was a student in that direction which led to the knowledge of goodness and truth. He never lost the habits of a student. And in after-life, when the exigency required it, he applied himself to the acquisition of Latin and Greek learning, particularly of the last, which in his later years he was wont to praise for its intrinsic beauty and its useful effect upon the mind.

Mr. Sewall pursued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, D.D., of Concord, Mass. The instruction of a learned divine, the experience of a faithful pastor, and the example of a true Christian, are aids in preparation for the sacred office which are likely to give to one who has them advantages over him who enters upon the duties of the Christian ministry directly from the seclusion and entire inexperience of the schools. Mr. Sewall, from the peculiar bent of his mind at this early period of his life and from his unobtrusive temperament, I am inclined to think, acted wisely as well as designedly in adopting a private course of instruction as a preparation for his public profession.

Of the three pastorates that he held, the earliest was at Barnstable, beginning on the 22d of December, 1819; the next at Amherst, N.H.; and the last at Scituate. The last was much the longest, and, in proportion, most interesting to his religious affections. And when, by declining health, early in 1848, he was summoned to give up his cherished office as the minister of a loved and loving people, and to bid adieu to their familiar abodes, it was pleasant to him from his sick chamber in his new home, on an elevated position, to look, at no remote distance, upon the peaceful dwellings of those whose religious interests had engaged the best thoughts of his mind and the holiest affections of his heart.

During his retirement from responsible service on the several occasions allotted to him by Providence in the history of his life, his time was faithfully and diligently employed. The cares of editorship, with his work as an author; the business of teaching, with its accompanying studies, filled many a weary day in his chequered life. In 1848, he first, and at a subsequent period, a second time, sought and found the surgical skill and medical advice which the Massachusetts General Hospital readily and richly afforded. From this date, although previous years had not brought with them uninterrupted health, disease in more or less complicated forms, and sometimes attended with severe pain, fastened itself upon his frail body. The patience with which he bore all, the fortitude that he showed, the resignation that he displayed, were lessons which were given to his friends to ponder and to study with wonder and with admiration.

It is a question that may innocently find a place in some minds, Why was our friend appointed to a ministry of suffering so protracted and so intense? The first and most obvious answer is, that so it pleased the Father of all in his wise and merciful sovereignty. But another, which shows the benevolence of the Divine Being, far transcending our limited and imperfect observation, is, that in the providence of God it was known that a mission of precisely such a character would be faithfully and well fulfilled by him; fulfilled in such a manner as to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom in the world, and to place in a beautiful light the ways of God in relation to man. How many have learned lessons of the highest practical importance through his silent but no less emphatic teachings, — lessons of fortitude, struggle, eager aspiration, — lessons not merely elementary, but ultimate, in the formation of the Christian character! In any other sphere of life than that which was ordained to him, I verily believe — for so I must, in accordance with rightful views of the divine government — he would not have been so pre-eminently successful; would not have attained to the distinction that he did; would not have been the marked man that he was. The work that was given him to do, difficult though it was, he

met with a resolute and gentle spirit. His name will be prominent among those who have labored in the ministries of mercy and of love established by the universal Father.

How is the ministry of pain divested of much of the sadness that it externally wears, by such a view of its purpose and consummation! Is it not true, that every thing that is adjusted by the divine will is beautiful in its place?

The public services of our brother as a minister were always listened to and received with marked attention and respect. Not because his sermons were very profound, but because they bore marks that they were written under the influence of a spirit that cometh by prayer, and a sense of duty to the Master whose servant he was. He was a devout man. The elements of his character were all formed, and disciplined, and made to harmonize by the spirit of devotion. His thoughts, as might be supposed from the meditative tendency of his mind, flowed from his pen with great freedom and ease; and, as is proper for the conveyance of great truths, in an intelligible style.

The polemics of divinity found in him no especial admirer. He knew well the bearings of theological controversy, and had determined for himself their several relations to the truth. His convictions were the results of earnest study, devout meditation, and, as he trusted, the influence of the Holy Spirit. God he worshipped as supreme in himself, absolutely one, and perfectly independent. In the revealed character of God as Father, in his hours of greatest need, he humbly confided, and in those of his highest peace, he greatly rejoiced.

But his affections were particularly engaged in the contemplation, in the love and the admiration, of the character of the Son of God. Him, as intervening between himself and God, he could bring into nearer communion with his soul in its upward aspirations. For the work which he wrought, — wrought according to the good pleasure of God, and with the light and love emanating from the wisdom and mercy of God, — a work which, in harmony with the divine attributes for ever and immutably holy, in his gracious wisdom, was de-

signed to bring the children of men into at-one-ment with the great and good Father of all; for this work, before which even angels might bow down in adoration, our departed friend had a reverence and a gratitude the most profound and the most sincere. He honored Jesus, not as God, but as God-like; and, imperfectly indeed, but as far as it is given to humanity to do so, he submitted his spirit to the guidance and baptism of the will and grace of the beloved Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

The discipline through which he was called to pass, and his ardent love of Christ, made him in an eminent manner an efficient and acceptable friend and pastor. Kneeling at the couch of the dying, he pointed the patient sufferer "to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world;" and, bending over the ashes of the dead, he reminded the believing mourner of him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." He was in *truth* and in *love* — in the reception of truth and in the exhibition of love — a disciple and follower of Jesus Christ; and he had it in his mind and heart to do his chosen work in the simplicity, the beauty, and the efficiency of the will of God, as presented by his Son.

Though his recent days passed away heavily under the burdens and pains of sickness and disease, his interest in his profession continued not only unabated, but received to itself increased ardor. He was ready, if God gave him strength, to speak, so that men should hear, of the grace and truth that concerned their salvation. In this connection it is my privilege to quote from a letter which he addressed to me: —

"If I had capacity to proclaim all that my experience has afforded me in proof of Divine goodness and the riches of Christ's gospel, I would preach now as I never did before. Unspeakable mercy has followed and upheld me as I have trodden the path of a life of much suffering. The religion we both love is ever unfolding to my mind some new trait of glory and blessedness. I have been lately reading, in my Greek Testament, the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, just as a simple youth might do who had an honest heart, but no learning of the schools. My eyes fill with tears, and my heart

throbs with emotion, as I go over the familiar pages, interpreting by my own experience and wants the great truths given us by Jesus Christ. Oh that I could once more be allowed to communicate to others what I so love to dwell upon in my lonely struggles, and my prostration under pain! I envy my brothers the privilege of preaching, as I envy nothing else the world contains. Perhaps, when all is finished with me here, and the last pang has wrung out the last dross of sin, I may awake to join the company of the redeemed in their sublimer ministry, and see face to face him whom I adore so feebly now."

Thy work of love, my brother, is not yet completed, though thou mayest no longer speak with the living voice the great truths that sustained and cheered thee in thy life's trials and sorrows. Yet thine example of faith, of patience, of love, of interest in the regeneration of thy brethren whom thou hast left behind thee, shall abide to exert a religious power in the way thou wouldst have it. Thy spirit is now at rest.* Peace be with it! oh, peace be with it in the realms of light and glory!

Those whose hearts are more immediately touched by these commemorative words know full well how sincerely I sympathize with them in this season of their grief. It is well to grieve. We would not check the emotions which God has implanted within us. Jesus wept, and thereby consecrated sorrow. But let our sorrow be accompanied with submission to the will of Him who is alike and equally kind in giving and in taking away. Have we not been privileged in knowing and loving the dear friend who has passed on to meet his Father's good pleasure in a higher life? Are we not the better for his having lived? Ah! does he not yet live in the grace and truth that he illustrated and made beautiful? Truth never dies. Principles never die. Will not the piety and the hope that adorned his life, and hallowed its close, be near and dear to our memories and hearts? Let our tears then, friends, fall. But let them have no tinge of selfishness in

* He died in Cohasset, Sept. 15, 1866.

them, but rather let them be tokens of gratitude and love to the Divine Giver of good, and wise Disposer of all events.

This assembly of mortal men, and more truly of immortal souls, — you who have come up hither to honor the memory of one who loved your welfare, and was glad in every opportunity of doing you good and of advancing your spiritual well-being, — fain would I speak to you the word appropriate to the thoughts of the hour, and the hallowed affections that have been excited. Fain would I, if I could, utter the word in your waiting ears that would have power as if it came from lips upon which death has now placed its sacred seal. May it not be that some one soul, in view of the grateful associations and happy hopes connected with this new-made grave, will be born to God and to heaven? And yet, friends, does not the benevolence of God, as witnessed in the revelations of the gospel and in the daily experiences of your lives, in the beauty of the morning sun and in the splendor of its descending rays, present to you ever immediate and more impressive motives to reverence yourselves, to cultivate your higher aspirations, to honor your Saviour, and to live the life that knows no death? Oh, how would the spirit of our departed friend rejoice at knowing that even one soul by his death was made to live in Christ! And, brethren, why may it not be so with more than one? God in mercy grant that it may be so!

And now, farewell, friend of my earlier and of my later years! Brother of immortality, farewell! The word thou wouldst have me speak, I have spoken. We wait in this world of ours, glad in a Father's care and rich with a Father's blessing, yet a while longer. When we, in the arbitrament of the future, shall be called to lie down in our graves, may we be prepared to meet the summons with a faith and hope as strong and bright as were thine! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hear and answer this our prayer. Amen.

THE AMULET.

"SAVIOUR CHRIST! be Thou my stay!
On my heart Thy own peace lay!
Guide me through the shadowy way!

All the path to Thee is known,
And I look to Thee alone;
In life or death, Thee, Lord, I own."

Where the breeze and sunshine played,
Through the blossoming linden's shade,
Thus the wife and mother prayed.

Ernest knelt beside her bed;
She laid her hand upon his head,
And, entreatingly, she said,—

"A boon thy mother asks thee, son:
In this still hour she needs but one,
Ere she shall say, My life-work's done.

Promise me that, howe'er pressed
By care or labor, or distressed,
Or howsoe'er thou may'st be blessed,

Thou wilt not let the day's swift flight
Exchange for calm and awful night,
And this again for morning's light,

When angels may not of thee say,
'The Holy Word he reads to-day:
A wall of fire shall guard his way.'

Even if but a single line,
Remember, it is all DIVINE:
Receive it, and the Lord is thine!"

"Mother, I promise;" and the word
The waiting angels, joyful, heard:
Its record lay before the Lord.

The hour was come: where she had dwelt,
His very soul in anguish knelt;
Her hand upon his head he felt.

"Thou knowest not, but thou shalt know;
I am the life." The gentle flow
Of heavenly comfort calmed his woe.

Another love awoke in power, —
The love that brings life's richest dower;
And Hope and Trust entwined a bower.

But in its midst there stood a shrine,
And on it lay the Word Divine.
"Not twain, but one; and ye are Mine."

The home was filled with infant glee;
Then a kind voice said, solemnly,
"Take thou this child, and nurse for Me."

A worldly wealth were gained, if sought
By injury to neighbor wrought.
"Love as thyself," the evil fought.

He lay upon a bed of pain,
And o'er him swept, once and again,
The cadence of an angel-strain.

The fragrance of the summer breeze
Bore to his heart such words as these,
"Come unto Me; I'll give thee ease."

A rest his spirit found indeed,
That compensated earthly need;
The life of heaven in its seed.

Years fled; and from the household band
A little one an angel's hand
Led gently to the better land.

Then "Suffer such to come to Me,"
A Saviour's voice breathed tenderly,
Down to the depths of agony.

Thus on through all life's varied way,
The Word was a support and stay,
"A fire by night, a cloud by day."

And, when the angels came to bear
His soul their blessed home to share,
He calmly breathed his mother's prayer.

"Saviour Christ! be Thou my stay!
On my heart Thy own peace lay!
Guide me through the shadowy way!

All the path to Thee is known,
And I look to Thee alone;
In life and death, Thee, Lord, I own." M. O. J.

THE CHARACTER OF WORDSWORTH.

SOLITUDE is to different persons what their characters, habits, and aims make it. To one and another it is variously a covert, a prison, a sanctuary, a studio, a forge, a throne. To Wordsworth, that grand and peaceful spirit, patriarch of the intimate muse, it was a bower, a chamber, a library, and a temple; his place of joy, rest, work, and worship. Here he retreated from the distressful medley of popular whims, from the deteriorating strain of common ambitions, to the intrinsic standards of truth and good and the authoritative companionship of greatness and worth. He retreated hither not to brood over woes, indulge disdain, and meditate revenge; but to enjoy thought, nature, and God, and impart the enjoyment to mankind.

Wordsworth was fitted for solitude by his informing and overpowering ideality; by his brooding, interior tenderness; by his heroic originality, self-respect, and independence. His impassioned imagination turned things to thoughts, and thoughts to things, and frequently made absorbing emotions suffice in place of sights and sounds, deeds and words. He

said himself that he was often so rapt into the world of ideas that the external world seemed not to be, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by clasping a tree or some other object that happened to be near him. When Sir George Beaumont had made him a munificent gift, and he had for many weeks neglected to acknowledge the favor, he apologetically says: "I contented myself with thinking over my complacent feelings, and breathing forth solitary gratulations and thanksgivings, which I did in many a sweet and many a wild place during my late tour." The winter he spent at Goslar, in Germany, he walked daily on the ramparts by a pond. "Here," he writes, "I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it."

He was too occupied and grave and continuous, too wealthily sensitive and devoutly dedicated, for that flippant, fragmentary jocosity, that free and easy intercourse on the level of little nothings, in which average natures take pleasure. His microscopic studies of himself and his states; his steadfast sympathies with the simplest and poorest objects; his telescopic sweeps of the sublimities of nature, history, and philosophy, — insulated him equally from the vulgar and the proud. In his own words, —

> "He was retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove;
> And you must love him, ere to you
> He would seem worthy of your love."

With such souls as his sister Dorothy, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb, he maintained a glorious community of mind and heart in a friendship of rare beauty; but to the multitude he was uninteresting, and positively repulsive to the conventional and conceited race of critics. The multitude neglected him; the critics made contemptuous war on him.

This was on account of the peculiar offence of his originality. Dismounting from the traditional stilts of poetry, this great poet and true man sought to portray, in the simple language of genuine insight and passion, the permanent and universal elements of beauty, dignity, and joy in the out-

ward works of God, in the structure of human nature, and in the experience of human life. The inspiration of loveliness, worth, and sublimity had hitherto been chiefly sought in the most imposing outer aspects of life and nature; in kings, courts, conquerors, philosophers; in the romantic, the exceptional. He sought to unveil it in the commonest places and forms; to show the grandest materials of wisdom, poesy, and religion, tragedy and happiness, in huts and laborers, in the most ordinary lot and landscape of man. He had the moral courage, love and perseverance to do this, and genius to succeed. But, until he had educated a public to appreciate his originality, he had to pay the penalty of his superiority in the suffering of a long series of insults and incompetent scorn. With reference to his "Idiot Boy," he was called the hero of his own story. His "Peter Bell" was saluted with a chorus of jeers. His books were little read, while volumes of trash had a large circulation, and were praised by all the reviews. Was not here enough to make a man break down in despair, or recoil into misanthropy? He had an extraordinary passion for fame, knew himself worthy of it, but was attacked and despised for the very things for which he ought to have been admired and prized.

Without despondency or hate, he fell back on his gifts and call; turned from actual men to ideal man, from the irritating society of fashion and emulation to the pacifying society of the landscape and the Infinite Spirit, and determined to conquer usefulness and renown by perfecting himself and improving his productions. It is one of the noblest examples in history, — the example of "preferring to any other object of regard the cultivation and exertion of his own powers in the highest possible degree."

The peculiar experience of Wordsworth, united with his peculiar characteristics, made him a solitary but not a lonesome man. He enjoyed a happy tranquillity nursed by meditative sympathy; whereas many a one, under less trying circumstances, has fallen victim to an irritable wretchedness nursed by restless antipathy. He was continually thinking of the things worthy to be loved and adored; they,

of the things worthy to be shunned and loathed. The conditions of his moral victory afford an example worthy of careful study. In the first place, his self-respect and self-confidence never failed him; and —

> "Happy is he, who, caring not for pope,
> Consul, or king, can sound himself to know
> The destiny of man, and live in hope."

He certainly had dipped his pen in his deepest blood when he wrote, —

> "Creative art
> Demands the service of a mind and heart
> Heroically fashioned to infuse
> Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
> While the whole world seems adverse to desert."

He did not need to be "nourished with the sickly food of popular applause." Perceiving that men praise us only as they recognize in us some counterpart of what they are or wish to be, he saw that often there is no surer test of merit than obloquy. Taught to feel (perhaps too much) the self-sufficing power of solitude, invulnerable to the sleet of hisses and arrows, knowing himself divinely called to his work, assured that his place was with the great and good of all ages, he wrote to Southey, "Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me:" and to Bernard Barton, with reference to a bitter critique on him, "I doubt not but that it is a splenetic effusion of the conductor of that Review, who has taken a perpetual retainer from his own incapacity to plead against my claims to public approbation." Again, he writes to Lady Beaumont, that, knowing the absolute ignorance in worldlings of every rank and situation must be wrapt as to the feelings, thoughts, and images on which the life of his poems depended, the envy and malevolence which stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet, he had only the lowest expectations concerning the immediate effect of his writings on the public. But, he adds, as to the assaults of the critics, "My ears are stone-deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings. I have

an invincible confidence that my poems will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society wherever found; and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

His joy in nature was as great as in his vocation. However isolated, he never felt lonesome, as his personality rather blended with objects than stood relieved against them.

> "They flashed upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and were either taken up with imaginative enrichment and transfusion into himself, or himself blent and lost in them. Many a time and oft he sat amidst his own thoughts, and amidst the scenes of nature, in such entrancement that "even the motion of an angel's wing would have interrupted the intense tranquillity." In the silent faces of things he could read unutterable love.

> "Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
> All melted into him; they swallowed up
> His animal being; in them did he live,
> And by them did he live: they were his life."

No wonder he was fond of solitude; and, though he "wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high over vales and hills," he could not be lonesome. In the heart of the mist; on the bare moor, or the top of the mountain, or under the cope of midnight; in the haunt of the heron, by the shy river; or the remoter nook, where the pelican sits on the cypress spire and suns himself, — he was at home, with things in which he joyed, and which seemed to love him. He says well, —

> "I learned betimes to stand unpropped;
> And independent musings pleased me so
> That spells seemed on me when I was alone:
> Yet could I only cleave to solitude
> In lonely places; if a throng was near,
> That way I leaned by nature."

Thirdly, his reverential and joyous communion with himself, and his reverential and joyous communion with nature, keep-

ing him pure in heart, content with modest pleasures, removed from little enmities and low desires and every malignant passion, enabled him also to maintain a reverential and joyous communion with man. He gave no harbor to suspicions and envies, but wholesomely threw them off.

> "He kept,
> In solitude and solitary thought,
> His mind in a just equipoise of love."

When he thought of the cruelties and miseries of men, it was to pity and try to cure them. When he thought of the oppressions and degradations of men, it was not weakly to despond, or to give way to hate or scorn; but, with generous indignation, to denounce them, and aspire to liberty and nobleness for all, with a firm reliance on the great laws and principles tending to realize the predestined order of the Creator. He contemplated prevailingly the diviner qualities and sublime connections of human nature, the glorious facts and hopes of human life, until he recognized —

> "A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

He saw man in his own domain, of the earth, —

> "As a lord or genius, under God,
> Presiding; and severest solitude
> Had more commanding looks when he was there."

Man rose on his sight, set in the most beautiful and imposing scenery of the world, encompassed with august powers of virtue and bliss and tragic troops of woe. The imagination and passion which many embittered geniuses have used to darken and degrade the image of man, Wordsworth employed to depict him in dazzling lights, endowed with godlike attributes, not as a mere dusty brother of the worm, but as a being first in every capability of wisdom, goodness, and rapture, through the divine effect of truth and love. Thus, when he left his lonely mountains, and, in the tribes and fellowships of men, was begirt by shapes of vice and folly, bustling greeds of manners, objects of sport, ridicule and scorn; when he "heard humanity in fields and

groves pipe solitary anguish, or hung brooding above the fierce storm of sorrow, barricaded evermore within the walls of cities," — he was not downcast or forlorn. He turned to the true ideal man, ennobled by associated connection with nature and the presence of God, with past and future, with history, science, and philosophy. There he found unfailing comfort and inspiration.

But, besides the happiness Wordsworth had in his undisturbed self-respect, in the forms and motions of nature, and in his ardent sympathy with the human race, he knew a rarer and perhaps keener happiness in the profound presentiment of his own benignant and illustrious fame in the future. How well he knew his own place!

> "If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
> Then, in the measure of that heaven-born light,
> Shine, poet! in thy place, and be content."

Since his estimate was the simple truth, and not unaccompanied with devout humility, it is a shame to call it egotism. Hundreds of the best men and women of the generation succeeding, and still more of generations yet to come, will echo the truth of his anticipations. "Of what moment is the present reception of these poems," he wrote to Lady Beaumont, "compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to be more actively and securely virtuous, — this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we are mouldered in our graves." Not many men have ever been better entitled to feel and to say, —

> "There is
> One great society alone on earth, —
> The noble living and the noble dead."

Lastly, the happiness of Wordsworth in all his solitudes was completed by his unaffected communion with God, — not the dead God of tradition, not the abstract God of verbal formulas; but the living God, who is the Lord of all that is.

By purity, holiness, humility, waiting sympathy, his mind became a conscious temple for "the Prophetic Spirit that inspires the human soul of universal earth dreaming on things to come." He became wonderfully aware of the significance of those awful incumbencies under which human thoughts creep; and recognized them as —

> "Visitings
> Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
> That tolerates the indignities of Time,
> And, from the centre of Eternity
> All finite motions overruling, lives
> In glory immutable."

No man, without the utmost sincerity and intensity of unborrowed religious experience, could have written passages that abound in the poems of Wordsworth, particularly in his "Excursion," "Tintern Abbey," and "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him."

This religious originality ranks him among the inspiring prophets of the race. To know this, must, amidst the abuse and the neglect he suffered, have administered exalted consolation to him. "It shall be my pride," he says, —

> "That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
> Speaking no dream, but things oracular.
> . . . . . This I speak
> In gratitude to God, who feeds our heart
> For his own service; knoweth, loveth us,
> When we are unregarded by the world."

In Wordsworth, the transitions of consciousness were ever from the insignificant to the august, from the ugly to the fair, from individuals to humanity, from the transient and exceptional to the permanent and universal, from the finite creation to the Infinite Spirit. Thus he avoided the rasping shocks

of disappointment, neutralized exasperating vexations, healed grief and despondency, rested serenely on sublime supports of peace and happiness. In this manner, he so informed his mind with quietness and beauty, so fed it —

> "With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Could e'er prevail against him, or disturb
> His cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

Who was ever better rewarded than Wordsworth in the realization of what, in one of his earliest poems, he had distinctly seen and coveted as the highest earthly prize?

> "A mind, that, in a calm, angelic mood
> Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
> Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
> Much done, and much designed, and more desired, —
> Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
> Entire affection for all human kind."

It is a beautiful thing, too, to know, that, before he died, the meeds he had so grandly earned were poured at his feet in lavish tributes from abroad, not alone in the silent honor and love of the best minds in the world, but also when old Oxford twined her lofty laurel round his head, while her children made her arches shake above their shouted welcome; and, still more, when the wronged and glorious Shelley said to him, —

> "Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
> On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;
> Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
> Above the blind and battling multitude."

Wordsworth is still more a teacher than a poet, — one of the very deepest and soundest moral teachers of the world. His muse, indeed, often reminds us rather of Academus than of Parnassus. But more than is lost in art and beauty is gained in guidance and edification. He incarnates for us the endless lesson that to promote and fortify the general welfare of our own being is the paramount end, — a fact which almost all

forget in a distracted pursuit of externalities. He would call us home into the possession of ourselves, not for any egotistic pampering, but in order that we may lose ourselves in fruition and worship of the whole. "We live too little within," sighs poor Maurice de Guérin. "What has become of that inner eye which God has given us to keep watch over the soul, to be the witness of the mysterious play of thought, the ineffable movement of life, in the tabernacle of humanity? It is shut; it sleeps."

The special value of Wordsworth is as an exemplifying teacher and contagious imparter of certain habits of thought and feeling. He is an original apostle of the enthusiasm of nature, the enthusiasm of principles, and the enthusiasm of humanity. There is a deep and vital philosophy in his creed, —

> "To her fair works did nature link
> The human soul that through me ran;"

as life itself is primarily "an adjustment of inner relations with outer relations," a moving reflection within us of something originally without us. He has in this direction given an invaluable new impulse both to literature and to direct experience. He teaches us to recognize humanity not as the mere sum of existing men, but, in addition to this, as a spirit diffused through time and space over the whole world from its beginning to its end, enriched with all history and all hope, — a conception under whose influence our entire existence becomes thronged with inspiring impregnations of reflection and sentiment. Who truly receives this instruction will learn —

> "To prize the breath we share with human kind,
> And look upon the dust of man with awe."

He teaches us that —

> "By love subsists
> All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
> That gone, we are as dust."

He would make us —

> "Know that pride,
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

With unwearied earnestness of conjoined example and precept, he illustrates how —

> "Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
> Our active powers, those powers themselves become
> Strong to subvert our noxious qualities;
> They sweep distemper from the busy day,
> And make the big, round chalice of the year
> Run o'er with gladness."

He leads us to be —

> "Studious more to see
> Great truths than touch and handle little ones."

He teaches us pre-eminently the lesson which alienated moroseness so constantly inverts: —

> "To enfeebled power,
> From clear communion with uninjured minds,
> What renovation may be brought, and what
> Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
> Dejected, and habitually disposed
> To seek, in degradation of her kind,
> Excuse and solace for her own defects."

He exemplifies in all his life, and in all his works, the habit of seeing the great in the small, the sublime in the vulgar, the strange in the common, the awful authority and charm of humanity in the poorest and most ignorant men, and God everywhere, — a habit invaluable alike for wisdom, for virtue, for dignity, for peace, and for happiness. Fortunate every one who learns the secret!

He teaches us, finally, the restorative efficacy and charm of solitude, like a prophet familiar with all her secrets. To turn from a Heine to a Wordsworth is like changing attention from the roar and blaze of brothels, groggeries, and hells, to a nightingale warbling on a moonlit bough in heaven. What a strain he pours on the ears of the fops, loungers, gladiators, and slaves of time! —

> "When from our better selves we have too long
> Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
> Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
> How gracious, how benign, is solitude!
> How potent a mere image of her sway!
> Most potent when impressed upon the mind

With an appropriate human centre, — a hermit,
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
Votary, in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen,
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
Of lighthouse beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless wastes."

The immortal fame of Wordsworth is secure with the immortal benefits he will render his docile readers. While Winander, Fairfield, and Rydal remain, to all visionary minds his wraith will haunt them; and as long as Derwent runs, it will murmur his name to the pilgrims on its banks. Men will have a more blessed and mysterious communion with nature, a more constant and pervading sense of the presence of God, a more firm and tender love of their fellow-beings, because he has lived and sung. Fitly does Lowell say, referring to him: "Parnassus has two peaks: the one where improvising poets cluster; the other, where the singer of deep secrets sits alone, — a peak veiled sometimes from the whole morning of a generation by earth-born mists and smoke of kitchen-fires, only to glow the more consciously at sunset, and after nightfall to crown itself with imperishable stars."

W. R. A.

UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT SYRACUSE.

The duty of reporting the doings of this Conference has already been well performed by the daily and weekly newspapers, secular and religious, and there is no need that the record should be spread out afresh upon these pages; nevertheless, so noteworthy a meeting cannot be allowed to pass altogether without a word. Perhaps what the present writer will have to set down may have a little added value, as the story of one who went to the gathering unwillingly, as a

hopelessly undenominational person, not prepared to be favorably impressed, and returned feeling that it was good to have been there. It must suffice to direct attention to what was pronounced and representative. It all comes well enough into this single statement. It was a Christian Conference, — Christian in its uttered thought, Christian in its earnest desire, purpose, and definite provision, to preach the gospel, and that in no aggressive or sectarian spirit, as pulling down another man's work, or building on another man's foundation, but in that temper of the true catholic which places Christianity itself before any, even the most favored form.

The Conference has a right to be called Christian in its uttered thought. The reader may think that this is a small thing to say of a body convened in Christendom in the interests of the religious life; but our meaning will presently appear. Almost directly upon the opening of the assembly, one of the members, plainly a young man of great earnestness, proposed a change in the fundamental affirmation of the Constitution. The present preamble and first article read thus: —

"PREAMBLE. — *Whereas*, The great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration at this time increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building-up of the kingdom of his Son, —

"Therefore the Christian churches of the Unitarian faith, here assembled, unite themselves in a common body, to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian Churches, to the end of energizing and stimulating the denominations with which they are connected to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."

And we were asked to substitute for these paragraphs the following: —

"PREAMBLE. — *Whereas*, The object of Christianity is the universal diffusion of love, righteousness, and truth; and the attain-

ment of this object depends, under God, upon individual and collective Christian activity; and collective Christian activity, to be efficient, must be thoroughly organized: and —

"*Whereas*, Perfect freedom of thought, which is at once the right and the duty of every human being, always leads to diversity of opinion, and is therefore hindered by common creeds or statements of faith: and —

"*Whereas*, The only reconciliation of the duties of collective Christian activity and individual freedom of thought lies in an efficient organization for practical Christian work, based rather on unity of spirit than on uniformity of belief, —

"ARTICLE I. — Therefore the churches here assembled, disregarding all sectarian or theological differences, and offering a cordial fellowship to all who will join with them in Christian work, unite themselves in a common body, to be known as THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND INDEPENDENT CHURCHES."

Now, let it be observed that this change was asked for on the ground that the preamble was burdensome to the consciences of some of the brethren, the younger, it was said, who could not affirm the Lordship of Christ in the usual, and, as they supposed, supernatural, sense. Opportunity was given for the fullest discussion of the subject; and the result was an earnest re-affirmation of the original preamble, most happily for the Conference, which would have made a sorry figure indeed as a Christian body, had its members consented, in the very second year of its life, to rewrite the fundamental article of its Constitution, and that for the sake of disowning the Lordship of the Christ on the poor plea that the simplest possible Christian confession could not honestly be made by some who wished, nevertheless, to be of the fellowship.

This inability undoubtedly constituted a reason why they should withdraw, choosing a course for which all honest persons would respect them, but not a reason why those whose faith the preamble expressed should depart from their allegiance to it. It was plain, that a few, at least, honestly and earnestly desired the change. There can be no cause for glossing over or making light of the fact. We cannot join

with those who seek to cover up all differences, and explain words so that they may mean every thing or nothing. There is nothing to be hoped, but much to be feared, from what has been well described, by one of our radical Christians, as "an effort to hold a middle course between essentially opposite principles, to ignore radical differences, to turn great questions between natural and supernatural, authority and freedom, an official Christ and a human Jesus, into mere sliding scales of more and less, an attempt which must result at last in preserving just enough of both sides to neutralize each other and leave no vital motive power. Let us avoid that Via Media of which Father Newman's words afford the best description, — the path where 'mistiness is the mother of wisdom,' the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Ay and No." The very arguments that are sometimes used to persuade some of the doubting brethren to a nominal conformity, if they are valid for their case, are equally valid to retain, in apparent allegiance to the common confessions of Christendom, many who, in the progress of the mind, no longer find those creeds in their thought. We would not say, The words only mean thus and so, — better let them pass; but rather this: They mean even more than they express, they mean a vast deal, — I shall respect you if you refuse to affirm them lightly.

We have lived long enough to know that there are few finalities, and that we are very slow in coming to those few. It is a day of change. We must not be surprised when dear friends part, and take opposite directions. Whichever way they go, we must be just, — we do not say charitable, but just; not thinking evil, when, at the worst, there may be only an error of judgment. When we come upon re-actionists, we must not cry out, Ambition! When we come upon those who are moved to deny and destroy, we must not cry out, Infidelity! We must not "strive and cry," but watch and pray and labor, and make our own speech real, — not only traditionary or merely true to our intellects, but a part of the heart's abundance; so essential to us that we have no need to be for ever reiterating our persuasions. Those who are

walking in the light find no necessity to be for ever declaring that the sun shines: the true gospel is in power. The Christian believer works at an immense advantage. He may well receive a proposition to labor in the ways of naturalism, as one of the great workmasters of our busy world might receive a proposal to abandon his mill-seat by the side of a great river, and go off upon some enterprise of mere hand-work, carrying forge and anvil with him. Christ is with us that we may have life, supernatural life, and that we may have it more abundantly. It is not a question about this and the other miracle; it is a question of God with us, through Him who came to bring us to God, and who can do this for us only upon condition that we abide with him. They say that this is conservatism, — meaning that it is antiquated and behind the age. Are not they rather behind the age, and that more than eighteen centuries, who say any less? We were told of a friend, the other day, who had been so much engaged in meditations and charities as not to have heard of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, — an unnecessary closing of the ears, certainly; and yet there are those who, in this nineteenth century of Christ, have not yet heard that there is a Holy Ghost, and that God does really answer prayer, and that, besides the divine in us, there is a Divine above us. In what way the doctrine involved in the preamble would be interpreted by the Unitarians of the present day, it would be hard to say. Arianism has died out, except perhaps amongst a very few of the elders. The ministers, we think, have gone farther than the laymen in the direction of Humanitarianism. Many minds are unsettled as to the meaning of such language as this of the Constitution; many are honestly convinced that definiteness is neither to be desired nor to be attained: but there are those, a few at least, who, appealing partly to the other Gospels, but chiefly to St. John, are ready to affirm the essentially Divine in Christ as the objective Source of the new life of love. Such interpreters of the word and work of the Lord, whilst they are unable to accept the expression of their faith which is provided in the time-honored dogma of the Trinity, with its

Persons which are not Persons, are separated even more widely from those who find in Christians only the outgrowth and upreaching of our human nature. For ourselves, we are satisfied that the Unitarian will find that he must affirm more or less of Christ, and that we have not yet seen more than the beginning of the great debate upon the person and offices of the world's Saviour. What we want is to be sure that it is no mere war of words, but a real comparison of experiences and authorities; an earnest and charitable survey of lives,— the life which is natural, and the life which is lived by the grace of the Son of God. If the latter is what it claims to be, there can be no mistaking it; there will be no need of clamoring for it; we shall hardly want to have a creed about it, so truly will the testimony be written upon the heart and upon the face, as by the finger of God; so truly will the light rise and shine upon a world which is too much in darkness not to know when the sun has risen, and put out its poor tapers. The Conference refused to part with the expression of their faith: let them show it forth accordingly. We may add, in this connection, that they did well in making one change, by which "other Christian churches" are invited to come and sit down with the Unitarians in their assembly.

But far beyond any formal voting, however earnest, the missionary spirit which was abroad in the Conference witnessed for a genuine Christian faith. He who has nothing to impart can hardly have the gospel, — the gospel of which Paul wrote, woe is me, if I preach it not. The Unitarians, it is said, — and they have said it as frequently as any, — have not been missionary. They were not ready to be. It was fortunate undoubtedly, providential indeed, that some of them were not. Destruction gets done quite fast enough; and, if destroyers are not very zealous, so much the better for the world they live in. Moreover, many amongst the Unitarians who were not destroyers, but eager to affirm and build up, have been slow in coming to a distinct gospel consciousness, an earnest apprehending of that by which they also were apprehended. This day of spiritual paralysis is plainly passing away. West and East, there are the motions of a new life

The Western brethren sent to the Conference an earnest Broad-Church memorial, asking for co-operation in the work of preaching the word, not in the name of a sect, but in the Master's name. The Western Unitarians include many men of rare gifts and the highest promise; men whose wisdom and fervor are alike conspicuous, — our own, though they have come to Liberal communions, some of them, from other bodies. What we note is something in men's hearts which draws them towards others; a feeling that they have something unspeakably precious to give, a real contribution to the spiritual treasure-house of the world. No longer occupied with mere abstractions, or the refinements of religious sentiment built up into a more robust Christian stature and proportions, they are able to put life into the individual church, the life which is nourished by earnest conference and hearty work, and also to set about the grouping of churches into effective associations for genuine missionary labors. It is proposed, for example, as Mr. Tilden told us in his very admirable missionary report, to organize lay meetings and provide lay readings in destitute neighborhoods, and to send about travelling evangelists, who shall discharge, so far as may be, from town to town, the offices of a regular clergyman, administering ordinances, as well as preaching the word. Those who have lived even in privileged New England well know how needful such an itinerant ministry is, — how large a portion, even of Protestant New-Englanders, must have the gospel brought to them, if they are to have it at all. We trust that the Liberal churches will do their part, and more, in these home missions; beginning in the streets and lanes that join hard upon the synagogue, going out upon the moors and plains and lonely hillsides, seeking for the Ishmaelites of our modern society. Better than any creed-testimony will be the movement of our simple yet profound truth forth into the waste places. If we can show how the rich and poor may meet together, even in these days of increasing luxury in the house of God; how the gospel can reach the unchurched millions; how it can save them from superstition on the one hand, and infidelity on the other hand; how it can be *in and with* the

age, and yet not *of* the age, a real power, — we need give ourselves no concern about denominational fortunes.

Local conferences are suggested and promised; we hope that they will soon be a part of our history. There are feeble churches scattered over the land that need sympathy, need to be assured that there is a body of which they are members, and that life-tides from a warm heart are flowing into every limb. From these smaller gatherings we shall expect quite as much, to say the least, as from the larger assembly which hereafter will be called together only once in two years.

We are well aware that all those who were present at the Conference did not, in all likelihood, share our very agreeable impressions. Some must have thought the majority bigoted and timid and sadly prejudiced. Let us not judge one another. Let each one come to his own conclusions, as he best can, and work with all his might according to the light and help which God shall give him, and we shall find the words of cautious old Gamaliel fulfilled, — "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God." Meanwhile, so much must the writer say of "my fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God, who have been a comfort unto me." E.

ALLEGED DEFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

It is instructive, if not alarming, to witness the increasing hardihood of denial among our modern rationalists. The late Theodore Parker, and others who agreed with him, were accustomed to denounce with great severity the "Christianity of the Church;" but, at the same time, they held up the "Christianity of Christ," by contrast, to so much the stronger admiration. In their view, the Christian religion, as it came from its founder, was "the absolute," the perfect religion. The great work of the theological reformer was to clear away the accretions and corruptions of later times; for it was

certain, that, if we could get at the religion which Jesus really taught, we should find no flaw or blemish there, but a system of truth adapted to all nations and all ages of the world. Now, however, a new and bolder position has been assumed. Starting with the belief, that Jesus was simply a "Galilean peasant," and no World-Redeemer or Divinely-Anointed One, the more recent rationalism has not unnaturally come to the conclusion, that he whom Christians venerate as their Lord was only an "ignorant Jew;" and that his religion has several very serious errors and defects, which unfit it for universal dominion. What some of these alleged defects and errors are, I propose to consider now; not because our religion stands in need of defence, but rather for the better understanding of the kind of opposition which Christianity has to encounter at the present day.

The silence of our Lord on the duties of the marriage relation, and his evident preference of a single life to a married one, are among the gravest of the charges brought against the perfection of his religion. A brief examination of the familiar passages of the Gospels on which such an opinion claims to be founded will help us to a right conclusion. Indeed, if we look carefully at the purport of a single one of these, it will perhaps be sufficient to show us, that Christ has spoken no disparagement of the marriage bond, no preference of a single to a married life. The nineteenth chapter of Matthew, from verses 3 to 12, contains the strongest passage that can be urged in favor of the view here referred to. For, *apparently*, our Lord here commends those who are willing, "for the kingdom of heaven's sake," to abstain from marriage, above those who for any cause may choose to marry. And, undoubtedly, asceticism in every Christian age, has rested itself on this supposed commendation; even the devout Herbert giving in to the Romish doctrine, that a single life is the holier. But what is exactly the import of this passage? The Pharisees hoped to involve our Lord in a controversy with the Mosaic law on the subject of divorce; and so they approached him with the question, "May a man divorce his wife for any cause that pleases him?" Jesus an-

swers, "Not so; for it is written in your own law that God made man originally male and female," and that this distinction of sex is the ground of marriage, and that marriage makes two human beings to be one. Man may not therefore sunder, at his own capricious will, what God himself has joined. "But," urge his tempters, "why then did Moses say that one may put away his wife by simply giving a bill of divorcement?" — "This," replies Jesus, "was permitted by Moses because you were in too low a spiritual condition to receive the law in its original purity. Your 'hardness of heart' required this modification for a time, to prevent worse evils. But now I re-affirm the true law, that only infidelity to the marriage vow justifies divorce. Separation for any other cause is adultery." So far, it can hardly be denied, our Lord affirms the sanctity of true marriage, and never intimates by one word that a single state is preferable. But the graver difficulty is supposed to lie in what follows. The disciples, conceiving that this stricter law of divorce might often make marriage a heavy burden upon human nature, suggested that it were better not to marry at all. What was the Master's reply? Certainly he does not confirm their suggestion. He does not say, You are right. He says, "All men cannot follow the rule you would lay down. There are some who by nature are unfitted for the marriage relation. There are others who cannot enter into it, by reason of obstructions which men have put in their way. And there is a third class, who, for the sake of supreme devotion to spiritual things, voluntarily deny themselves the joys and privileges of married life. 'He that is able to receive it,'— i.e., he who belongs to either of these classes, — 'let him receive it;' let him find his happiness and his duty in some other than the married state." That is all. And the fair inference from this conversation, to my mind, plainly is, that our Lord purposely avoids saying what the disciples were expecting him to say, — that "it is not good to marry." If any choose to lead a single life from the high motive of religious consecration, they are at liberty to do so; but let them not doubt that those who choose to marry may do it also from the highest

motive, and may believe that they too are conforming to the will of God. Simply as an ethical doctrine, what can be truer than this which I interpret as Christ's view of marriage? It is unquestionably "ordained of God," and therefore a "holy estate." But both married and single life, like all other conditions of humanity, are instruments of good or evil according to the character of those who enter into them. I will only add, in reference to this point, that a Christian should hardly doubt that he who was present at the wedding feast in Cana, and furnished entertainment for its guests, approved of that sacred bond which unites two human beings for life in the tenderest and sweetest of all life's relations.

But it is also among the alleged defects of Christianity, that its founder said nothing about the *duties* of the married state. He does not tell us how husbands and wives should endeavor to keep their marriage vows, how they should behave towards each other in the various trying conditions which may come upon them, how they should discharge their solemn responsibilities towards their children, how their home should be made a Christian sanctuary, and the abode of all that is loveliest on earth. This objection is similar to those which find difficulty in the silence of our Lord upon one's duties towards the State, and upon all that relates to business and trade, and upon many other of the complicated relations of our existing society. One answer is sufficient for all: Christ did not come to declare a complete system of ethics. It would have been a serious objection to his Divine claims, and an obstruction to his mission, had he done so. A *system* of morality involves the rigidity of law; and, when professing to come from a Divine source, compels the submission of the human will. But Christ would "*draw* all men unto him," not *compel* them. He came to give a new life to men; and that life would manifest itself in the cheerful and voluntary performance of every duty. He came "a light into the world," and that light scatters all darkness from the minds of those who are willing to receive it. The excellence of his method is fully vindicated by its results. No truly Christian man has ever failed in his duties to the State

or to his own family. No Christian merchant or lawyer has ever allowed fraud or avarice to corrupt his dealings with his fellow-men. As a Christian, he has learned from the Gospels themselves that law of neighborly love which is susceptible of infinite applications. As a Christian, he has been taught of God, in devout communion with him, what he must do and be in all the relations of life. I assert it to be the direct fruit of Christian experience, to make the *conscience* larger, stronger, tenderer. That cannot, therefore, be a defect in our Lord's teachings, which has enabled men in all ages more fully to understand and more faithfully to fulfil all the duties of their calling, and, without any precise rules, to accomplish more than all rules could effect.

Somewhat different still is the objection, that Christianity, as taught by its founder, gives the preference to a passive over an active virtue. Our Lord commends humility, it is said, but not courage. He inculcates trust in God, patience under injuries, forgiveness of wrong and insult, but not an active interference in behalf of the oppressed, not drawing the sword for the defence of one's country, not even diligence in providing for one's own household or in the pursuit of an honest calling. It does not appear from the Gospels to be any part of man's duty to subdue the physical world to his uses, to develop its wealth, to explore its domain, to contend against its destructive energies, to make it more and more fit for human abode. We do not learn in the school of Christ an admiration of the old heroic virtue which founded kingdoms, and maintained them against all adversaries, and established them on an impregnable basis. Nor do we in this school find any thing which should cause us to exult in the triumphs of modern civilization. On the contrary, it would seem that a disciple of the Lord, who had no other instruction than the literal sense of his words, would acquire a positive distaste and aversion to much which constitutes the peculiar boast of this age, — achievements which have been wrought by unparalleled energy, science, and skill. If "the disciple whom Jesus loved" be taken as the highest type of Christian virtue, does there not seem an incongruity

in the thought of a Christian taking any active part in the promotion of some of those reforms which are now considered so essential to human welfare? Imagine a St. John at the head of the nation, or conducting a "forlorn hope," or exploring a path for the Pacific railroad! Or, to vary the form of the supposition, think how the traditionary ideas of the "saint," in every communion of Christendom, are utterly incompatible with a thousand demands which the every-day work of the world makes upon us. Hence the re-action of "secularism" in our day. It is somehow felt, that the world could not get on without a very large infusion of an element not derived from the records of the Christian faith.

Now, we need not fear to admit the facts here alleged. According to our present mode of judging, it is inevitable that our Lord should seem to prefer the virtues called passive. But that, I affirm, is no defect in his teachings; it has its root in some profound spiritual truth. Let us see if we may not attain to some perception of this truth. It is one way of meeting the difficulty to say, that there was peculiar need of insisting on the passive virtues when the discourses of Jesus were uttered. But we who admit the universal adaptation of the gospel to human wants cannot be satisfied with any such explanation. It must be as true now as when our Lord was upon earth, that we should resist not evil, should turn the other cheek to the smiter, should voluntarily take the lowest place. That is, there must be a truth in these expressions which no lapse of time can ever efface or outgrow. And it seems to me the true explanation of the difficulty here felt is somewhat as follows: The passive virtues are the groundwork of the active. The great Teacher lays more stress upon them because they are more fundamental. They relate to the inner life and character. Let this primal work be well done, and we need not fear that the virtues which pertain to active life will ever come into disrepute, or be in any way discouraged. For illustration, let us take humility; a virtue which has always been recognized as peculiarly Christian, nay, which has even been made a reproach to the Christian religion. There are all kinds of

disguises and pretences which pass for this virtue; but humility, in its essence, is that spirit which makes *no claim* to human or divine favor. It is not self-asserting. It is utterly free from all jealousy, envy, and discontent. It is the parent of reverence and gratitude. It accepts all conditions of life as occasions alike of doing God service. It is the basis of the truest and only desirable independence, and the school in which the noblest courage is learned. If these are not mere assertions, have we not here some steps of the process by which an energetic, manly, and heroic virtue is educed from what seemed at first a mere passive element of character? No one will deny courage to belong to the active class of virtues. But what makes courage? Setting aside that form of it which is the result of mere physical insensibility, what can more effectually inspire courage than utter self-forgetfulness, combined with an unwavering faith in the Divine Providence? Now, humility *is* forgetfulness of self, and it is the direct preparation for the faith that overcomes the world. Is it *moral* courage that is in question, the willingness to face ridicule and contempt and misunderstanding, the courage to say No, the readiness to undertake a "thankless task" when duty or affection calls? Then who so much to be relied upon for this principle as the man of true humility, who has no personal ends to gain, no self-love to be wounded, no loss to dread which others can inflict? Or, if one is required to encounter physical sufferings and privations in any of the thousand forms in which they occur, humility is here also a direct qualification for meeting the trial, inasmuch as it takes away distrust in the providence of God, and gives assurance that we shall not be tried beyond our needs or our strength. And here a doubt may well be suggested, whether the distinction between active and passive virtues does not sometimes mislead. An implicit *faith* or trust in God seems, in one aspect of it, to belong to the passive qualities of the character. Yet it is also, beyond question, one of the most prominent elements in the successful explorer, discoverer, reformer, hero, and conqueror. Let the familiar examples of Luther and Columbus suffice to prove this. It is not so

much a distinction between different classes of virtues as between different human characters. Some men will turn all truth into occasions and motives for action. Some will find every thing minister to their love of seclusion and contemplation. The foundations of Christian ethics are undeniably of the most comprehensive nature, consisting in love to God and to man. There is absolutely no human duty which cannot be referred to one or both of these principles. And there is nothing in the spirit or the form of our Lord's teaching which, when rightly considered, justifies us in any preference of a contemplative life to an active one. That it should ever have seemed otherwise must be ascribed to the same perversion of human nature which gave rise to the monstrous forms of asceticism. The more enlightened interpretation of Christianity assures us, that our very "field" is the "world;" which, therefore, we are not to denounce and flee from, but seek, like our Master, to save. The chair of State, the merchant's counting room, the mechanic's workshop, the farmer's field, are all consecrated places, if one will, no whit less than the cell of the anchoret or the venerable cathedral. Does one object, that these ideas are not derived from the Christian records, and that therefore what passes for Christian ethics has to be supplemented from the prevailing spirit of the age? I answer, such ideas are not indeed found in any literal interpretation of the gospel, but they are deducible from its spirit, through the aid of that diviner *life* which Christianity is and which it imparts. The more fully that life is received, the larger and more comprehensive becomes the view of one's Christian obligations, and the more inexhaustible the meaning of the inspired volume, which shall prove to all ages a light shining unto the perfect day?

The alleged defects of Christianity are found not only in its ethics, but in some of its theological doctrines also. Christ, it is said by the objectors, taught the doctrines of demoniacal possession and the eternity of future punishment; and both of these are contrary to sound reason, and one of them is certainly at variance with our natural sense of justice and our instincts of benevolence. Now, I do not intend, in so limited space, to enter into the interpretation of those

passages of our Lord's discourses and conversations which seem to convey the doctrines here referred to. I am ready to concede, that he did teach, by implication, the doctrine of demoniacal possession. I am not prepared to deny, that he taught, in a certain sense, the eternal punishment of the wicked; i.e., the eternal connection of sin and misery. Nay more, I see no hint in any words of Jesus, that there may be opportunity for repentance in another life. On the contrary, the continual drift of all his teaching is, that the present lifetime alone holds out any hope of conversion and salvation. But to charge these doctrines as defects in the blessed gospel is to assume, that we *know more* than he who came into the world as the incarnate Truth; a position indeed perfectly consistent with the attitude of a deist, but hardly with that of the professed believer in Christ. How could the Christian world any longer look up to him with adoring love and trust, if he were liable to a mistake in such vital matters? It seems to me the part not only of modesty, but of truest wisdom, to come to any other conclusion sooner than that the Founder of our holy religion, whose light has been appreciated by the purest and wisest of our race, can possibly have erred in regard to the nature and destiny of the soul, or the dangers which it is exposed to in time and in eternity. Would it not indeed be monstrous, that the Redeemer should not be fully acquainted with the evils from which he is to redeem? — that the Saviour should not know who are "the lost" whom he came to seek and to save? Therefore, O timid and trembling believer! fear not, when it is pretended that science has overthrown the doctrines which your Master recognized as true. Appeal from science to the "Lord of the sciences." Say, like the simple-hearted blind man in the Gospel, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see;" and he who gave me that light cannot be in any darkness. Wait in full assurance that the time will come when wisdom shall be justified of all her children, when the words of the "elder Scripture" shall be seen to accord with those of the later, and the Spirit of truth shall guide into all truth those who are willing to receive Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. W. S.

IS CHRIST "IN THE WAY"? OR IS HE THE WAY?

A FEW days since, a minister, bearing our name, was congratulated by one of his parishioners on having relieved her mind by taking Christ out of the way between her and the Father. This struck me as expressing, in a brief sentence, the great point now at issue in many quarters in regard to the relation of Christ to God and man. Is he "in the way"? — an obstruction in our approach to the Father, and our conceptions of his character? Or is he *the* way? — himself the very path that leads us to right views of the Divine Being, helps us to a better knowledge of him, and aids us in our worship? Does it follow, as is now contended by some, that, if he was not the "very God of Gods," he must have been a mere man like ourselves, inspired only in a higher degree, and in some respects fallible and faulty as we all are?

We can have no clear and practical Christology until we settle this great question. It is fundamental, not only in its theological bearings, but in its relations to the influence of Christ, as a person, upon our faith in general, and hence upon our moral and spiritual condition.

There is a difficulty on this subject, not confined, I regret to say, to those who are avowedly rationalists, that is, who form their conceptions of Christ by their own reasonings, and then reject, or essentially vitiate, the New-Testament record whenever it conflicts with their conceptions. Now, I am not about to argue with those who invalidate the record whenever it militates with their views; but I would show, that, if our faith in the Scriptures is firm, and we accept them as a divine record, we must believe at the same time that Christ is not "in the way," but is verily himself the true way to the Father.

How slow have men been to receive this great truth! While one part of the Church of Christ regard him as on a level with the Father, another portion reduce him to the rank of simple humanity; and multitudes, lest they should exalt

him too highly, are losing sight of him altogether in his Scriptural and special relation to themselves.

This is sometimes done by treating Christ controversially and logically alone. In this position, we look at him as a mere subject of speculation; we become thinkers, perhaps acute thinkers, it may be right thinkers, in regard to his nature and rank. But there we stop: we do not press on from the intellect to the heart; we are not yet true believers in Christ; we do not look upon him as a special being, personal and intimate to ourselves. We take our stand outside of the Bible, and not in it. He does not yet interest our feelings; hence we contemplate him coldly; we do not listen to him reverently, and accept him as to us "chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

Then, again, many regard Christ, so to speak, admissively. They do not receive him positively, but negatively. Ask them, as he himself did the Pharisees, "What think you of Christ?" and they will answer, "He is not equal with God;" "He did not pre-exist;" or "He is not a mere man." Or, if they are pressed to state their own faith positively, they will admit that he is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and a pattern of all moral and spiritual excellence. They will acknowledge that his religion is important, and we ought to obey it. But they do not everywhere and always affirm these things. They are not defenders of the cross; they do not contend earnestly for the faith. Through fear of believing too much in Christ, they believe altogether too little; and assert and maintain, by their lips and their life, almost nothing.

Others consider Christ, not as the only way to God and to life eternal, but as one among many ways. He is not taken as their Lord and Master: they acknowledge no lord above their own unassisted reason; they accept no master beyond the light of their own minds.

But, to all seekers, whether heathen or nominally Christian, the words of our Saviour are clear and explicit: "I am the way." Look where else you may, there is but one way to God: "no man can come to the Father but by me." This language admits of two interpretations; both of which, how-

ever, lead to one and the same conclusion. We may translate the original language literally. "I am the way," the only way to God, whom you seek. "I am the truth;" there is no truth on this subject out of me. "I am the life;" I am the foundation of spiritual, eternal life. Or we may expound it thus: "I am the true way to life," meaning immortal life, the life of which he had just spoken. In either case, Jesus presents himself as the only way to the Father, the only source of divine truth, and the one exclusive guide to eternal life.

Take the first of these expositions. It may be thus paraphrased: "I am the way." Whatever end you propose to yourself, religiously speaking, let your destination be whatever it may, you can arrive at no high and enduring good, either in attaining a knowledge of divine things, or in finding the object you seek, as a spiritual being, or in securing your own ultimate salvation, salvation from error and ignorance, from sin, death, and misery, — except through me. I am the way over which you must pass to reach the goal you have in view.

"I am the truth." Many have come before me who taught only falsity; and many will come after me, claiming to know more, or as much, of God and man and eternal life as I know. But they all wander in mental blindness and guilt, in spiritual darkness. They may inculcate temporary doctrines, suited to some one age, or truths adapted to a single country or people, and to special circumstances; but I teach for all times, for every kindred and tongue, and for the manifold conditions of the universal race. My truth is not relative or local; it is absolute, unchangeable, eternal.

Nay, while other teachers only utter the truth with their lips, and only preach and publish what *they* believe, "I am the truth." Whosoever looketh upon me hath not only heard of, but seen, the Father. I not only proclaim the nature of man, and tell him of what he is capable, and unfold his duty, and announce his destiny, but I am a divine impersonation of his highest nature, an exhibition of his capacities. I show duty enacted; I manifest the destination set before the race. I do not simply, like many other teachers, call

attention to divine truth, and point to that high, spiritual sun; I myself am "the light of the world."

And not the light only, "I am also the life." You see in me an exemplification of every doctrine, precept, promise, hope, sanction, of my religion. If you would know what you are to do, to live for ever, you must fasten your eyes upon Christ. He is "the rose of Sharon:" behold in him the beauty of holiness and the fragrance of an all-diffusive charity! I am "the lily of the valley:" learn of me, who am meek and lowly, the gentleness and power of true humility. I am "the cedar of Lebanon," exalted by my union with the Father, incorruptible in substance, filled with a saving perfume, and of a holy and healing efficacy. "I am the bread of life." You hunger for, and seek, the loaves of earth; you are eating manna in the wilderness, like your fathers, and, like them, you will die. But eat of my bread, and you will live for ever. The bread I offer you is "my flesh, which I give for the life of the world." I am full of life, life in myself, given me by my Father. So have I taken hold of eternal things, that with me time is no more. I not only look forward to, but already have, everlasting life. I tread this globe beneath my feet. I stand even now within the portals of my Father's house.

Yet more, I am the only way to the Father. It is he that sent me into the world; and, as I came from him, so am I alone able to lead you up to him. Why should you reject me, you Jews, who call him your father? "I am the door," and you cannot enter the fold of God except through me. Why do you seek to "climb up some other way"? If you desire a true and saving faith in him, you must first believe in me. The world is in bondage to sin; they have transgressed the law of God, and would seek his mercy and forgiveness. They who are consciously alienated from the Father, ask how they shall be freed from their sins, how assured of his forgiveness, how reconciled unto him. I reply, there is but one way in which it can be done, and I am that way. "If ye believe not that I am he," the Son of God, the Saviour of souls, "ye shall die in your sins." There is no rest for the burdened conscience but in taking my easy yoke.

You will never find pardon and peace with the Father except through me: I am the way to it.

Such is the exposition of the language of Christ on the means and methods of human salvation. It is direct; it is positive; it is plain. Christ is not God himself, but he is the way to God: and, while the Father is supreme, and Christ subordinate; while the one is the object of worship, the great source of salvation, the end we are to seek, — Christ is the way, and the only way, by which we can worship the Father aright. He is not simply a convenient or desirable medium of worship, but absolutely essential to our acceptance with him.

Christ calls upon us to take him, not as one among a multitude of equal teachers, but as our supreme instructor; not as one who may recommend this or that course of thinking, feeling, and action, but as one who commands us, "This thou shalt do; that thou shalt not do." In a word, he speaks to us as one clothed with authority. And, if what he says is true, we shall never follow him closely and steadily until we believe in his divine authority. It is in vain to glance at him as some remote star, to be looked at as a mere wonder, or even as the moon walking in her queenly beauty. No: he must be to us the very sun of the spiritual world, the central luminary, the source of light, life, joy, and peace to the else dark and lost soul. According to what Christ claims for himself, it will not suffice to accept him as our exemplar alone, not though we elevate him admiringly as the best of human examples. We must add to this something more; or, rather, his example, to be efficacious, must have its root in a deeper principle. And that is faith, — an entire confidence in him as the only being through whom we have sure access to the Father. We have other examples; and they stimulate us to virtue; but no one of them is, like Christ, an object of implicit trust: on him alone can we rely as our Saviour.

God is our example; we are called in Scripture continually to imitate him. But is that his only relation to us? Nay, it is but one among a multitude of those relations. Especially is he an object of our faith, seen with the spiritual eye, to be relied upon under all circumstances, and followed as our un-

erring guide. So also is Christ set before us as more than a pattern we are to copy. He is a teacher, whose instructions we are to receive as perfect, and whom we are to obey promptly and with cheerfulness. Every thing he says, and every thing he does, seems to the true Christian right. His word is never disputed; his authority is never resisted, never so much as questioned. We love him as our best friend; we honor him for his wisdom; we obey him from choice, and with our whole heart. We desire no other way; we seek no different truth; we embrace him as the life of our lives.

Christ is our example, but he is also still more; for he is our Mediator. He is the recipient of spiritual things from the Father; and that which is given him he communicates to us. The full truth of God beamed on the mind of Christ; and through him its rays are transmitted to his disciples. The Father is a fountain of everlasting life; and, as he "hath life in himself," so has he "given to the Son to have life in himself." And we are to look to Jesus as a source of immortal vigor and blessedness. We need constantly the aid of our Father; and, that we may obtain it, he has imparted to Christ "the Spirit without measure;" he has established a depository, to which we may repair, and where we may receive all needed supplies. Christ is the divine plenipotentiary, bearing messages of grace, mercy, and peace to us from the Father.

This leads me to say, that Christ must be more to us than an example, or we could never be brought to repentance and the pardon of our sins. In these respects, he is, indeed, no example to us; for he lived "without sin," and consequently never repented, and never needed forgiveness. But he helps us in this hardest of all tasks. He shows us, by his own faultless life, the exceeding breadth of God's law, and how far we fall short of obeying it. By our joys and our fears, by precept and parable, — the misery of the prodigal son, and the acceptance of the penitent thief on the cross, — he speaks to the sin-bound soul, and bids it look up and hope. He pierces the conscience; his word is quick and powerful, dividing asunder soul and spirit, and discerning the very thoughts and intents of the heart. And, when he has thus

reached the inmost man, he presents his healing gospel, and assures us that sincere repentance is never unavailing; but that, if we confess our sins, and then determinately forsake them, God will grant us an abundant and enduring pardon.

There are those, as I have already said, who contend, that, God being our Father, we need no one to stand between us and him; that is, "We need no Saviour, we can save ourselves. At most, Christ is only an instrument of our salvation, and why make so large account of him?" I answer, that God is indeed our Father; and it is because he is our Father that he does not leave us to struggle on in our guilt without pity and without aid. The earthly parent provides teachers, intellectual and moral saviours, for his children: why, then, should not our Heavenly Father send us an unerring teacher, a spiritual Saviour, — one through whom we can come to him, and become what he so earnestly desires to see us? And what though Christ be subordinate to the Father? Shall we, in shunning the error of the Trinitarian, which makes the Saviour equal to the Father, sink him to a comparative insignificance? Or, lest, like the Catholic, we make him an object of dread, and set up some Mary, mother of God, to interpose with her child on our behalf, shall we straightway degrade him by calling him a mere earthly instrument of our salvation? Or, as we gaze at the Father, must we overlook Christ entirely?

This ought not so to be: to argue thus, and to feel thus, is to incur the hazard of becoming at last utterly Christless. It will make that church which takes this course a dead branch; it will lower us to a bald rationalism; it will leave us utter Judaizers, asking "Where is Christ?" or what is he, but one in some respects the best among his fellow-men? Let us not in this way evade the simple, plain doctrine of the New Testament. We may invalidate the record; and that is the ground many choose rather than take what purports to be the testimony on our subject of Christ himself. But, if we receive the gospel as a veritable record, then we must receive the Christ it reveals, — "the way," not one among many ways, but *the* way to God; "the truth," not a part of the truth, but the whole truth; "the life," the only

guide to joy here and to bliss hereafter. Christ so regarded will be to us a personal Saviour, the road we shall know and take, the path in which we shall daily walk, wandering no more "in doubt perplexed, in darkness lost," and by sin oppressed; but approaching the Father by the true and living way, seeking, by prayer and perseverance, relief from guilt and peace with God. Then will Christ be to us, in our closet worship, in every scene of temptation and toil, and under every burden of grief, a "real presence," a loved and ever-trusted guide, beckoning us upward and onward to our Father's house. Then shall we ever turn to him with the reverent ascription: —

"O thou great Friend to all the sons of men!
We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of Heaven;
And they who deepest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, and way which thou hast given."

THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE AND OF FAITH.

Beneath the ocean's ever-tossing breast,
Now ruffled only by the summer wind,
Sinks the vast cable to its final rest,
That shall two continents together bind.
Triumph of science over space and time,
That kindred nations long hath kept apart!
When shall our faith, with triumphs as sublime,
Bind realm to realm and kindred heart to heart?
Yet still, in faith, man's triumph we behold,
Subduing nature to his lofty will;
And wait the day, in prophecy foretold,
Which, tarrying long, Oh may our age fulfil!
When nations shall from strife for ever cease,
And the whole earth shall dwell in sacred peace.

J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

HENRY JAMES is one of the contributors to the "Radical." The service he renders it may be judged of by the following extract from an article in the October number, entitled "The Radical Dogmatics." It is on the subject of miracle, and strikes us as exceedingly pungent and forcible.

"Science necessarily ignores miracle, because science itself is the permanent and orderly illustration of that same divine power in nature, of which miracle was the occasional and disorderly attestation; and it would be suicidal, of course, in science to regard that exceptional which it is itself bent on establishing as normal. Science, in other words, regards God as a resident quantity in nature, while faith has always restricted him to an occasional outside interference with it; and it would be simply absurd and illogical, therefore, for science to take the point of view of faith. But although the man of true science, like Comte, disallows miracle, it is none the less puerile in M. Renan, M. Taine, and our own still more egregious scientific foundlings, to begin dogmatizing thereupon, and declare miracle impossible in the very nature of things. It is not very obvious to me, that these perfunctionary gentlemen have set themselves seriously to inquire what this 'very nature of things' is. For, if they had, I can't help thinking that they would soon have found out that this 'very nature of things' is nothing more nor less than *their educative use* to the human mind, and hence have been very wary of deciding any thing 'contrary to the nature of things,' before they had first ascertained whether it bore any relation of use to our mental development. All things exist in nature, and all things occur in history, in the strictest possible subserviency to this supreme interest; so that to say that miracle is opposed to the nature of things, simply because it is inappropriate to a *scientific* evolution of the mind, amounts, in my mind, to a flagrant begging of the question, by words without meaning, or else to the affirmation that the scientific furnishes the boundary, as well as the base, to man's spiritual development. And every such pretension I should cordially and joyfully reject as puerile and insensate, were it authenticated by a thousand Newtons or Bacons. I should say to the sponsors of every such idea, 'My friends, you are doubtless seraphs of science: but you are, at the same time, the rudest, vulgarest Bowery boys of philosophy; and, if you have any regard for the fitness of things, I advise you, in Bowery parlance, incontinently to dry up.'"

MONKEYS AND MEN.

Professor Agassiz, in his very interesting account of his experiences in the region of the Amazon, has told us that there is no end, not only of monkeys, but of *kinds* of monkeys; and he asked, "Why, if, as some will have it, man is descended from the monkey, have we not as many races of men as we have of monkeys?" A very pertinent question, asked by one, who, whilst he is always true to science, is equally true to faith, and in no haste to jump at conclusions which are hostile to faith. By the way, if men can be developed out of monkeys, why has the process come to an end in these days? There are monkeys in abundance, and of every degree of intelligence: why are they so stationary? why do we not hear of at least one tribe of these creatures that has really begun to look up in the world? Take the lowest Bushman and the most cultivated monkey, and the line is very deep and strong between them. E.

CHOIR SINGING.

It ought to cost a great deal more or a great deal less. As managed in too many of our churches, the result is a rehearsal, on Sunday, of difficult music partly familiarized. Less ambitious and less costly experiments would be crowned with success. There is a vast deal of simple church music which could be afforded at less than three or four thousands a year, which would draw the congregation into and up with it. This is what every parish should have, certainly, unless it is at once able and willing, after having fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and preached the gospel to the poor, to expend a very large sum upon professional singers, who shall make church music a speciality, and go about it with freedom and grace. E.

It so happens, that the editors, without having had any opportunity to compare their notes, have written out each his impression of the Conference at Syracuse. The reader is requested to excuse any repetitions, and to harmonize, as far as may, any differences: *antagonisms*, we trust, will not be found.

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

Mourn, O ye autumn winds!
Summer has fled;
The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the summer now is dead.

Grieve, O ye autumn winds!
Summer lies low;
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed,
For she that lovèd so,
Alas! is dead;
And one by one her loving children go.

Wail, O ye autumn winds!
She lives no more,
The gentle summer, with her balmy breath,
Still sweeter than before,
When nearer death,
And brighter every day the smile she wore.

Mourn, mourn, O autumn winds!
Lament and mourn:
How many half-blown buds must close and die!
Hopes with the summer born
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate and earth forlorn.

Adelaide Proctor's Poems.

SNOBBISHNESS.

What a price we pay for it! There are only a few streets that it will "do" to live in, and just such garments we must all wear; and, if the milliner or the tailor is pleased to demand twice what an article is worth, we must have it nevertheless; and as for saying, in a quiet, matter-of-course, manly way, "I cannot afford this," why, it would be very ungenteel. We do verily be-

lieve that the Americans are the most foolishly extravagant people on the face of the earth, and get less comfort out of their expenditures than any other nation which pretends to be civilized. The rubbish that they put into their houses is frightful to contemplate. Why cannot they be made to understand what comfort may be taken in an unfashionable house, standing in an unfashionable quarter; and that there is no misery, short of that caused by sin, to be compared with the wretchedness of living a little beyond or even just up to your means? Do dress plain, if only until we have an honest specie currency, and no longer look at the gold quotations. E.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY THOMAS JEFFERSON A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

"THIS letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell." — *Christian Manual.*

YOUTHFUL THOUGHTLESSNESS.

AND, in general, I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest

with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after-years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there. —*Ruskin.*

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

YES, I come from the spirit's land,
From the land that is bright and fair;
I come with a voice from the shadowy band,
To tell that they love you there;

To say, If a wish or a vain regret
Could live in Elysian bowers,
'Twould be for the friends they can ne'er forget,
The loved of their youthful hours;

To whisper the dear, deserted band,
Who smiled on their tarriance here,
That a faithful guard in the dreamless land
Are the friends they have loved so dear.

'Tis true, in the silent night you call,
And they answer you not again;
For the spirits of bliss are voiceless all:
Sound only was made for pain.

That their land is bright, and they weep no more,
I have warbled from hill to hill;
But my plaintive strain should have told before,
That they love, oh! they love you still.

They bid me say that unfading flowers
You'll find in the path they trod;
And a welcome true to their deathless bowers,
Pronounced by the voice of God.

Christian Manual.

ATTACKS UPON THE BIBLE.

You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice, you and your clergymen together, because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the book, that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly, and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor, and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice, and you do not know nor care to know so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to, know what he means when he tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In righteousness he doth judge and make war."— *Ruskin.*

A man may be potentially just or merciful; yet, from defect of training, he may be actually neither. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good, whether their qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it,— such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in

him will place him above many that practise virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith. Other virtues want civilization, a certain amount of knowledge, a few books; but, in half-brutal countenances, faith will light up a glimmer of nobleness. The savage, who can do little else, can wonder and worship, and enthusiastically obey. He who cannot know what is right can know that some one else knows: he who has no law may still have a master: he who is incapable of justice may be capable of fidelity: he who understands little may have his sins forgiven because he loves much. — *Ecce Homo.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

WITHIN the last few months, an eminent lawyer of the Boston bar, without pursuing a course of theological study, or being regularly inducted into the ministry, has preached frequently in various pulpits, with great earnestness, and, we believe, with success. We allude to the fact, as we see it has a parallel in England. More than one distinguished layman has there recently commenced preaching. A London paper says that the Earl of Cavan has often officiated in the Free Church in Dufftown, to large congregations; and the youngest son of the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Percy Cecil, has preached in Easton and Wothope. When one reflects upon these facts, the only cause of surprise is, that certain false notions of the supposed divine institution of a clerical *order* have so long kept laymen out of the pulpit who have felt an inward call to preach to their fellow-men.

THE last "Blackwood's Magazine" has a spirited reply to John Stuart Mill's proposition to extend suffrage to women. What adds to the piquancy of the article is the fact that it is said to be written by a lady. Of course, from the hunkerish conservatism of Blackwood nothing could be expected but a thorough scorn of the great reformer's suggestion. The writer "speaks for the mass" of English women, whose names "are not for vulgar mouthing

in schedules and statistics," who "reject Mr. Mill's proposal totally, and without equivocation," who yet "will not come in a mass and break his windows, like his friends of the Reform League, nor burn him in effigy, nor mob him on his way to the House of Commons, but will nourish an everlasting enmity and scorn of him. We have not the slightest desire to do as men do, and copy their occupations. We are content with that place in the world's economy which God has given us. When our work slips out of our hands, and we find our opportunities ǫver, and that the world no longer stands in need of us, then it will be time to inquire whether we can find a different kind of situation in the system of the universe." We leave our readers to judge whether all this, and much more like it, is of feminine origin.

THE "Independance Belge" says, that the Pacha of Egypt is about to set up a strictly constitutional form of government, with electoral representatives, a legislative body, a Senate, and Council of State, all copied after the French model. A Paris paper, commenting on this announcement, says that the project has for some time been known at the Tuileries, where it has met with decided favor, and asks, "What will the shades of the Cheops of Sesostris, or of the Ptolemies, say to this transplanting to the borders of the Nile of our modern political institutions?"

THAT the Empress of the French is a zealous Roman Catholic is doubtless known to all; but we have been surprised at some displays of her credulity and superstition. The Paris "Constitutionel" says that, this last summer, she sent to an invalid friend some relics, with the request that they might be kept in the sick-chamber as long as the illness should last; adding that she had taken pains to have them near her person at the birth of the prince imperial. The paper above named gives a list of these charms, which we will copy. They are as follows: A fragment of the swaddling-clothes of Jesus Christ, a strip of the Virgin's veil, a portion of the shroud of St. John the Baptist, and a souvenir of Charlemagne given by the authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle to Napoleon I.

ITALIAN newspapers have had much to say of late touching an insurrection in Palermo, which at one time threatened serious consequences, but has at length been suppressed by the exhibition of strong military force. The "Unita Cattolica" says that the difficulty grew out of the general movement in Italy to suppress

the religious houses. It is the monks who have been fomenting the disturbance. One-third of the entire island of Sicily is in the possession of the monasteries and clergy. This immense mortmain they cannot give up without a struggle, which happily, however, has proved to be in vain; and this property, heretofore squandered on lazy luxury, will now pass into the hands of useful industry.

In few places has the cholera been more fatal than in Naples. Those who have visited that city, and remember its bad drainage, its filthy streets, and indolent population, will easily believe that the disease would there run riot. It seems it has not been confined to the port side of the city, but has extended through the Chiaja, the wide and fashionable street along the shores of the Bay. Even as late as the last of September, the mortality was at the rate of about two hundred a day; and it was believed that not near all the cases were reported. It is curious to observe, that the populace here maintain the opinion, so obstinately held in Florence, Milan, and other cities, in the Middle Ages, where the plague prevailed, that the great mortality is caused by poison, distributed extensively by great enemies of the people, and is not at all a visitation of Providence, in retribution for their own filthy habits. Happily, Sorrento, and beautiful Ischia and Capri, have, as yet, been exempt from the scourge. The salubrious air of the islands suggested to the authorities that the sick should be transported to them. Of course such a measure only served to diffuse the contagion, which has made a wide sweep in Torre del Greco and Torre Annunciata.

When Schamyl, the celebrated Circassian chief, was captured seven years ago by the Russian Government, and was sent to the exile of Kalouga, he expected to endure all the tortures and rigors which the czar could inflict. Instead of this, he found a spacious house placed at his disposal, and an income assigned to him more than enough to meet all his wants. Lately his daughter died; and a courier was sent to convey, with every token of respect, the body to the banished father. It is said that this last act of kindness has melted the heart of the old chief, who, in an autograph letter to the czar, has expressed a wish to take an oath of fidelity to the Russian Government, declaring that he has been as much vanquished by the emperor's kindness as by his arms.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism. By Ernest Naville, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Geneva. Translated from the French. By Henry Downton, M.A., English Chaplain at Geneva. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

We can easily believe that these Lectures, as they came from the lips of the lecturer, were heard with eager attention; and, even in the translation, the power remains. They are words of faith, and such words are always heard with reverence, and are sure to create faith. By none will they be more earnestly weighed than by the true man of science, who will be amongst the first to see, that between knowledge and belief there is no real antagonism. The heart of the world is singularly open in these days to the gospel; and Christians on their part are persuaded that true religion has every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, from the most exhaustive discussion of its claims. Naville has put himself into living relation with the thought and learning of the time; and the result is a book which will reclaim some who have wandered, and confirm the confidence of many. E.

The Theological Eclectic is a Repertory, chiefly of Foreign Theological Literature; and is edited by a gentleman altogether competent to the task, with the assistance of others equally competent. It can be had of Moore, Wilstach, & Baldwin, 60, Walker Street, near Broadway, New York. We earnestly recommend every country parish to supply the minister with a copy. They will hear from it in the sermons. We subjoin the names of the editorial staff, Drs. George E. Day, Philip Schaff, A. B. Hackett, John McClintock, William H. Green, C. M. Butler, and Mr. L. J. Evans.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields supply the many admirers of that ure egotist, Thoreau, with additional papers from his pen,

pleasant and not uninstructive and always high-toned. The article on Carlyle is the most discriminating of the essays; the "Yankee in Canada" the most remarkable, as coming from one of a round-trip, excursion-of-a-week party, going about in chilly autumn under the depressing influences of a straw hat, and a linen duster, and a brown-paper parcel, after the manner of Jingle in the Pickwick Papers. E.

The ROBERTS BROTHERS have issued in a very attractive form Barry Cornwall's very pleasant Memoir and Reminiscences of Charles Lamb, — a biography to be praised as for much else, so for its brevity, and the absence of discussions only remotely pertinent. E.

Character and Characteristic Men. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

We are not sure that Mr. Whipple will thank us for saying, that his book is full of good preaching; and we make haste to add, that we mean by "good," spicy, pithy, lively, vigorous, as well as serious preaching, — words, some of them, that come up from the deepest places of our nature. They well deserved to be brought together into a volume.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Complete edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

A beautiful "diamond Tennyson," — in every sense complete; and, we must add, though this is not an advertising sheet, the whole, even in these times of high prices, for one dollar and a quarter. E.

Martyria; or, Andersonville Prison. By AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN, late Medical Inspector, United-States Army. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The tragic story of cruelty and suffering is here narrated with harrowing detail. It is copiously illustrated with cuts, and with a plan of the prison grounds. The narrative does not attempt any embellishment. It is a simple tale of fiendish cruelty, endured with a patriotic self-devotion which has no parallel in history. The writer attributes these wholesale murders to the cabal at Richmond, and to Jeff Davis in particular, who coolly devised

this plan to weaken the Union armies. The closing chapter is an ethnological dissertation on the white man and the black man of the South, in which the writer concludes that the former deteriorates, and the latter develops to a higher manhood. S.

A Memoir of George N. Briggs, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from 1844 *to* 1851. By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Any memoir of Governor Briggs would be one of surpassing interest, and Mr Richards has worked up his material into a most valuable biography. It is the biography of a man of great goodness and moral worth. It is an excellent book for young men to read. The career of the poor boy, the young lawyer, the wise counsellor, the eminent statesman, the upright judge, and the consistent Christian, is faithfully sketched; and it gives the portraiture of a remarkable and beautiful life. S.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By CHARLES READE. With Illustrations. Ticknor & Fields.

This was published, as most of our readers are aware, as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly." Put into a volume, it makes 214 pages, double columns. It is a sensation novel, written with unusual power of description and characterization. Of the moral atmosphere in which it is produced, and the moral impress it is likely to make on susceptible readers, we will say a word when we have finished reading it. S.

Ned Nevins, the Newsboy; or, Street Life in Boston. By HENRY MORGAN. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A story founded on fact, or rather real facts combined into a story by a minister at large, showing the temptations, discouragements, and difficulties of the poor boy in finding his way upward to respectability, success, and virtue. The book is written with a good purpose and an excellent moral. S.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued a new volume of poems by Bayard Taylor, "The Picture of St. John." It will be warmly welcomed by the many friends and admirers of the poet. We shall give in our next issue some specimens of the exquisite rhythm of the poem.

THE

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DENOMINATIONAL DANGERS.

THE new movement for the organization of Liberal Christianity is opposed on two sides, and the opposition is grounded on the same objection. It is not a movement for progress, but for the *arrest* of progress. It is practically saying, "We have attained to all the truth we ever shall: now let us box it up, and keep it on hand to be dealt out to the world. Unitarianism, as we now have it and formulate it, is a finality; and we may expect no new discoveries." It is to seize free thought in its fusion, and fossilize it.

There is reason for these apprehensions and notes of alarm. The only question is, Where is the danger most imminent? Disorganization is simply the first stage of disintegration, dissolution, and death; organization *may be* a process of life, growth, enlargement, and fresh blossoming and fruitage, not of arrest and fossilization; and the conditions on which we organize will determine which of these two results we are making for.

There are two parties of movement: which is backward and which is forward? One rejects Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and posits itself exclusively upon the discoveries of science and the natural intuitions of the soul. It discredits the gospel records; regards the Christ as unhistoric, — a normal development of our sinful hu-

manity, and belonging to a period of legend and fable. Christianity is one of the past religions, partial and provisional, not universal; and the church is antiquated, and not an institution of to-day. The universal and absolute religion is to leave these behind, and is to be a fresh development of advancing humanity.

The other party of movement posits itself strictly within the provisions of Christianity and within the Church, believing that the auspicious results of modern criticism give fresh authentication to the gospel records, and bring out the Christ with more sunbright clearness and reality. They believe that Christianity was not humanly discovered, but divinely given, and that the Holy Spirit, ever immanent in our advancing humanity, will reveal the Christ more freshly and perfectly to the soul; that the Church may change its form and dress according to times and places, but that its interior substance changes not, except to break with more open splendor through the human errors that had obscured and hindered it. This party of movement is the one in which we have most entire sympathy; and, if we thought the new organization was an arrest of progress, and doomed us to stop with our present attainments, we would oppose it in every possible way, or else abandon it.

Which of these two parties is the legitimate inheritor of the ideas of those who inaugurated what we call Liberal Christianity fifty years ago, — Kirkland, Bancroft, Buckminster, Channing, and the Wares? It needs but a cursory reference to their writings to answer this question. These men had their conceptions of Christian doctrine; but, consciously and professedly, these conceptions were imperfect and inadequate, and they had visions of a glorious future when Christianity would be, not superseded, but better understood, and its infinite wealth more fully realized to the churches.

There is a strange misapprehension, and a perpetual iteration of misstatement, as to the issue which Unitarianism made with Orthodoxy in its early day. It was not a question of creed or no creed. A creed — *credenda*, something to be believed — they never thought to repudiate and undervalue.

They knew well enough what a sorry figure any church would make which had no article of faith to offer. What they protested against was *human* creeds; and they protested with the more vehemence and eloquence, because, as they contended, we have a *Divine creed* all sufficient for the churches, and which the human creeds only darken and pervert. They rejected human authority and fallible teachers and masters, because, they said, we have a Divine Master, even Christ, and we will have no one come between us and him. Christian truth, they said, is infinite, and the Sacred Scriptures are its inexhaustible treasury; Christ is the author and finisher of our faith, and no sect can monopolize or comprehend him. It was because they emphasized these divine articles of faith, and adhered to them lovingly and supremely, that they denounced human creeds as hindrances in the way of progress. These are the words of Channing: —

"My first objection to them (creeds) is, that they separate us from Jesus Christ. To whom am I to go for my knowledge of the Christian religion, but to the Great Teacher, to the Son of God, to him in whom the fulness of the Divinity dwelt? This is my great privilege as a Christian, that I may sit at the feet, not of a human but Divine Master; that I may repair to him in whom truth lived and spoke without a mixture of error, — who was eminently the Wisdom of God and the light of the world. And shall man dare to interpose between me and my heavenly guide and Saviour, and prescribe to me the articles of my Christian faith? What is the state of mind in which I shall best learn the truth? It is that in which I forsake all other teachers for Christ, in which my mind is brought nearest to him; it is that in which I lay myself open most entirely to the impressions of his mind. Let me go to Jesus with a human voice sounding in my ears, and telling me what I must hear from the Great Teacher, and how can I listen to him with singleness of heart? All Protestant sects, indeed, tell the learner to listen to Jesus Christ; but most of them shout around him their own articles so vehemently and imperiously that the voice of the heavenly Master is well nigh drowned. He is told to listen to Christ;

but told that he will be damned, if he receives any lessons but such as are taught in the creed. He is told that Christ's word alone is infallible; but, unless it is received as interpreted by fallible men, he will be excluded from the communion of Christians. This is what shocks me in the creed-maker. He interposes himself between me and my Saviour. He does not trust me alone with Jesus. He does not leave me to the word of God. This I cannot endure. The nearest possible communication with the mind of Christ is my great privilege as a Christian. I must learn Christ's truth from Christ himself as he speaks in the records of his life, and in the men whom he trained up, and supernaturally prepared to be his witnesses to the world.

"I cannot but look upon human creeds with feelings approaching contempt. When I bring them into contrast with the New Testament, into what insignificance do they sink! What are they? Skeletons, freezing abstractions, metaphysical expressions of unintelligible dogmas; and these I am to regard as the expositions of the fresh, living, infinite truth which came from Jesus! I might with equal propriety be required to hear and receive the lispings of infancy as the expressions of wisdom. Creeds are to the Scriptures what rush-lights are to the sun. The creed-maker defines Jesus in half-a-dozen lines, perhaps in metaphysical terms, and calls upon me to assent to this account of my Saviour. I learn less of Christ by this process than I should learn of the sun by being told that this glorious luminary is a circle about a foot in diameter. There is but one way of knowing Christ. We must place ourselves near him, see him, hear him, follow him from his cross to the heavens, sympathize with him and obey him; and thus catch clear and bright glimpses of his divine glory." *

Henry Ware the younger emphasizes the same statement with great variety of phrase and illustration. Here is a specimen: —

"Christ is the foundation, because the Christian religion

* Works, vol. ii. pp. 191-2.

rests on his authority. He is the prime and only sufficient teacher. The religion is to be learned from him, and to his word the final appeal must be made. No representations of what it is, or of what it teaches, are to be trusted, except so far as they are perceived to be conformable to his own; as uttered in his life, and recorded by his evangelists, or illustrated by his apostles. The wisdom of man is an uncertain and insufficient guide. For Christianity is not something to be discovered by us, but is a revelation from heaven sent for our acceptance, concerning which we have nothing to do but to study and receive it. It affords no scope for invention or discovery. We may not add to it nor take from it. We may speculate concerning it, but may not fix our speculations as a part of it. And, if we receive the alterations and additions which are found in the traditions of the Church or the books of its teachers, we may be sure that we receive error. For the greatest corruption in doctrine and morals prevailed when the teachers had hidden the Bible, and set up tradition and authority in its stead; when they placed themselves in the seat of Jesus, and men obeyed them instead of him. In this way the true light, which ought always to have been like a city set on a hill, was hidden, as it were, under a bushel; and an almost pagan darkness overshadowed the world, — a darkness that was felt, which was scattered only by uncovering the light of God's holy word, and restoring the forgotten ascendency of Jesus Christ." *

Such was the high vantage-ground of Liberal Christianity, and such was the issue which it made with Orthodoxy. The men who inaugurated it in opposition to New-England Calvinism all speak in the same lofty strain; and they would condemn the doctrine of no creed or no articles of faith with an eloquence as indignant and emphatic as they would condemn the substitution of human articles and interpretations for the prime article of Protestantism, — Christ the only Master, and his word the only rule of faith and practice. They shrink as much from presenting their own conceptions of

* Discourse on the Offices and Character of Christ, pp. 11, 12.

Christianity for Christianity itself in its full-orbed perfection and brightness as they would the conclusions of anybody else; believing in its internal, divine power to quicken the human faculties, and exalt them as they have never yet been, and achieve for itself a future of unimaginable glory. Hence Dr. Channing, in his letter to James Martineau, protests against a Unitarian Orthodoxy, against coming to a stand-still; since Unitarianism, though an improvement upon former systems, does not yet "work deeply," and "strike living springs in the soul," and "must undergo important modifications and developments." But these modifications and developments were not to be outside of Christianity, but within it; not by breaking away from the Christ, but by coming nearer to him as the Divine personality, which the human creeds had hindered, in our near and heavenly beholdings.

If the new organization undertakes to recede from this high vantage-ground, and go against the grain of all the best traditions of Unitarianism, it needs no prophet to foretell for it an ignominious failure. If it tries to strike a sort of average between extremes, and organize this as Unitarianism, and exhibit it as the fixed quantity of truth to be given to the world, it will make the sorriest figure in history that ever a sect did. There is not a denomination which cannot exhibit vastly more of organized truth than Unitarians can, if done in this way. And yet we observe, that, in a recent article, written with marked ability, and evidently with the best intent, there is an attempt of this sort. The writer undertakes to strike a sort of balance between Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, or to put them both in as complements of a whole. Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, — one makes Christ the foundation, the head of the Church, the sole infallible guide; and says, "Away with human creeds; for they come between me and my Saviour." The other says, "Away with the infallible guide. Christ was fallible and sinful, like us; and the pretended records of him are spurious." It would be interesting to see how these are to complement each other in an average sort of Unitarianism. It would be very much as Yes and No complement each other. If four

plus be added to four *minus*, the sum total, as we reckon it, is zero. The Unitarianism got out in this way, being the precise point where opposite forces balance and neutralize each other, would be the most contemptible of all imbecilities. And yet the same article says, that "there is no place of safety in the Unitarian body for any Christian who is afraid of fellowship with such men as Theodore Parker." If the writer means personal fellowship, friendly appreciation, even to the defence of all personal rights and liberties, no one would respond to the sentiment with a louder amen than Dr. Channing. And it holds good, not alone as regards Theodore Parker, but every honest man and woman alive. But if, on the other hand, he means ecclesiastical fellowship and inclusion, and co-operation for diffusing the religion of Jesus Christ, no one would reject it more vehemently than Channing and Ware; and the denomination that undertakes thus to blow hot and cold, and prophesy Yes and No in the same breath, instead of finding "a place of safety," would not find at the end of two years a comfortable foothold on the face of the earth. This at least is an age that requires moral earnestness, and no denomination will be one of its living forces that undertakes to face two ways at once.

The Conference have begun nobly. They make the prime article of faith, discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the prime duty of the disciple, self-denial, and the devotion of life and property to the service of God and building up the kingdom of his Son. Herein they are in the strict line of all the glorious traditions of the liberal faith. They repudiate all human creeds for the one Divine creed,—the lordship of Jesus Christ; leaving all other questions about him and his doctrine to individual inquiry and private judgment. What may be his relation to the Infinite Father, what unexhausted meaning may be found in the atonement, inspiration, immortality, eternal life; what are the unsounded depths of human nature; what unexhausted and unformulated truth may be in the Divine revelations,—are questions which Unitarianism cannot close up, without the peril of instant suicide. Liberal Christianity could not change its platform for any thing else, and

remain Christian. It could not make it any narrower, and remain liberal. But by a warmer fellowship of the churches, by more earnest, benevolent action, by a quickened zeal throughout the entire body, by intenser spiritual life and activity, the denomination will rise, if at all, to more living apprehension of Divine truth, to nearer and more vital sympathy with the mind of Christ, to a more experimental knowledge of the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and thence to a broader, more profound, and universal theology. With hearty union on the one comprehensive article of faith, there is full scope for individual freedom and intuition, and all liberty of prophesying, to unfold its inexhaustible riches. In this way, if at all, the Christian communion is to be a church, and not a sect; an organism, and not an amorphous mass of individuals; progressive, and not stationary; broad and catholic, and not partial and narrow; a continuity from the past, not a fragment broken off and lying alone; bearing in its bosom the germs of an auspicious future, and not a stranded hulk upon the shores of time. It is the grand decisive hour of Unitarianism. If it chooses well, and remains both liberal and Christian, it will be in the Church of the future the live stone of the building, elect and precious. If it ceases to be either liberal or Christian, its race, we apprehend, is well nigh run; and the future antiquarian will find it among the half-formed specimens that went to fossil before their time.

S.

THE EIRENICON OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.*

THE peacemakers are blessed, and they shall be called the children of God; but, in this present time, they do not always win the most applause. The oppositions of science are more stimulating and fascinating than the accords of faith and feeling. Moreover, peace-negotiators have never prospered

* Rev. Dr. J. F. Clarke on "Orthodoxy, its Truths and its Errors."

much in the theological world. One almost fancies sometimes, that the contending parties cannot bear the thought of losing the excitement of the controversy, or — must we say? — quarrel. The higher unity, which is to resolve all sects, and bring us together under one Lord, is long in coming or returning. Nevertheless, we cling to the hope that the better day will dawn; and, believing that the contradictions of Scripture are only in appearance and can be harmonized, we trust that the same will be the result with the antagonisms which are based upon these seeming opposites. Spite of all discouragements, we return bravely to the study of conflicting dogmatics; and try, at least, to please ourselves with the fancy, that the things in which Christians agree are more than those about which they differ.

Dr. Clarke's book is an excellent specimen of eirenic theology. It will, at the lowest estimate, be of great service to all who desire to explore the ground which has been so long and is still a battle-field. It is quite worth while for those who are not much versed in such matters themselves, to learn from a competent scholar what Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy really are; and in Dr. Clarke's hands the subject gains all the felicity of treatment which proceeds from a genuine catholicity of spirit. The author is Unitarian, more Unitarian than he knows, more Unitarian than he is willing to confess to himself; and, as we judge, he confounds his kind side for Orthodoxy with a reception of its teachings: nevertheless, he has this kind side, and his religious views are profoundly serious, and held as from Christ in trustful discipleship.

Two classes of persons will find no pleasure in the book. It will be altogether without significance for our Naturalists in religion. They have parted company, as they think for ever, with the Orthodoxy and the Heterodoxy that appeal to a book-revelation. They believe that the one and the other are behind the age, — the one only a very little less antiquated than the other. They care little to see again for the thousandth time how the texts can be marshalled this way and that, and made to face about at will. If they deign to say any thing about it, they will tell you, most likely, that the Unitarian

is pretty sure to get the worst of it in controversy with the Orthodox, so long as he insists upon his antiquated and superstitious reverence for the Holy Scriptures; and that we shall never get to the end of our strifes until we have done with these appeals to ancient words, and discuss the subjects in dispute upon their own merits. They will tell you, that the only interesting and really representative parties are that of the Romanists, who never yield a jot, and that of the Rationalists, who yield every thing. Different views about the resurrection and ascension of Christ will not much engage the attention of those who have ceased altogether to believe in that resurrection and ascension. To the Naturalist, all the matters which Dr. Clarke handles so earnestly and so ably are at least obsolescent: at the best, they are interesting only as human thoughts upon the highest themes. When a man has satisfied himself, that the Gospel according to St. John was composed by some harmless person or persons in the middle of the second century, he can take only a literary or philosophic interest in the attempt to harmonize what the Unitarian and the Trinitarian have derived from the proem. The self-styled friends of progress will warn the fossil, that he must not pretend to be alive; that he died, and became a fossil, a long time ago; and that any attempt at resuscitation, in these last days, will be a signal and deplorable failure. They are disposed, for the most part, to say to Unitarianism, that, if it insists upon being scriptural, it must cease to be Unitarian and become Orthodox, and that is their *reductio ad absurdum;* for who, save a fool, say our wise men, can possibly lapse into the old dogmatisms?

Unsatisfactory and unedifying to another and a very large class of religionists, the book will be, as a rash attempt to reconstruct foundations; and to separate true from false, where all is true and equally valuable. Truths and errors in Orthodoxy! they will say; why, there are no errors: who is this that undertakes to sit in judgment upon the faith of Christian ages, — the inheritance of the theologians, if not of the saints? We can easily imagine the supreme indifference with which the Roman-Catholic scholar would treat this little flurry

amongst the sects, deigning perhaps to refer to it as an illustration of the hopelessness of any effort to attain to religious science outside of the Romish communion. The Literalists, who emphasize the Scripture as the Romanist does the Church, will be equally out of all sympathy with the enterprise. It will have for them also a very vague and all-out-of-doors look. As Protestants, they are hardly entitled to any such supreme dogmatism; and yet they are as confident in their dogmatics as any Romanist, and see no necessity whatever for all this reconstructing of religious symbols and institutions. Calvinism, for example, they may tell you, is a very well known thing, and it hangs together part to part; and, if you choose to retain any of it, you must have the whole. Such religionists are likely to be well versed in their own systems; and they will not, in all probability, find it hard to discover flaws in the exhibition of these systems by any one who stands without, however well-instructed and conscientious he may be. They may be glad that a Unitarian is beginning to open his eyes, and find something good in opinions which his fellow-heretics have been in the habit of denouncing; and they will entreat him to open his eyes wider. They will say, The fold is open for all who would return; and, as you have got back so far, you might as well finish the journey. "Concessions of Unitarianism to Orthodoxy" will be their title for the treatise; and they will find in it another token of the disintegration and the discords of Liberalism in theology.

Possibly some of the more pronounced and dogmatic Unitarians may, in their way and from their position, share this feeling. There are still some to whom the Unitarian scheme of doctrine is a very well defined matter. They are content with it, and hope to prevail by it. Dr. Clarke will be for such minds an author of confusion. His "Truths in Orthodoxy" they will not see. His "Errors" they always have seen, and made the most of. Much that he says they will not understand, and much that they will understand they will not like. If it were not Dr. Clarke, they would have some-

thing to say about coquetting with Orthodoxy, and trying to keep alive phrases which have lost their meaning.

Nevertheless, there will be not a few who will be greatly helped, in these confused times, by these words of peace, which are also words of knowledge and of wisdom. The book is a genuinely Protestant book, and it has a right to exist in Protestant quarters; because Protestant dogmatics are not so settled that the individual may not undertake, for what he holds to be a sufficient cause, to unsettle them. These are open questions for us, which Dr. Clarke moves and handles; and, spite of what our radicals may say, there are many who feel a deep interest in such discussions. Indeed, the radical may find, that a proper treatment of the matters which he has most at heart can be reached only after much preliminary labor upon the points which are still at issue between Unitarians and Trinitarians.

Dr. Clarke's book, we repeat, seems to us to have value chiefly for the aid which it supplies to the explorer. His results do not commend themselves as finalities. Why should they? Or how should he look for any thing of the sort? It is much, if what he has done shall promote, as it will, mutual respect and a better mutual understanding, and put us into a temper and condition to carry forward inquiries that have been so well begun. We cannot suppose, for example, that any Trinitarian will be ready to accept Dr. Clarke's Trinitarianism as adequate. Spite of all appearances to the contrary, it is Unitarianism, and not Trinitarianism at all. The two doctrines are as wide apart as ever. Nevertheless, Unitarianism, as expounded by Dr. Clarke, will not be the positively painful and offensive thing which, as sometimes presented, it must be to the sincere Trinitarian. Every earnest Christian must be charmed and edified by the serious temper of the writer; his dealing with sin; his faithful exhibition of the way of deliverance in Christ and his gospel; the entire absence of all "smooth preaching" and light handling of the solemn mystery of our life. E.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SAVIOUR of human kind!
We worship in thy love,
Thy holy love, in infant form enshrined.
Why wert thou from above
Of mortal woman born,
Knowing that thou shouldst meet a dark world's scorn?

It was that thou wert love,
We loveless, that thy feet
Earth's roughest paths, weary and bleeding, pressed;
And thy long-suffering Dove
Is seeking in our breast
A secret chamber of abiding rest.

Enter, All-patient One!
Who in thy breast hast borne
The anguish of a world. The cross of shame
That bore thee fainting down,
And sorrow's thorny crown,
Have gathered brightness from thy radiant name.

The cup of agony
Passed not away, for lo!
One loving bosom bore the mingled flow
Of infant tears and blood;
Emblem of coming woe
'Midst olive shades, and on high Calvary's brow!

Thou who didst bear all this,
That thou mightst sin remove,
Give thy own birth within our spirits now!
Teach us thy mighty love,
While at thy feet we bow,
That we may seek and save the lost, as thou!

Only as little ones,
Saviour, may we be thine!
Enfold us in the bosom of thy love
With arms of truth divine,
Girdle our souls with power,
That we may bear with thee life's darkest hour!

Saviour! what shall we bring? —
A pleasant offering?
In temples made with hands thou dost not dwell;
But with the pure in heart,
Who see thee as thou art,
Imparting deeper joy than tongue can tell.

We bring repentant love
(From thy own bosom born),
With childlike faith, and hope that anchor prove.
Thy sacrificial cross
Deep on our hearts is worn:
Thy passion's emblems church and home adorn. M. O. J.

RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM, AND THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

BY GEORGE E. ELLIS.

One of the most striking tokens of the energy of truth and power in the Christian religion has been illustrated, in a long course of ages, in the restlessness of thought and the activity of zeal which it excites, periodically and steadily. We often speak of a "reformed Christianity," and of a "reform in the Church." But Christianity and the Christian Church are unchangeable matters. There is no such thing as altering or modifying them. What we reform and change, and reconsider and improve, is, not the Gospel, not the Church, but our own idea or opinion or doctrinal interpretation or method of administration of the Gospel or the Church. Our reforms are within ourselves, in our creeds and measures as professed Christians. So all the marked stages and crises of society in Christendom find multitudes of the most earnest persons in mind and heart, engaged in efforts to get a better mastery of the truth and power contained in the Christian religion. If the Gospel and the Church do not accomplish the Divine work expected of them, we reconsider our opinions, and rally our efforts as Christians.

Nearly every branch and sectarian fellowship of the Christian Church, between and inclusive of the Romanists and the Swedenborgians, has held, within the year now closing, some

organic representation of its membership, its characteristic ideas, and its prospective aims. Under the name of council, convocation, assembly, convention, association, or conference, mostly by formal delegation rather than by free, popular concourse, the different Christian brotherhoods have met for debate, or for practical ends of zeal and benevolence. It would be easy to trace, in the spirit and measures of all these representative gatherings, the evident strengthening of the sentiments of true piety, Christian liberality, and a comprehensive humanity. Viewed in a large and generous way the whole aspect of Christendom is brightened by the results.

The Unitarian brotherhood also has had its Conference. For the first time it has summoned a delegation, lay and clerical, asked, if not authorized, to represent the churches and religious societies in all the matters which might come before the Conference; and requested, on their return, to obtain the indorsement or approval of such churches and societies of the doings and results of the Conference.

A passing word now as to the stir and state of some of the great organized bodies of our common Christendom. The old Roman Church, which is winning much young love, as old people sometimes do, simply because it is in its dotage, has, through its Pope and chief College, pronounced its solemn ban upon the science, the restless thought, and the feverish activity of our age, as hostile to faith and godless, — therefore fatal to society, happiness, and virtue, if not withstood. That Church, paralyzed, as we say, at the centre of its life, shows great vitality at its extremities of organization. It has just held its great Council of prelates and ecclesiastics in our country, with Latin forms, scenic shows, and street processions, the pomp of its dresses, symbols, and altar-rites. That Church is alive to its opportunities, and is master still for the consciences and affections of millions. It deserves high success for its zeal and devotion. Its wonderful organization and its facile adaptations; its charms of display and ritual; its repose and quiet; its mastery of art and music; its assumption for its disciples of all the perplexities of thinking, creed-making, and legislating for conscience, — make for

it a large, a strong, and a silky net in the great fishery for men and women.

The Church of England, in England and its colonies, lives, and holds and changes and interprets its formulas of faith, by the will of the English Parliament. Its endowments and privileges of prerogative, appropriated from Romanism, sustain it as an organization. It now comprehends and tolerates prelates, ministers, and members, who hold the creeds of all the sects, and who claim the freedom of opinion expressed in nearly every form of modern speculation and philosophy. Its most scholarly prelate, the unflinching master of his liberal position, and, what is more and better, the master of his own temper, — for his gentleness and sweetness of spirit under passionate obloquy have never failed him, — keeps at bay ten thousand clerical subscribers against him as a heretic. And where shall we find a heretic, if he be not a heretic? He protests against "prayer to Christ," and handles the Scriptures with a boldness of criticism which is equally approved by sound learning, and damaging to the assumptions of doctrinal Orthodoxy. Yet convocation and the highest ecclesiastical courts of the realm cannot silence and will not unfrock him. The two foremost deans of that Church, Stanley and Milman, — the former probably destined, if he lives, to be the Primate of all England, — represent the very finest phase of liberality of opinion and true Christian devoutness of spirit. A formal parliamentary decree of unlimited comprehension and freedom within that "Established Church," or a chaotic ruin, make the alternative before it.

The child of that Church, the Episcopal sect here, is, we believe, destined to large success and great popularity in this country. Unlike its parent in England, with no claims for distinction in learning and scholarship, — for it is behind most of our sects in those attainments, — and with very few distinguished pulpit orators, it is, as a body, earnest, faithful, and zealous. Its ritual and discipline and dispensation are very attractive to many. Its whole spirit is devotional. It does not agitate either in morals or in politics. It does not

concern itself with the radical speculations and excitements of the time. It works almost as by mechanism. Its book-offices engage attention, and serve as a very effective help in the religious education of the young; and its altar-rites of prayer and music compensate to many for the meagreness of its pulpit utterances. It makes itself very free and tolerant within its own fold, though absurdly arrogant and exclusive outside of it. Though its ministers are compelled to avow its creeds and articles, its laity may be full members, and may partake of its ordinances, without professing or believing them. Piety, grace, and virtue may find a fostering and an attractive home within that fold.

It seems to be the policy of that Church to proselyte from the unstable and the unsatisfied in other communions, rather than to draw fresh disciples from the open world. It labors much to win young girls; attaching them rather by their emotional religious affections than by intelligent convictions based on Christian knowledge, and binding them by strong ritualistic methods and associations, with the sagacious expectation that they will win their suitors and future husbands at least to a conformity with what becomes so dear to them. That ritual Church is, in our belief, as we have said, destined to great success and popularity among us. But then, it must, in time, take its turn in the agitation and discussion which all religious organizations have to encounter. Probably, within a score or two of years, and just when that Church has been most prospered by growth, and is most boastful of its gains, a party of the more intelligent, more earnest, and more restless among its members will lead the way for, and insist upon, very important modifications of its system and ritual; requiring more freedom and variety in its stiff routine and in its wooden, mechanical formalism. The re-adaptation of the creed and services of that Church to the faith and wants of Christendom is an occasion to which we may look forward with interest. We can conceive of that Church being so thoroughly vitalized, modified, renovated, and re-adjusted by the principles of Christian and religious truth, that, with its many attractions and excellences, we ourselves, if appointed to

live a long life, might rejoice to find in its quiet ways of worship a refuge for old age. It would need, however, to be greatly *Re*-reformed to furnish us such a shelter. The contingency of our seeking it would depend, too, upon what, in the meanwhile, may befall our own present fellowship in its ministry and method of dispensation. If Sunday gatherings in halls for secular harangues, from men and women who are preaching their own inspirations, whether in a trance or out of one, — supposing there be an appreciable difference in the conditions, — if that dispensation, without Christian ordinance, reverence, the old solemnities of the sanctuary, and the spiritual presence of the Lord and Master, be before us in the way of our *advance*, we shall be at no loss for a stopping-place, without any intent of going backward.

The great and zealous communion of Methodism is now celebrating its centenary, the completion of a hundred years of its most devoted and successful ministry. That branch of the Church has done, within and around itself, a noble work; and has done it nobly, too. It intends to signalize its full century with splendid liberality, by raising ten millions of dollars in this country for educational, reformatory, and benevolent enterprises under its oversight. It remains to be proved whether the culture, refinement, and scholarship, which that body once dispensed with, but is now heartily fostering, will not impair its former power, which, by pure zeal and fervor, it won and used so effectively among the classes of society that crowded its communion.

And so, in all departments of the Christian Church, there are stir and zeal and activity. The tide of worldliness, of secular enterprise, and of vice; the progress of science and the restlessness of free and bold speculation, — may be regarded either as withstanding, or as only rousing and favoring, as they certainly do make mighty demands upon, the agencies of true and vigorous religion. The Church and the world, though sometimes at truce, must choose between an open and a smothered warfare.

This is, in general, the account to be given of the quickened zeal and the new movements which are engaging our

own Christian fellowship as Unitarians. We are having our part and share, in harmony with our distinctive peculiarities as a sect, in a wide and very earnest revolutionary crisis in Christendom. It is a grand and most interesting epoch for all Christians. Our own field and responsibility in it, occupying as we do an advanced position, are engaging us in new inquiries and new measures.

Besides the sympathetic interest of excitement which we feel in the general stir now moving through all Christendom, in dealing with the truth and substance and working power of our religion, we have a special reason for our own new zeal and activity. The recent convulsions, political and social, which have distracted our country, have roused the minds and consciences of vast multitudes of people. At the same time, philosophy, science, and Bible criticism have stimulated active minds to the freest thinking and inquiry. Masses of young men have been brought together in halls, councils, fields, and camps. The experiences of crowded hospitals, and of great religious and charitable agencies, have been widely related. The effect has been to unchurch, loosen and liberalize the minds of, thousands; to expand narrowness; to excite inquiry; to exalt the common interests of humanity above those of sect, clique, and party; to multiply and extend the vast enterprises of moral influence and benevolence. We have thought it therefore a favorable time for a new religious movement, an awakening, a display of zeal and activity in the interest of the freest and widest view of the Christian religion, which, at the same time, will maintain its Divine verity and power as the Gospel of God for the salvation of humanity. We know that within our small religious brotherhood we have a high measure of intelligent culture, a faith that consists with freedom of thought and reason, and a heart of warm benevolence; intelligence, faith, benevolent zeal, — three great moving and effective forces. There is a deal of sound sagacity and the moderation of wisdom among the older members of our fellowship; and an equal amount of vivacity, impulsiveness, earnestness, and natural conceit, in its younger portion. We wish, from all

these elements, — more thoroughly Christianized, that they may work more powerfully and purely, — to do a service for our generation. We believe that we have something to teach, to impart, and to do, for which hundreds of thousands are waiting and longing. We believe, that, if we could reach the wide community with our ideas, our opinions, our plans, and our organizations, we should find unchurched and unsettled multitudes ready to welcome them. We think we could thus deal effectively with the irreligion, the unbelief, the indifference, the worldliness, found among the nominal adherents of all sects and churches, as well as in the majority of the whole population who stand outside of all communions. Some of us are even ready to say, that, if we could but draw and gather in and engage and interest all who really, in heart, thought, and purpose, belong to us, but do not now know us, we should be to-day the largest fellowship in Christendom. With motives and aims thus indicated, the body known as Unitarians — heretofore a quiet and unobtrusive fellowship, dying, as it was thought, of dignity — has opened a new era.

What are the elements of which our *body* so called, or our denomination, is composed? The answer to this question depends upon how we use the word "denomination" about ourselves. Do we now compose in the community any such defined, including and excluding, fellowship as may secure for us a distinctive name for a doctrinal or practical religious position, as representing a Christian brotherhood? The full question, in its largest compass, and in its only practical point of interest, has now become one substantially between the letter and the spirit, between a traditional name and a modern definition of that name, as a condition for preventing its becoming obsolete. It is for each one of us to choose in this matter, whether he shall be a member of the traditional Unitarian sect, strictly so called, or a Liberal Christian, after the modern usage of the term. It must be understood henceforward, now that terms once used interchangeably are emphasized distinctively, that whoever accepts the title of "Liberal Christian" merges himself in the

wider brotherhood of persons nominally attached to all Christian sects; and of a still larger number of persons, outside of all sects, to whose individual religion Christianity furnishes any element.

It was clearly the expectation of the old style of Unitarians among us, that ministers and lay people of all the other sects, who were known or supposed to be in, or who should come into, substantial sympathy with their doctrinal opinions and spirit, would be steadily drawn to their avowed fellowship. This was a very natural expectation; for it looked only to a continuance and an extension of the same operating influences which had originated Unitarianism, and made the first Unitarians among us. With such re-enforcements from the sects, and an increasing number of disciples drawn to them from the outside world under an advancing liberality and culture, Unitarians confidently thought that they should grow and strengthen on their original, unchanged basis, warranted and authenticated by a fair interpretation of authoritative Scriptures. But Unitarianism did not thus grow and strengthen itself as a sect on its original basis. Out of such materials as the men and women around us offer, with their degree of mental culture and vigor, and the sort of religion which they accept, we did not make large gains. For proselytism, under such circumstances, it was found that there was either a *plus* or a *minus* element in simple Unitarianism which restricted its growth. The Orthodox sects insist that we failed through a fatal deficiency. Some among ourselves now affirm, that we are limited by an over-straightness in our creed and system. Our societies in the great cities of the country stand substantially, amid quadrupled populations, as they did thirty years ago; and many of our country societies have died out. Other sects, becoming themselves more liberal, retained their restless members within their own folds, and concluded to give a large indulgence to their too acute leaders. It soon came about, that the most distinguished, able, and popular preachers in each of those sects were known to be heretical to the formulas of their communions. The reason openly given why

the Unitarians could not establish a church at Hartford, though money and a Gothic edifice and an able and earnest minister were provided, was, that Dr. Bushnell satisfied the liberal people in that city. Then the radicalism and the loose and the bold speculations which were developed among Unitarians, and which many thought to be the natural outgrowth and issue of their system, frightened off many who were before looking towards them, and even alienated some of their own ministers and lay people. Though those with clear heads and strong logic, who understood themselves and felt sure in their position, whose works praise them, and whose memories live in love, were often saddened, they were not disheartened, by what they witnessed. They could have gone back. There were folds ready to receive them, to laud their retractions, and to give them repose, with more facile material for their zeal. But they had been nurtured, and had had their spiritual fibre knit, by a habit of inquiring first about what they were asked to believe; not, Is it attractive, is it effective, nor, even, is it edifying? but simply, "Is it true?" The old-fashioned Unitarians asked that prime question concerning solicitations made to them in both directions, forward and backward, from their position. Some of that old-fashioned school are left. But there is thought to be something exceedingly difficult in defining and sustaining that position for any popular or extended occupancy. We ceased, therefore, to grow as a sect: at the same time we ceased to expect much sympathy from within other sects, or to address ourselves hopefully to them.

Necessity and hope now lead Unitarians to turn to the great, open fields of the free, social world for proselytism, if it may be; but, at any rate, for the exercise of the gift that is in them, and for the discharge of a faithful duty of effort, help, and mercy to their human race. Unitarians turn now to the unsettled, and the unlabelled by creeds; to the non-church-goers, the come-outers, the spiritualists, the reformers, the free-thinkers; to the earnest, the curious, and the bold; to the hostile and the indifferent of every endurable shade and phase of mind and spirit, — as offering material

for gospel work, at least, and haply, for gospel faith. But for this large and noble aim, caught by a new vision of hope and duty, it is found that our old Bible Unitarianism must consent to consider whether it shall not be widened, if not deepened, into "Liberal Christianity," or, in the fuller and more candid form in which the question really presents itself, into "Religious Liberalism."

It being understood that those whose convictions and preferences lead them to keep fast hold of their "Unitarianism," as well defined by the usage of the last half-century, may still avail themselves of the freedom of their Independent Congregationalism and of their individual liberty, in their pulpit exchanges, and in any strictly denominational schemes, may they also enter into a larger fellowship in behalf of religious, social, and humane objects? The matter of liveliest interest and anxiety for the Unitarian denomination at this present juncture comes up in this form: Whether, for some ends of Christian work and brotherly sympathy, the existing Unitarian sect, dispensing with all the limitations which go with that traditional name, and giving up all attempts to organize by a creed or by any formal statement of even a single matter of doctrine, shall, either with or without its old name, embrace the largest brotherhood of liberal believers and earnest workers who seek to be guided by the spirit of Jesus under the Fatherhood of God?

This question has grand proportions, a frank tone, and an urgent persistency in asking and waiting for an answer, on which serious issues for our churches are suspended. The question comes up fairly and naturally. We have met it in the direct line of our own scholarship, speculation, and practical dealing with Christianity. We must accept it intelligently, honestly, generously; in the interests of high truth, and with a view to the noblest ends of practical fidelity. Shall Unitarians as such offer themselves as members of a larger and freer fellowship than they have been in the past, and, dispensing with a doctrinal Christian creed, organize by the spirit of Christianity?

The question has substantially found an answer in the cir-

cumstances which have brought it forward. Some persons have already attained the *status* of ministers in our churches, and many more are considered by themselves and by others fit candidates for that office, who claim the largest speculative freedom in their views of the Christ of the Gospels and of his religion. They insist, that, if they accept what they believe to be the spirit of his life and teachings, and what their own free souls, minds, and consciences ratify to them as true concerning him, they may stand and serve as his faithful ministers, and may deal as they think right with the historic record, as also with all the legendary, traditional, and ecclesiastical accretions about him.

This issue has been rising before what we call our denomination, and claiming a decision, for more than a quarter of a century. It seemed to many in the body, during the earlier of those years, that those who wished so far to change the old traditional sect of Unitarians as to make it include those formerly called, with some vagueness, Deists, and now, with equal vagueness, called Naturalists or Rationalists, might properly set up a new school or sect by themselves. There seemed, in the look of the matter, as much and as good reason for their secession and their new organization as before there had been for Unitarians to form a party distinct from Trinitarians and Calvinists, or the Congregationalists as distinct from Episcopalians and Presbyterians, or even as the Protestants as distinct from the Romanists. It seemed as if much misunderstanding and heated discussion and alienation would have been avoided among us, if those who had adopted views which shocked the old Bible Unitarians had quietly withdrawn from a discordant relation, and organized by themselves. But, if there ever was a time when that secession would have been practical and wise, it has now gone by; and many think that it has taken its occasion with it. It would have been exceedingly difficult, even if in any way possible, for a constituency among us representing Unitarianism, to have originated, perfected, and enforced any act of exclusion; and those to whom it would have applied very frankly affirmed, that, even if it were only to save our own good

name, they were not disposed to anticipate the purpose of such an act. The misunderstandings, provocations, perplexities, and embarrassments which marked one stage of the issue raised among us have mystified our denominational record, and have not as yet been lucidly or candidly detailed by any one who has traversed them historically or in biography.

The modification of opinion among us was so gradual, and is as yet so undefined in its terms and results; we have so many individualities and phases of thinking and believing; and there are so many ways of stating positions which may or may not be intelligible or tenable, — as to defy all testing by a standard of weights and measures, or by any facilities of doctrinal, intellectual, or spiritual chemistry. Then, too, there are with us mediators in thought, in opinion, and in the potent sympathy of the heart. Some among us who differ most widely — extreme conservatives and extreme liberals — still wish to keep together by the attraction of a common spirit and a common aim. Such is actually the relation now between those who compose among themselves, as ministers, churches, and incorporated parishes, the body known as Unitarians. And this well-understood relation between the somewhat heterogeneous elements of the Unitarian body must, of course, be recognized, in defining the relations of fellowship towards those outside of the body who are in full sympathy with its most "liberal" element.

The invitations to the Convention of last year and to the Conference of this year, though volunteered and going forth in the name of the Unitarian denomination, were addressed indiscriminately, of course, to those who hold the traditional Unitarianism, and to those who were well known to have given up its limitations and Scriptural terms, in sympathy only with the fullest religious "Liberalism." The same circular note, which invited the ministers and churches representing the most conservative form of the denominational creed, reached men and organizations avowedly committed to the largest and loosest form of individualism, with or without the basis of the historical Christian Church. When it is

considered, too, that the ministers and lay delegates thus to be convened were asked to come with credentials authorizing them to vote for those whom they represented, the original composition of the Convention and its organization and its action, being entirely novel among us, would seem to have tasked discretion and good feeling. We may wonder over the substantial harmony and the good work which crowned it. We know not whether any understanding or expectation, or taking for granted, had assured the extreme "Liberals" in the Convention, that the old Unitarian platform should be enlarged proportionately with the terms and the range of the invitations to it. But they might naturally look for, and, if occasion offered, ask for, such enlargement, if only on the rule of courtesy that there must be at a feast seats and dishes for all invited guests and their appetites.

The Conference this year was indeed called under the limitation of a constitutional preamble; and it might be argued, that those whom the preamble displeased or hampered might consider that limitation as annulling the new invitation sent to them. Probably there may have been some who so regarded it, and who, as a consequence, did not comply with the invitation to the Conference. That Conference represented — in a very vague and loose sense, indeed — more than half of the organized churches and societies whom the call to it might be supposed to reach. Not forgetting the noble spirit of work and generosity prompted in the Conference, the matter of most earnest and eloquent debate, manly and frank and generous on both sides, concerned a proposed alteration of the preamble of the Constitution, which, as adopted by the previous Convention, was found to be on the side of old Unitarianism, to the discomfort of the modern Liberalism. Objectors pleaded for a change on the ground, that, in consistency with their consciences and self-respect, they could not call Jesus Christ "Lord and King" in any popularly received sense of those official terms. After full debate, the question was put, Whether, on account of the conscientious scruples of such members of the Conference, the preamble containing those terms should be formally withdrawn, and an-

other preamble, to them preferable, should be substituted. The objectors were voted down by a majority of two-thirds. That, however, cannot be considered as disposing of the issue raised, if the Conference is to aim for the liberal enlargement of embrace which prompted it, unless the scope of the preamble is to be considered as a limitation of the invitations by which it shall henceforward summon members. The terms of the preamble may define the breadth of a Unitarian denominational range; but they are now pronounced to be a constraint on the freedom of many of its recognized brotherhood. Of course, those who are thought to be fit members to be asked to join a Conference in a religious communion have a right, when they appear, to propose that the basis of the Conference shall satisfy them. If they were members of the body which adopted a basis objectionable to them in some one particular, while all the aims and objects proposed are to them attractive, they may fairly come to an initiatory organization, and seek to revise the basis, while it is yet fresh and experimental. As a matter of fact, too, the basis of a Conference or a Convention is made of what is in the brains and hearts of those who compose it, not in the verbal terms of its formulas. If men and societies are formally invited to a Conference, and have a share in its deliberations and decisions, they may bring the parts of their own platform with them; and the whole platform is made out of all its parts.

We write the above sentences in an attempt at fairness towards those who occupy a position not our own, and who claim to represent the new religious "Liberalism" developed in the Unitarian fold and outside of it.

Now, on the other hand, it is to be considered, that the Convention and the Conference bore the epithet of "Unitarian," and were summoned to promote such aims and objects as the Christian sentiments represented by Unitarianism might approve. The course of proceedings in the Convention led to the adoption of the preamble containing the terms already referred to. The formula there introduced has been called "a creedlet," — a diminutive creed. So undoubtedly it is,

or something substantially and virtually of that nature. To the old-school Unitarians, it would seem as if it exacted the very minimum of doctrine, and presented the most elastic, and the least chafing, and therefore the most unobjectionable, bond for any thing like an organization of the freest fellowship of Christians. Our Unitarian fathers and mothers would have been incredulous of the prophecy, that their posterity would have ever brought under debate the question, Whether they could, in conscience and self-respect, call Jesus Christ "Lord and Master." If those who class themselves as disciples of Jesus, because they are quickened and guided by his spirit, find themselves able to spiritualize the letter of the record on so many harder test-points, one might marvel that they should halt at some possible construction of the terms "Lord and King" which they could accept. But it so appears, that the conventional significance which those terms bear, indicates, with a peculiar sharpness of definition, the dividing line between the old Unitarian and the new Liberal elements of the Conference. The latter would empty the epithet "Christian" of all its dogmatic contents, that it may be free for spiritual uses. They accept nothing in the body of gospel teaching because it came from the word, or was authenticated by any deed, of the Christ. So far from receiving him as a finality in the province of religious truth, they deny that his teachings derive any additional weight, sanction, or authority from his official character or personality. Whatever is written of him, or is recorded as said or done by him, which is certified to them by the witness within them, they accept loyally and lovingly on the ground of its self-attesting truth, not because of any special sanction from his Messiahship. It follows for them as a matter of course, that, while they avow their discipleship of Christian truth, and seek to be filled and guided by the spirit of Jesus, they may object to lay stress upon his official Lordship or Mastership. They dread the over-committal conveyed by such terms, and affirm that they can better live by the spirit, and do the work, of Jesus, if free in this respect.

The alternative, which is one of exceeding interest to our

honored and cherished fellowship, and of which we may look to reach a decision in the not very distant future, seems to be this: Whether, by the modification of other more vital and stable organizations in the Christian Church and brotherhood, the old Unitarian body will gradually be disintegrated and absorbed among them, as has been or is to be the case with the Society of Friends; or, whether, under what may still be called Unitarianism, such vigor, efficiency, and adaptation of power can be developed, as will assimilate a substantial Christian organism from the mighty but crude mass of "Religious Liberalism." Those who hope for and essay to realize the latter contingency have a noble aim to inspire them; and great will be the glory and the blessing of success.

The substance of the foregoing pages was delivered (Oct. 28) by the writer as a discourse prepared for his own pulpit. In its delivery he said, that, if he had been a member of the Conference, he should have voted with the minority for the modification of the preamble, and for the substitution of some such avowal as this: "That the Conference sought to be united, and guided by the spirit of Jesus, for Christian effort in the promotion and extension of the kingdom of God on the earth." He said he should thus have taken part with the minority, not, as his hearers well knew, from any objection which he had to the terms of the preamble, — for they expressed in his belief the very primer truths of the Christian religion, — but because courtesy to those in the Convention who objected to the preamble, and other constraining reasons, would dictate such a concession. The terms of the preamble are inadequate to the test purpose for which they seem to be adopted. The variance between those who favor and those who oppose them is greater than any accordance in the use of those terms would harmonize; so that any assimilation which they might be expected to effect would be fallacious. The yielding up of the preamble would not imply a repudiation of the belief which the terms avow, on the part of the strictly Unitarian portion of the

Conference, any more than does the omission from the preamble of the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit imply their rejection of that prime vitality of the gospel. The concession asked for by the objectors, the writer would have approved, in order to free the Conference — which notoriously was composed of heterogeneous and discordant elements as respects dogmatic belief, however fraternal and earnest in the spirit of a common work — of all constraint for a forced and unavoidably fallacious attempt for a common doctrinal platform. The members did not have in common a creed, nor even a "creedlet;" but they rejoiced in sharing a common spirit, and in recognizing the claims and holy appeals of common duties in a great Christian work. These good works other sects will not invite or allow Unitarians to share with them. May not Unitarians and other Liberals enter into a large fellowship "in the spirit of Jesus" for these works, without any attempt at organization by doctrinal formulas; and thus avert dissension at the very initiation of a noble enterprise?

The writer may add, that he had declined before his Society to go to the Conference as its clerical delegate, because he objected to the official and attested representation of Churches with a power to pledge them, on which it was to be organized; and also to its purpose of an ecclesiastical organization on the basis of faith, from elements known to be discordant. He feared, that, however propitiously and hopefully the scheme might be initiated, it would involve the discussion and the dissension of which we have seen the beginning, but not the end. The writer may be weakly apprehensive or narrow-minded in this view, though he finds himself in sympathy about it with some of the most esteemed and wise among the ministers and lay people of our brotherhood. Is it not better that our radical speculations and variances, for which we have such able and free minds, should be dealt with in our pamphlet and newspaper literature, rather than in our churches and Conferences for Christian work?

PERENNIAL THANKSGIVING.

A SERMON BY REV. OLIVER STEARNS, D.D.

Ps. civ. 33. — "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have being."

WHO among us feels profoundly enough what an oversight our Father taketh of us? The best illustration which earthly life gives of watchfulness that never tires, of tenderness never exhausted, is afforded in maternal solicitude. Yet this is a faint emblem of God's care for his creatures, of that unfathomable love which opens countless springs of happiness throughout the precincts of his vast dominion; of that sublime forecast which has replenished the universe, as a great storehouse, with provision for the wants of all orders of being. He openeth his hand, and they are filled with good. How grand is this providence! Who can take in the conception of it? The thought of this energy of good, which has gone forth in its immense activities since moments infinitely beyond our utmost stretch of imagination, which has worked hitherto, and which must go forward working without end; of existence which fills the inaccessible heights, the lowest depths, the vergeless universe, with its life-giving presence; of existence which cannot but be, and cannot be but for good, — it is too wonderful for us: it is high, and we cannot attain unto it.

And yet the soul itself, with its power of thought and affection, is a greater gift than all that which excites it, and imprints its pictures on it, from the outward world. The creation, bursting so fair upon our freshened senses with every dawn, is but the hem of the garment of the infinite Majesty. The soul is the child of that Father's Spirit. What is all the array of such a golden summer as that whose fruit autumn has just finished garnering compared with the imagination which it feeds through the senses, and with the reverent conception of the all-bounteous love, of which it deepens and enriches the tints eternally? "Open the shutters," said a

Christian disciple of eighty years, as he lay dying, "let me die beholding the setting sun." And his life sweetly ebbed, solaced and awe-struck to its last pulse with the mystery of the sinking majesty of day. Yet what was the gorgeous phenomenon of the heavens to that thought which blazed in his departing spirit of a resurrection, beyond the grave, to a world where he could commune with God and angels in a communion far deeper than any here? As I stand above Niagara, and look upon the plunge of its flood into the mysterious abyss where its pure blue stream is shattered into foam and spray, the first thought is of the nothingness of man, and the solitary unapproachableness of the mighty Spirit, — the one and only enduring existence. Going and gone, — all but God's power. *That* is ever going, but never gone. All the nations and generations of men seem to have passed and to be passing over that brink, and to be lost in that abyss for ever. I am a speck of foam floating to the irrecoverable plunge. But instantly there come other thoughts and other images, — of the Father, and of immortality, and of the imperishableness of individual spirits, and of eternal peace reached through fidelity and self-surrender and death, — thoughts of which Jesus opens the clearest intuition, as the Father made the soul capable of grasping them and living in them. Nations perish; but souls abide in God, — as the blueness of waters is dashed to steam, but no particle is lost. Humanity loses itself in the gulf, with unceasing rush; but individual spirits pursue their unbroken way. And all the good and obedient souls who give themselves in fearless love, first to humanity and then to death, and in life and death to God, though in their mortal aspect, like specks of foam upon the cataract, are in their spiritual aspect like the glad, crested waters leaping up and on in the white robes of sacrifice, descending into the invisible abyss in obedience to the Holy Will, but rising again to sparkle in new, conscious joy in the eternal light. To a believer in Jesus, stand where he may, the God of "Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob," of the Indian and the Anglo-American, is not the God of the *dead*, but of the *living*. The issues of delight

and wonder to which Niagara and ocean open the sensibility they quicken, are but flashes of the glory to be revealed in us, — preludes to enrapturing demonstrations of ever-living love in scenes yet to be unfolded, where full-born minds shall be touched with it and be its ministers. So we hope in Jesus. Christ is the sun of Divine mercy, spanning the abyss of death with the bow of eternal promise. God make us thankful for that hope which fadeth not!

Let us learn this melody of the heart, which is to be the eternal song of redeemed souls. Let us become attuned to praise, and form an ear for the music of heaven. Let our thanksgiving be not annual, but perennial. Let us see to it what frame of spirit we build up as we live.

We shall perhaps confess, that we are not so grateful as we ought to be. It is easy to make this confession; and the readiness with which we may make it in the general proves that we deem that a slight deficiency which is deep and essential. For a soul not profoundly moved and blessed with the goodness of God is not fully born. It has not come into possession of its richest being. It enjoys but a pittance of Divine bounty, when it might enjoy a spiritual participation in all the goings-on of Divine love as a child of God and an heir of all things. We judge peremptorily, as defect of the heart, a want of right feeling towards a human benefactor. What, then, is a want of right feeling towards that God of mercies of whom the greatest human benefactor is but the hand, and the dearest human friend but the gift? And the cause of this closing and hardness of our spirits to the Divine appeals is often so deplorable! It is inattention. It is sometimes revelling in the profusion of bounty until we induce oblivion of the Spiritual Agent. We may bury ourselves under outward mercies until we cannot see the hand which brings them. We may forget God.

We forget God more easily because many things indispensable to our existence and comfort are brought to us so silently, that we scarcely reflect that there has been any intelligent agency concerned in them. It is as if an invisible being, without tangible shape or mortal tread, should furnish

one's apartments and spread his table, leaving him to enjoy the comforts so mysteriously bestowed. This ministry fails not; year by year his necessities are anticipated. We can see how such an unsought ministry, coming like the sun-rise, would lull his mind into a thoughtlessness of the guardian angel; and how a temporary interruption of it might be necessary to lead the recipient to the recognition of another mind. God is such a guardian angel. Thousands of gifts we feel not the want of enough to ask for. Sleep lays its soft hands without solicitation under many a weary head. Analogous to this provision for restoring our physical vigor is that constitution of the soul by which after sad events it finds respite from sorrow. Grief and anxiety cannot always oppress us. Apart from, or in addition to, religious consolation, time softens the painful stroke, and the exhausted soul re-acts. God visits us with unheard footstep.

And though all mankind receive not the same allotment, yet all do receive enjoyment in some way and measure. And, on close inspection, the advantage or the disadvantage peculiar to an individual or a class is found mixed with qualifying ingredients, which equalize human happiness and suffering. It is as if God labored to lessen the effect of that inequality of human circumstances which his Providence from a mysterious necessity permits, but whose causes his spirit must sometimes condemn. He softens, by merciful compensations, the evils which men are often culpable for not lessening. Divine compassion cannot altogether wait for the tardy relief of human justice. Not because human bondage delights the eye of Heaven, but because man cannot utterly defeat his universal love, the bondman forgets his captivity in jest and song. The poor man's diet may be received as the gift of God in a more touching sense than the rich man's luxury. If the sick-room of the cottage is not provided with all lenitives of pain, the opulent may bear them to the invalid's couch. The poorer render to the opulent, in their infirmities and distresses, aid not to be rewarded in gold. Somehow we may all, in the course of life, be givers and receivers pretty much alike. In spite of human unfaithfulness,

Providence blesseth us all through the instrumentality of one another. And the blessings of the highest order, those of the heart and spirit, depend little on differences of wealth and poverty, and are generally attainable by all who seek them with manful exertions.

But is there not much to be suffered in life? We cannot close our eyes to human suffering; yet, through all that is painful and uncertain, God's mercy endureth for ever. And the painful events which provoke thought sometimes result in a quickened sense of the most patient and constant love. We cannot give all the reason of suffering. We know not what is best or what is possible. We know the fact, that man is often indebted to the painful and destructive ways of the Divine dealing for much of his sensibility to good and to goodness. Some particular gift becomes an idol. It is an obstruction, not a medium, to seeing God. Withdrawn, attention is forced to the withdrawer. The withdrawer is seen to be the giver, and to have intended it to be enjoyed. The intention being seen, the springs of feeling flow. And whatever God gives or denies in the form of gifts, there he is always revealed in Christ, waiting for us to love him, that in proportion to what we give him he may enrich us. There is God himself, our Father, an infinite possession, the moment we will receive it. Affliction has so made many a soul look upward as to catch the benign expression of God. It sees the gracious intent. And we thus learn how to cultivate that spirit of thanksgiving which shall inly sing so long as we have being. We cannot bid our hearts feel grateful, and find emotions kindled by a command. But we can *look up*. We can attend to the divine intent in all things. We can note the fact of divine mercy in whatever befalls. We can *do*, and *continue* to do, something to express a requiting affection, and thus invite a more powerful affection to come forth from our unsoftened hearts; as a sluggish rivulet, by lowering here its bed, and there removing an obstruction, may be helped to flow on a steady, majestic stream.

There is a power in our being, when developed by the truth of the gospel, to rejoice evermore. And the truth re-

quires us to rejoice always, as much as to pray without ceasing. It is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us, that in every thing we should give thanks. The more entirely we give up ourselves to do and bear the Divine will, the more shall we know of this vast joy of constant thanksgiving. Forsake a sin, conquer one bad habit, and you will have a new sense of the worth of being; you will be more grateful. Consecrate your soul by something actually done for the relief or amendment of others, and done for God. Radiate the light of divine love into some darkened mind, and nothing which can be told of the blessedness of thanksgiving will surpass your belief. But it must be a true offering. The spurious currency of promise will not pass at the gate of the New Jerusalem. The toll must be paid in the gold of deeds done for the Saviour of men and the Father of souls. What will you do for the cause of Christ? What will you give up to God's will? When it is in our hearts to requite benefactors, we love to give up something. A noble sentiment of man has erroneously shown itself in all the austerities of religious devotees. The devout heart demands to suffer, that it may prove its devotion. There is no need that it should spend itself in bootless austerities. There are real trials enough. There is real work enough. Let it bend itself lowly before God, the disappointer and chastiser. Let it not shrink from any thing painful in the calls of conscience and duty. Let it march in the van of that army of God whom the King of souls leads on to perpetual inroads into the kingdom of darkness. In view of its allotment of conflict or sacrifice, let it take up as the burthen of its daily ascription, as the refrain of its life-long ode, the sentiment of Jesus, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The divine song of praise to God is that of a life governed by principles which eternity will sustain, and which make it a blessing to the world.

Let none of us, old or young, dare take life as it comes, without scrutinizing all that is done. Let us not dare yield ourselves either to idle ease or to selfish aims, content to en-

gross all possible comfort, and to leave all higher thoughts behind us. Let us not live for self, and pretend to be grateful. It is all mockery. It must end in condemnation. What will we do for God? What will we forego for righteousness' sake? Whoever acquires any good, or retains it, at the expense of integrity or faithfulness to truth, has no power to thank Heaven for it. God gave it not to him. It is plunder, not a divine gift. To do good and communicate, we must not forget. But one may give all his goods to feed the poor, and not possess the love which Jesus inculcates and Paul describes. We are not permitted to put a part for the whole. Justice to God, justice to man; justice in our thoughts, in our speech, in our feelings, in our deeds, — includes pecuniary liberality; but is as much greater than that as the arch of heaven is broader than the palm of the hand. We must give ourselves to God, — to his truth. This we may do in almost every sentiment we express, and almost every transaction between us and our fellows. Let a man live upon the principles of Jesus, — principles which shall call others to search their conduct, or inspire them to rise out of themselves, and his life will give some strains of the harmony which shall fill heaven.

GEORGE PEABODY'S CHARITIES.

THROUGH the newspapers, we all have learned of the successive benefactions of this distinguished banker. London and Baltimore and Harvard and Yale and Danvers and Georgetown and Exeter have reason to bless his memory, and will do it for ever. It is not the least result of his magnificent charities, that they here and there awaken a desire in others to go and do likewise. The offer of Mr. Stewart of New York, of one million of dollars for lodging-houses for the poor in that city, was probably suggested by the previous action of Mr. Peabody. When we mourn that evil examples are so often followed, we will remember that good examples are likewise contagious. We believe that there is

reason for thinking, that these munificent donations of Mr. Peabody are but the beginning of his large-hearted plans, and that a considerable portion of the immense fortune he still holds in reserve will ere long be appropriated to still vaster charitable designs.

There has been much discussion on the question, whether these gifts have been most wisely bestowed. Of course, there always will be criticism to follow such acts, and a plenty of people to disregard the homely proverb which warns us not to look a gift-horse in the mouth. Probably few persons have reflected upon the difficulty of bestowing money where one may be sure that it will do good. So much do times change, and needs change, and all material charities interfere with the natural laws of self-reliance and self-help, that no one can be certain that, a hundred years hence, what is now a blessing may not prove to be a nuisance.

At the late meeting of the British Social Congress, in Manchester, there was a protracted discussion on the subject of erecting houses for laboring people. Frequent allusions were made to Mr. Peabody's noble gift to London; but the question was asked, What, after all, is the extent of good it will accomplish? Amid a hundred thousand poor families, it will pick out here and there a few to place in better tenements. Compared with the whole mass of need, the relief is so very small, that the question arises, Could not the assistance have been made more diffusive? And, beside, What will be the effect upon the few who enjoy the benefits of this fund? Will it not be to weaken their sense of self-reliance, to make them more dependent upon aid? So that a few families, perhaps no more meritorious than hundreds of others, are singled out accidentally, and they perhaps in the end injured by being taught to lean upon others.

In allowing all just weight to these and like considerations, we must not overlook the influence upon a whole neighborhood, and upon a whole class, of one good example of neat and orderly living. The good lodging-house thus benefits, perhaps, a hundred families beside those who live in it. On this point we have been much struck with some remarks

made by the President of the Congress, the Earl of Shaftesbury. His words carry with them all the more weight because he prefers a method of providing good tenements for the poor widely different from that encouraged by Mr. Peabody. Indeed he said plainly, that, in his judgment, the erection of model houses was a great mistake. "They have done nothing, and can do nothing, to afford extensive relief; and no one of the schemes hitherto propounded holds out even the shadow of a promise." His lordship's plan is to repair, whitewash, ventilate, drain, and make wholesome and convenient, the houses *already built*, and which are scattered about all over the city in the near neighborhood of the work which the laboring class inhabiting them performs. The earl is president of a society formed to carry on this work; and, in describing its operations, he bears the following testimony to the influence of one good dwelling: "I had long coveted a court in a sad part of London; because I knew it to be a hotbed of fever, violence, and immorality. One house alone had produced twenty-two cases of fever in twelve months. At last, by the liberality of a widow lady, I obtained possession of it. The society went to work, and achieved its purpose. Turbulence and disease were banished. The medical man of the district writes, 'Fever is unknown in this once-pestilential court.' The police officers assure us, that, whereas in former days the constables never dared to enter it but in twos or threes, they now find it rarely necessary to go there at all. And the whole of this has been done in such a way, that the inmates enjoy a vastly increased accommodation, with no increase of rent; and the society receives upon its outlay a return of at least nine per cent."

Of course this is a noteworthy case; and it is good to show the influence of example on a whole neighborhood. With any thing like such pecuniary results as here indicated, we see no reason why the "Improved Industrial Dwellings' Company" should not extend its operations all over London, and completely supersede the need of Mr. Peabody's charity, if that be tied up to the necessity of *building* lodging-houses. We do not understand this to be the case. But we think

that the above facts suggest a deeper objection to the form of Mr. Peabody's beneficence; viz., that it provides permanently for a want which may exist only temporarily, and gives a large fund for an object which may soon attract to itself in other ways an adequate supply.

We have here brought before us a point which deserves special attention. In the bestowment of a million of dollars for public uses, it seems obvious that a thoughtful and conscientious donor will have reference to the needs which are the hardest to supply. Thus hospitals for the sick and the maimed do not need large charities. They may be safely left to public sympathies, which are usually quick enough to meet such wants; but there are other great needs of a community to which it is difficult to draw generous aid, and to these the benefactions of the wealthy are most timely and appropriate. Needs of this class may go for generations unsupplied, unless provided for in this manner.

Unhappily the judgment of the affluent testator is apt to be biassed by a multitude of extraneous considerations. These may arise from his sympathy with obstacles that have most blocked up *his* way in his life, or with sufferings that *he* has happened to see, from a desire to perpetuate his name with some separate and prominent object, from his very limited view of what the public now needs, from the impossibility of his seeing what the public may need a hundred years hence, from a natural wish to have the warm praises of his contemporaries, whose gratitude will be measured according as their favorite objects are helped; and, where the aged millionaire is free from all these sources of error, not unlikely he may be exposed to the urgent solicitation of friends whom he will take into his counsel, in which case, perhaps, the result will be, that his fortune will go to the object which they can agree upon, rather than to what the public most needs.

We have sometimes thought, that, considering these and like facts, a man, designing a large gift to public uses, might well consider the propriety of leaving it in trust to eminent official personages, to be applied to objects which from time

to time they shall deem most worthy of aid. Sectarian religion and party politics might be expressly set aside from the hope of help; but, with this exclusion, an honored senate of seven or nine persons, to be perpetuated like Governors, Judges, and Presidents of colleges, might be intrusted with the free management of a large fund. It would then act beneficently according to the varying needs of the times. It would be intrusted to the highest wisdom of successive generations, and not to the direction of a parchment made by a short-sighted individual a hundred years ago.

We should be sorry to be thought insensible to the munificence of the honored founder of the Lowell Institute. But we have often questioned his wisdom in tying up his bequest to the form of lectures. At the time of his death, *lectures* were coming into fashion; but will they be in fashion fifty years hence? Nay, does it need a princely bequest to sustain a course of popular lectures, costing perhaps fifty cents to each of those attending them, which sum not one would refuse if called upon to give? A noble opportunity was thrown away. We cannot refrain from adding, that the course recently adopted of appropriating the Lowell fund to courses of high scientific lectures and advanced instruction is redeeming this bequest, in part, from the objection here adverted to.

The writer of this is not connected with Harvard College, is not even an alumnus of that institution, though he loves it scarcely less than the apple of his eye. A noble library-building, with ample array of books and copies of ancient statues and celebrated pictures, affording a pleasing resort and a rich feast to the thousands of all opinions, who for all time to come will cluster around Boston, — is not this an object worthy of the munificence of the wealthy testator? Its influence would be incalculable and permanent, and above all class distinctions, as it would be free to all, like the air we breathe. And it has this special claim, that it is just one of those cases of public need which do not appeal to temporary and heated sympathies, and is therefore likely to go for many years unsupplied.

We are thankful to Mr. Peabody for establishing the Professorship and Museum of Ethnology. We know not under what sympathies or advice this charity has been designated. It is princely in amount, and we feel towards the giver a sense of profound gratitude. In many respects a professorship of this new science will be useful. It may do something to counteract the effect of Southern writers on this subject, who have made themselves so noisy and prominent, that, in Europe, the American School of Ethnology is understood to mean the class of men who maintain the primitive and penal degradation of the black race, and the impossibility of its receiving the white man's civilization. The whole subject, too, of the Indian races on this continent ought to be most carefully attended to *now*, while we have access to the fast disappearing remains of the aboriginal tribes, and can collect specimens of skulls. Moreover, a professorship is needed to show up the absurdity of much European balderdash as to the effect of the American climate on races of men here living. As long as it is soberly maintained, that races must of necessity here degenerate, that man can never in this climate and on this continent attain to a European standard of physical and intellectual development, there will be something for the Harvard professor to say. Prof. Gould's admirable collection of facts in regard to the stature and weight of the American soldiers, as compared with those of Europe, will be of some service here. This wide and free mingling of so many races on our continent seems to prefigure the rise of a nobler type of humanity than the world has yet seen, as it was some similar commingling that was at the bottom of Grecian and Roman greatness. It is undoubtedly true, that as a people we have not yet learned to live in the circumstances in which we find ourselves on this new continent. Five or six generations are not enough to acclimatize us. We have much to learn about food and warmth and ventilation, and exposure to our winds, and the true methods of rearing healthy men and women. All thanks to the generous benefactor who is opening the way for this knowledge. M.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

LVIII.

FRÖHLICH SOLL MEIN HERZE SPRINGEN.

From the Gemeinschaftliches Gesangbuch. — PAUL GERHARD.
Nach eigener Melodie; oder, "Warum sollt' ich," &c.

JOYFUL be my spirit singing,
On the day, With the lay
Of the angels ringing.
Heaven and Earth, spread wide your hearing;
Shouting cry, All the sky,
"Christ is now appearing."

How can God look on despising,
Who thus gives Him that lives,
Dear beyond all prizing?
God, to light the world's dark story,
Sends his Son From the throne
Of his might and glory.

Now he lies within his manger,
Calling thus All of us,
Sweetly, in our danger:
"Brothers dear, now learn to banish
Fears that rack; Stores that lack
My grace shall replenish."

Ho! draw nigh with free petitions,
Great and small, One and all
Climates and conditions!
Love him who with love is glowing;
See the star, Now not far,
Light and peace bestowing.

When the heart with grief is swelling,
Lo! a door Opens o'er
To the upper dwelling:
Mark it well, and it shall guide thee
To the place Where no face
Glooms or threats beside thee.

When the load of sorrow presses,
When your sin Deeper in
Pricks with its distresses,—
Courage! if near him thou keepest,
Who is made Healing aid
Where thy wounds are deepest.

Ye forlorn, the poor and needy,
Hither flee, Footsteps free,
Hands of faith held steady.
Here are all good gifts and treasures,
And the gold, All heart-told
In the Spirit's measures.

Let me, Lord, be duty doing,
To Thee near While I'm here,
With Thee homeward going:
There shall hope be always vernal;
No alloy With the joy
Of the life eternal.

N. L. F.

THE CHARACTER OF PASCAL.

Pascal was a personality apart, with ideas proud as his intellect, with faith apparently humble and sincere as his heart; but, in reality, more wilful than natural, and underarched by a scepticism awful to himself. This sceptical character of his mind is conclusively shown by Cousin, in his celebrated report to the French Academy on the "Thoughts;" and later editions of his posthumous writings have brought to light the unscrupulous changes and suppressions, practised by the first editors. Dr. Lélut has demonstrated, in his instruc-

tive treatise, "L'Amulette de Pascal," the deeply diseased condition, in his later years, of both the body and the mind of this great, unfortunate genius.

With a nervous system overcharged with force and out of equilibrium, the brain expending an abnormal share of his vitality, his strange precocity deprived him of boyhood: while others of his age were happy at their sports, he was by himself, earnestly grappling with the deepest questions; now wresting brilliant secrets from science with joy and glory, now musing over the darker problems of human nature; pale, weary, sad, hopelessly baffled in reason, imperiously remanded by his education and his heart to faith. He early became an invalid, and was scarcely ever after free from pain. As time wore on, his state grew worse. His excessive mental labors shattered his constitution. A morbid depreciation of the worth of all worldly aims gradually possessed him. He became extremely unhappy, not merely in his outward relations, but also in his speculations. His vast genius, out of tune and balance, saw disproportion, misery, and frightful mystery everywhere. He furnished another exemplification of the truth, that great men, unless blessed with health, are more unhappy than others, because their transcendent powers are intrinsically less harmonized with their earthly conditions. Their faculties overlap the world; and the superfluous parts, finding no correspondent object, no soothing returns, are turned into wretchedness. Pascal asks, "Shall he who alone knows nature alone be unhappy?" Yes: if knowledge of nature be the pioneer of discord and rebellion against nature. Only let love for what is known, and conformity to it, keep even pace with knowledge, and the more one knows the happier he will be. But there is danger with great genius, especially if there is any disbalancement in it, that perception will generate undue feeling, — feeling out of tune with the facts, and therefore a source of irritable wretchedness.

This is clearly to be seen in the case of Pascal himself. He wore an iron girdle stuck full of steel thorns, which he pressed into his side whenever worldly thoughts allured him. "Seek no satisfaction on earth," he said; "hope nothing from

men; your good is in God alone." A true religious philosophy would rather say, Seek a relative satisfaction in every normal fact of nature, every finite manifestation of the will of God: never despair of your fellow-men: whatever the God of nature has made, is good; whatever the God of grace does, is well. The sound master of moral insight labors to ennoble human nature and life by every possible imaginative aggrandizement and exaltation: the school represented by Pascal strives to demean human nature and life by every possible imaginative impoverishment and degradation. This direful mistake is committed in the imagined interest of a supernatural antidote for the bane of a ruined world. It aggravates the evils it seeks to cure, by exciting what needs to be soothed; namely, the friction of man with his fate.

The noble but overstrung sensibility of Pascal is shown by the fact, that once, when Arnauld seemed to prefer peace to truth, the shock of grief and pain was so great that he fainted away. To read his meditations on the nature and state of man is like wandering through some mighty realm of desolation, where gleams of light fall on majestic ruins, lonely columns, crumbling aqueducts, shattered and moss-grown temples. His logic, his rigor, his irony, did shining and permanent service to morality in the "Provincial Letters." But, in his "Thoughts," a dark tinge of disease, a perverse extravagance, vitiate the unquestionable originality; and give the whole strain of argument an unsoundness as gloomy and pervading as the intellect is powerful and the rhetoric brilliant. He sees man suspended between the two abysses of infinity and nothingness. He never wearies of varying the melancholy antithesis of the sublimity and the contemptibleness of man, the grandeur and the misery of our nature and lot. Man is a chimera, an incomprehensible monster, a contradiction, a chaos; judge of all things, victim of all; depositary of truth, sewer of error; the brother of the brutes, the equal of the angels; the glory and the scum of the universe. He is a closed and inexplicable enigma, — unless we accept the scheme of Christianity in the dogmatic exposition of the Catholic Church. Original sin is the key to the otherwise

incomprehensible riddle. The violence of its fall in Adam crushed human nature into a mass of piteous and venerable ruins; an incongruous collection of suns and dungheaps.

The genius of Pascal is displayed in the magnificence of his lamentations, the gorgeous ornaments with which he enhances the degeneracy he describes. His disease is revealed in the dismal melancholy he throws over all, and in the perverse factitiousness of his remedial devices. "Vulgar Calvinism," Hallam says, "exhibits man as a grovelling Caliban; Pascal paints him as a ruined archangel." But both endeavor to exaggerate the evils of our nature and deepen the darkness of our state, in order to lend increased preciousness and splendor to the supernatural antidote. This method surely violates the moderation of nature, the sanity of reason. Imagination is given us to secure equilibrium in our powers and conditions; to bring in ideal compensations for actual defects; to harmonize our nature and lot. It is a dreadful abuse to employ it to multiply incongruities and annoyances, enlarge existing disbalancements, and intensify discords already experienced. To see the truth, and conform to it what is out of proportion, is the final cure for every human ill; to aggravate a malady, half supposititious, so as to give imaginary value to some artificial panacea, is the method of quacks and dupes.

The soul of Pascal was a lonely battle-field, — the scene of a struggle between opposite tendencies, which must sometimes have been as terrible as it was noiseless and hidden. His logical acuteness and intrepidity penetrated sophisms, and exposed the innumerable difficulties and perplexities of human life in their most formidable array; while his fears, affections, weakness, made him cling to the Catholic creed. His sublime imagination pictured man as a grain of dust on the earth; the earth itself as a grain of dust in the bosom of nature, the eternal silence of whose boundless spaces was frightful to him. Disease made deeper encroachments on his digestive organs and on his brain. He was weary of the struggles of the few for glory; sick of the insincerity and frivolity of the many; and often said, "I shall die alone." Although he was never

personally a misanthrope, his fearful insight of the frenzied self-love, the folly, vanity, flippancy, and falsehood of common men, painfully alienated him from them. He says, "If all men knew what others say of them, there would not be four friends in the world." And his desire for friendly fellowship, his feeling of his own loneliness, appear clearly enough from the following paragraph: "The little communication that we can have in the study of the abstract sciences disgusted me with them. But I expected to find many companions in the study of man. I was deceived. There are still fewer who study man than who study geometry."

He had suffered two attacks of partial paralysis in his limbs; attacks which seemed, however, not to touch his mind. While in this weak condition, driving across one of the bridges over the Seine, the horses took fright and leaped off, leaving the carriage poised on the edge. The shock affected him so severely that he from that time frequently had the hallucination of an abyss yawning at his side. In this state, his sister, a devoted nun, persuaded him forever to abandon the world. Disappointed, sick, excited, his capacious mind hungering for truth and peace in the infinite, he turned with a morbid eagerness to the seclusion and austerity of Port Royal. There he gave the last eight years of his life — from his thirty-first to his thirty-ninth year — almost exclusively to religious meditation, and to literary labors for the cause of Christianity.

The hypochondriacal state of Pascal betrays itself through all his poetic sophistry and glorious declamation. Health, without denying the evil of the world, enjoys its good; and tries, by making the best of it, to rise into something better. It is disease that re-acts against it in disgust and horror, and paints it a thousand times worse than it is, in order to lend a keener relish to some theoretic good. The incongruities of human nature are better explained by the doctrine of a tentative progress towards our destiny — an advance still incomplete, with complicated faculties not yet harmonized — than by the doctrine of the Fall, which simply adds a new problem, more fearful than the one it professes to solve. If man stands

midway between infinity and nothing, — which is an oratoric, not a philosophic expression, — his desires allying him to that, his attainments to this; if he clasps hands on one side with the ape, on the other side with the angel, — it is that he has risen thus high, and his passions are not yet equilibrated with his conditions, rather than that he has fallen thus low, and in his plunge been caught there by grace, and is now torn by the contradictory attractions of salvation and perdition. The facts of the problem are far more satisfactorily solved by the idea, that the exorbitant faculties and demands of man are the preparatory rudiments of the divine estate he is to inherit than by the idea that they are the discordant fragments of a celestial state from which he has been expelled. Man is a child of nature, sensuously chained to the earth, but ideally scaling the heights of immensity; not a lord of heaven tumbled in ruins, moaning over what he has lost, while clutching at what is within his reach. But Pascal took the latter view. He fought down his doubts, or thrust them out of sight, and clung frantically to the traditional theology, as a shipwrecked man to a spar. We see his face look out at us as he drifts, a white and piteous speck of humanity, in the black flood. He regarded the soul as the convulsed ground of a supernatural conflict between the fiends of nature and the ministry of grace. He called man a reed that thinks. His mind was alone, a geometric point of thought in the infinitude of space. Impelled by the grandeur of his soaring mind and the wretchedness of his tortured body, both aggravated by the theological scheme reciprocally ministering to them and ministered to by them, he was constantly darting to and fro between the two poles of imagination, All and Nothing; and constantly associating one of these monstrous extremes with every thing human. Shocked and lacerated by such a tremendous vibration, no wonder his strength so early gave way, no wonder his view of life was so overwrought. The disease which the surgeons laid bare in his gangrened vitals and brain is equally revealed by a psychological autopsy of his writings, — gangrenous blotches interspersing the splendid and electric pages. Thus, in his self-depreciating unhappi-

ness and solitude, he affirmed that it was sinful for any one to love a creature so unworthy as he, and so soon to perish.

Perhaps the most pathetic passage from his pen — when we view it in the light of his pure character, transcendent talents, and sad biography — is the following: "Man has, springing from the sense of his continual misery, a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from without. And he has, remaining from the original greatness of his nature, another secret instinct, which teaches him that happiness can exist only in repose. From these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if, by struggling yet a little longer, he can open a door to rest." He had known long ages in thought and feeling, but not forty years in time, when death kindly opened for him the door to rest. W. R. A.

FARMER'S FESTIVALS.

STATE, county, and town Agricultural Exhibitions constitute a noteworthy feature of our New-England life. We judge that there has been this year no diminution in the wide and deep interest with which they are regarded; and, if they serve to attach a greater interest to the farmer's occupation, who will not be grateful that they are growing in public favor?

We have read with pleasure the reports of these exhibitions, so widely published during the past few weeks; and we wish to express a few thoughts which they have suggested.

In comparing the traits of character which different modes of life naturally beget, we see that the love of novelty and excitement, for which city life is notorious, comes not merely because people there are thick together, but has a deeper reason in their occupations and amusements, which keep up a quick, superficial activity, making men fickle and impulsive,

giving them eagerness for sensations that demand aliment to sustain them, and find a coveted outlet in any new wonder and alarm. Hence cities have always been the hotbed of violence, from the time that Jack Cade, four hundred years ago, led all London by the ears, down through the long history of riots in Manchester, Liverpool, Paris, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York.

Equally apparent is it that commercial classes have not been remarkable for their local attachments. Why should they be? Their occupations, thoughts, and tastes are cosmopolitan. With their accumulated wealth, they love to spread around them the luxuries and refinements of life, but have too often stood aloof from every thing else, and been indifferent to public interests and the affairs of State.

As to manufacturing classes, it has often been observed that they have shown a marked proclivity for schemes and delusions. Perhaps the constant use of machinery gives a mechanical turn to their whole nature; and as they see that society and life rub hard with them, and show a screw loose somewhere, they are ready to try any thing that promises to put them into better gear, and oil their creaking friction. In England, the craziest doctrines and the most absurd nostrums find the readiest credence in Lancashire and Staffordshire; and there are indications that a corresponding fact is true in this country.

It is of no special importance to say any thing distinctly of the professional and literary classes; for their influence, though precious in kind, is but little in volume, compared with that of the only other large class that remains to be noticed, — we mean the landed class. What is it that places in the hands of farmers this priceless element of public stability? Is it that their property is in acres, solid and immovable, on which they were born, where they expect to die, and to leave their graves and those of their fathers to their children?

No doubt there is something in this; but the very nature of their occupations makes them peaceful and steadfast. They are away from the scenes of passionate rivalries and strifes. They are surrounded by the calm and endearing in-

fluences of nature, and are moulded by them. They have time for thought. The voices that whisper in their ears invite to reflection. No other men pass their days amid so few frivolities. Life flows in deep channels, not often disturbed, nor easily changed. It is obvious that here are some of the leading causes of the well-known stability of the landed class.

On the thousand farms of our country, there has been ripening the past season one kind of fruit of which no account has been taken in the Agricultural Exhibitions, though in value it surpasses every thing seen in them all. The long days of toil, the calm evening hour of thought, the glories of the rising and setting sun, the gentle showers, the viewless winds, the blooming clover, the growing corn, the mellowing harvests, the stormy-day's reading, the sabbath-day's worship, all have contributed to its growth. It is a love of our country; an intelligent comprehension of its true interests and duties; a determination that, however impulsive and fickle other classes may be, the just and the right shall be firmly upheld by the great rural mass of our people. Has the whole wealth of the nation a greater security than this?

How we felt that security, and trustingly leaned upon it, in the dark days of the late war! Cities might vote one way or another, and the multitude be swayed back and forth in the crowded manufacturing centres; but, under God, the rock of our trust was in that great farming population that had taken this matter into their keeping, and knew what they were about. We remembered that, when they put their hands to the plough, they were not in the habit of looking back. We knew that, to quote the striking words of Job, they were "in league with the stones of the field;" and the man of Uz had no idea how many and what fast ones we have.

It was the singular merit of the late President of the United States, — and, as much as he has been praised, this trait in his character has not been too often dwelt upon, — it was his pre-eminent aim to keep the war in the hands of the people, and of the mass of the rural people. With his intuitive sagacity he saw, that, if the landed interest of the coun-

try felt that this war was their war, there would be no backing out. He kept himself in the rear, — too much so, we at first thought; and blamed him for it, till we understood him. He did not talk about "my war, my campaign, my policy." He did not attempt to force the deep popular instincts to bend to his will, but had a religious reverence for them, as something which no wise statesmanship should offend, and no official authority can resist.

And so, at all times, the stability of the country rests in the multitude of its homesteads. It was because foreigners overlooked this, that they made such blundering prophecies. They saw hardly any thing but the rabble of New-York City. But what is the rabble of New-York City by the side of the farmers of a continent? It is less than the noise of the boiling kettle in the farmer's kitchen. The cooking will go on orderly, and dinner be got ready, for all the sputtering of the pot. Paris is France; but a dozen New Yorks would not be the United States.

It was through a rare sagacity that our institutions placed political power in the multitude of homesteads. No other country has done this so largely; that is, none has steadied the pyramid of the State on so broad a basis. That legislation seems eminently statesmanlike which multiplies our homesteads, and begins as soon as possible to make a homestead for our people of every descent and color.

Nor, finally, do we think that the force of what we have now said is weakened by suggesting, that, after all, farmers are divided in opinion, like every other class. Undoubtedly, this is true in relation to a thousand subordinate questions; and all the more true is it, because, from the vast extent of our country, the variety of its agricultural interests, and the sparseness of its rural population, there is probably less class-influence with farmers than with any other men. But on questions that appeal directly to the primal instincts of patriotism and freedom, of justice and right, what class responds with more unanimity? In what great crisis of our country has it failed? And why is it that trembling politicians look upon the returns from one or two of the farming

States first voting as the sure premonition of the general popular will, and stand aghast at the handwriting on the wall? M.

A POINT TO CARRY.

A FRIEND applies this significant phrase to preaching. An indeterminate man, who is only groping to find his way, and has no distinct, sure word of prophecy in his heart, has no place in the pulpit and no call to preach. Our Liberal Christians have given up the old assumption of the Catholic Church, of spiritual authority; they have ceased to believe in the fearful alternative of the Calvinist: they can neither summon men to an only fold of safety, nor warn them "to flee from the wrath to come." What is then left for the modern Unitarian preacher to do? What special or distinctive point has he to carry? He cannot arrogate any special grace; he cannot threaten a coming judgment or the terrors of the law. After having surrendered so much, may it be that Christianity is wasted into a shadow, and contains no longer a divine reality and substance? Is it true that a man who cannot preach the old dogmas cannot preach any thing? The most believing men among us are compelled to admit, that the life has gone from the former methods and doctrines. What in times past was felt to be the power of the pulpit is now only an element of weakness, because we no longer believe in our own authority, and those words of warning of which the Scripture is so full, we now read as Oriental metaphors, — as very good poetry, but very false theology. Our interpretation takes all the point and all the force out of those startling appeals of the old sermons which made sinners tremble, and flee to the church as the only ark of refuge.

The questions that arise are very serious ones. Is there, as is so often maintained, an absolute decay of faith; or does faith now run in new and deeper channels? It is to be hoped

that there is no spiritual loss in all the wreck of old and popular beliefs. The great human needs remain the same as ever. The human heart is unchanged, and still prays as the Psalmist prayed so many ages ago. But this is not all. The same sources of comfort and strength are open now as of old, — the same fountains of eternal life. The grand old Bible remains, not a warning or promise lost out of it, as fresh to-day as when its heavenly truths first fell from the Saviour's lips. Who has exhausted its treasures? Who has outgrown its ideal of the Perfect Life? You will find the heavenly beatitudes still declared in its pages, and all the assurances of life and immortality. Its great ideas still engage our human hearts. The old dogmas that grew around them in ruder ages may be stripped off; but their elemental truth remains, and vital as ever. It is a poor, superficial Unitarianism that, in renouncing the Trinity, ceases to believe in Father, Son, or Holy Ghost. Pruning away the exaggerations of theology ought not to be a mere process of denial, but a drawing nearer to the naked truth, a revealing in clearer light of divine realities. So, in our progress, I cannot believe that we lose any living word. The river that once made glad the city of God has not yet run dry. Its living waters still flow through the living hearts of men. Forms have changed. Doctrines have been qualified and softened; first denied, then re-interpreted and re-affirmed.

Has the liberal preacher nothing to say, no point to carry? The answer depends on the measure of his progress. The great currents of humanity are deep within the soul. So are the currents of revelation deeper than the letter. He who has not gone beyond a denial of old doctrines has nothing left except the practical moralities, which are but the clothing and outside of religion. Feeling no power of the Holy Spirit, he has no word of God to utter. Having no experience of the higher life and the world to come, he cannot call men to repentance, or tell them how to put on Christ. He who is not regenerate himself, how shall he preach of the Transfiguration, of the glories of the Mount and the open heavens? There is no reason, certainly no good reason, why the

preacher to-day, though without dogma and outside the great ecclesiasticisms, is not alive with enthusiasm and faith and love, — no reason why he is dull and vague, pointless and powerless. He has, — or he ought to have, by the winnowing through which he has gone in thought and life — the corn without the husk, the kernel without the shell, the spirit that underlies the letter. He has, or he ought to have, the living bread just as it comes down from heaven; and his preaching ought to be the breaking of this bread to the people who hunger and wait before him. The liberal preacher must go down beneath the forms of doctrine to the great realities, deal with the truths which dogmas and forms represent; then he will have glow and unction, something to say, and a point to carry.

Is it asked whether there are these realities left after the denials of our Liberal Theology? While confessing ourselves unable to perceive, from the standpoint of simple naturalism, the sense or the object of preaching, we yet maintain that the Unitarian pulpit fills an important place among the wants and vitalities of the age. By the excess of its sceptical criticism, it may so far decline as to quite lose its power and never fulfil its mission. But we hope for it a more legitimate, a nobler, and better destiny, — a destiny worthy of its traditions and early promise, worthy also of the saintly names that have given it a history, and made it one of the leading spiritual forces in our New-England life. Out of an experience gathered from both strict and liberal influences, we are able to affirm a faith in all the great spiritual truths of revelation; and the liberal preacher, if he is devout and believing, can answer all the wants of the needy, asking, human heart. As much as others, he has the high vantage-ground of faith to stand on, and the inspiration of the highest truth to give him earnestness, and kindle his soul and his speech as with a live coal from off the altar. And no preaching is so good as that which comes out of the life, — out of what one not only believes in, but loves. Preach what you have gone through and felt yourself. Inward Christian experience runs parallel to the life of Christ as we read it in the gospel.

One interprets the other. Christ so formed within us inspires a perfect faith. No mere creed, however correct intellectually, can give so much moral vitality. With *that* as an interior, ruling power, preaching becomes alive with the least as well as with the most gifted minds. With *that*, you are religiously prepared for the great apostolic work. With *that*, as it seems to us, there is but one thing which is the all-important, all-comprehending truth to be affirmed of Christ, that he is essentially Divine, not after any dogmatical way, but after the manner of John in his Gospel. That is a point to make.

There is also the Spiritual Life, not necessarily a mechanical, church life, but the holiness, the peace and joy which men have had in believing and have carried into their living, and by which they have overcome the world. Preach that life, how sin wastes it, and righteousness increases it; and here you can frame an alternative more startling than any doctrine of heaven and hell. It is a more fearful thing to lose one's spiritual life than it is to suffer any literal punishment. This is another point to make.

With these positive ideas, the Divine Christ as inspiration and centre and source of thought, and the Spiritual Life as aim and object and destiny, the preacher has sure ground to stand on, sure promise and blessing to announce. As long as he has faith in them, he cannot be dull, he cannot exhaust his themes, he cannot tire of his work; he will always have something to say, and a point to carry.

Above all, let not the preacher fear, that after a while he will wear out, or use up the old Bible from which these ideas come; that, in giving supernatural fact and history, he will give only "old wives' fables," and not eternal truths. The greatest things in that book are not too great for human necessity and hope. They are only on a level with our human suffering and sorrow. In their highest sense, they but just meet the aspiration and want of the heart. Any thing less would not answer or satisfy. Men ask great questions under the pressure of their bereavements and trials and doubts, and all the gospel assurances of immortality are not

more than they demand and want. Let the preacher beware lest, through his own scepticism or inexperience of heavenly things, he "give them a stone for bread." Men who are sitting in silent and desolate homes, whose hearts are darkened by the shadow of death, are not comforted or healed, except by the Infinite Love. To them there is no gospel, if you leave out the risen Christ. If there be no such high, divine fact in all this world of suffering and death, "then," says St. Paul, "is our preaching vain." D. C.

RANDOM READINGS.

[Without asking permission of our Friend Sears, we venture to insert what follows. — E.]

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

THANKING the editors of the "Magazine" for their interesting accounts of the Conference at Syracuse, I was sorry to miss the narrative of an experience of one of them in his ministry, given on that occasion, and too important to go unrecorded. If his modesty will excuse it, I will try to recall the circumstances, as related at the Conference, using, in his case, the third person for the first. Mr. S. went to a certain town, on a cold, stormy morning, to preach. He found the church was not opened, and saw no signs of congregation or sexton.

Directly opposite was a Methodist church, to which he went as a hearer. The preacher, knowing his auditor, went to him, and insisted on his occupying the pulpit for the morning, instead of himself. At the close of the services, the Methodist brother, without consulting Mr. S., gave notice that he would preach again in the afternoon, adding, "I want you to go home, and inform everybody you can see, that Mr. S. is to preach this afternoon; and I am sure we shall have a full house to hear him." Mr. S. told him he was sorry he had done it; for he was not prepared to preach to his people. He had brought with him only such ser-

mons as were suited to a Unitarian congregation. "I will risk that," said his brother; "give them the same doctrine you have this morning."

When the afternoon came, a large congregation appeared; and the preacher was gratified with their earnest and undivided attention. At the close of the exercises, our Methodist brother again spoke very commendingly of his services. "But," said Mr. S., "I have not given your people such sermons as I wanted to; I am sorry to have presented to them just such views as I have. If I had thought of occupying your pulpit, I should have taken very different ones." — "Do not trouble your mind about that," was the reply; "I liked every word you have given us; it was not any too liberal; *and it is what we have all got to come to.*"

Much as the occasion of this mission to a Methodist congregation is to be regretted, and mortified as we are that one of our own churches should have failed altogether of any service on the day specified, the result was most happy for the great cause of Christian charity, brotherly love, and a true gospel fellowship. We doubt whether our brother ever preached with a better effect.

Two things are apparent. There is a growing and blessed largeness of spirit among our Methodist friends, both ministers and people. Let us meet it with a prompt and generous response on our own part. This incident speaks volumes of the needs of our small country societies. Local conferences are demanded to bring every one of them into fellowship with our whole body. God speed the day when the feeblest of these societies shall be brought into a life-union with the strongest! With Christ now recognized as the Head of the Church by a solemn and determined consent at our great Conference, we need only to organize ourselves thoroughly; and nowhere will the doors of our sanctuaries be closed by any moral freezing, but we shall one and all throng to our altars, rejoice in our worship, and carry its rich savor out, with a broad and liberal faith, into a life of zealous piety, and practical and consistent virtue. A. B. M.

[We did not see the above till it was in print. Our good friend A. B. M. mistakes in some particulars. We did not apologize to our Methodist brother for preaching a Unitarian sermon in his pulpit. It was not distinctively such; and his commendation of it was no compromise of his orthodoxy. We cited the incident to show how Methodist churches are alive because of their warm Christian fellowship, and how Unitarian churches freeze to death for the want of it. — S.]

RESULTS OF RATIONALIZINGS.

[It is just as well that our friends who are criticising and questioning should see what is before them; and so we have selected the following paragraphs from the last "Westminster." — E.]

"If the whole history of its alleged Founder is full of uncertainties or impossibilities or contradictions, we have simply to acknowledge that his teaching and his acts are hidden from us by an impenetrable veil; and if, on the other hand, the work of reconstruction is to be accomplished, it must be effected by the production of strictly contemporary evidence, by testimony equal to that on which we give credence to the history of Magna Charta or the Highland rebellion of 1745. But when a series of documents are shown to be utterly inconsistent with each other, whenever they furnish an independent narrative, or else repeat in the same words the events and discourses which they relate in common; when, further, it is admitted that we have not the faintest reason for thinking that they were written in the age of which they profess to give the annals; and, above all, that they exhibit an endless chain of marvellous or prodigious incidents, not one of which is worthy of credit, — the effort to restore the original lineaments of a picture which has been daubed and altered by successive hands becomes not merely a work of supererogation, but an unprofitable and mischievous pastime. The most prominent characteristic of all the Gospels is a lavish display of miracle, intertwined inextricably with the narrative of incidents which appear possible or likely, and which may be historical. But, if this chain of supernatural causation, or rather this series of arbitrary inferences, which are no cause and produce no results, is to be swept away at a stroke, it argues an unbounded credulity, if we accept particular details as historical without corroborative evidence from other witnesses known to be contemporary. If it be true, as M. Renan holds it to be true, that the narrative of the infancy as given in the first Gospel excludes altogether the narrative of the third; if all the miracles of all the Gospels are to be thrust aside as incredible; if, in the one Gospel which he holds to be, as a history, more trustworthy than the rest, the discourses of which its main bulk consists are absolute fictions, destitute of the slightest semblance of probability, — it follows irresistibly that the credit of

the Gospels is in every respect gone. We can trust no information derived from them, even in the commonest matters, unless we can test it by other evidence on the same subject procured elsewhere."

"If M. Renan's account of the Gospels be correct, we have no better materials for reconstructing the figure of the historical Jesus than for reproducing that of the historical Agamemnon. In attempting either task, we are chasing a will-of-the-wisp."

"M. Renan himself seems consciously to shut his eyes to the havoc which he has made in the only original sources of information respecting the origin of Christianity, by sweeping away all narratives of miracles and prodigies which occur throughout them. The residuum of fact left in the Gospels is confessedly almost infinitesimally small."

"THE LORD GOD WALKED IN THE GARDEN IN THE COOL OF THE DAY."—"ABIDE WITH US, FOR IT IS TOWARD EVENING, AND THE DAY IS FAR SPENT."—"AND THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WERE THE FIRST DAY."

TRULY the first! in senses more than one,
God in the morning, and at eve the Son;
Truly the first! in spirit and in power;
Jesus at night, God in the early hour.

When time was young, in those primeval days,
God walked and talked, but scarce in human ways;
For though he grants his presence and his grace,
E'en Israel's leader must not see his face.

'Tis so with childhood: how, we scarce can tell,
And yet to God it nearer seems to dwell;
'Tis in the virgin prime, and morning cool,
We look for God, and find him in the soul.

Stay with us, Father, till the noontide heat,
Of passion and of sin its fury beats;
Stay with us, Father, till the sun goes down,
And Jesus comes: we dare not be alone.

Come, then, dear Saviour, early in the day, —
Come in our childhood, ever with us stay;
Wait not till noon is passed, the sun gone down;
But come, abide with us, ere night comes on.

From morn till eve, from eve till morning light,
Keep us, dear Father, ever in thy sight;
Come like the Dove, in Spirit-power descend,
And be henceforth, our Father, Saviour, Friend.

* * *

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

THE London "Times" has an interesting article on the disappearance of the cholera from that city. Compared with former visitations of this disease, the mortality was small. After adding what should be allowed for imperfection of returns, from cases not reported, and from others not regarded as cholera, but which perhaps came under this class, the sum total of deaths will not exceed eight thousand. This, in the immense population of London, is not so large a mortality as many other diseases, not generally dreaded, often inflict. The "Times" infers, that at length the cholera has been mastered; that science knows how to treat it, and to deprive it of its terrors. The same article dwells upon another gratifying fact, in review of the recent history of the disease. The extent to which charitable provision was made for the relief of the poor, suffering through the cholera, seems a noble testimony to public beneficence. The Metropolitan Relief Society had over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars placed at its disposal, a sum amply sufficient for all the demands made upon it; and it would have been largely increased, had any necessity called for it.

THE unanimity of the Venetians in voting for annexation to Italy is some indication of what they have found the Austrian rule to be. Italian newspapers give graphic accounts of the scenes witnessed at the polls, where the urns to receive the ballots were often placed in the public squares, and long processions were formed, in many cases headed by the curés of the churches, to march, amid the prayers and cheers of the population, to ex-

press the deliberate and solemn will of the people. In the city of Venice, there were thirty-six thousand five hundred votes cast, only seven of which were in the negative. "Si," the Italian word for *yes*, was paraded everywhere, on banners, placards, personal ornaments, on every thing on which it could be written. In Verona, one of the main fortresses of the famous quadrilateral, there were seventeen thousand votes cast, and only one in the negative. It was inspiring to see a people all on fire with such enthusiasm; and it was a new sight in Italy, where municipal divisions and jealousies have so long been the ruin of the country. A great deal of it must be placed to the account of the personal popularity of the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel. He has impressed everybody with a conviction of his honesty, moderation, justice, and good purposes; and, though he presents no very high type of manhood, in any large sense of that word, he has a plain good-heartedness, coupled with a patient vigor of will, which make him the *galantuomo* whom the people love to honor.

THE details of the entry into Venice of Victor Emmanuel have not yet reached us; but the Italian papers have given full accounts of the preparations made for the great historical event. A sight of the famous *Bucenteur*, in which the old Doges went in state from one part of the city to the other, making its way along the Grand Canal, bearing the king and his court amid the shouts of the people and the roar of cannon and the profuse display of fancy-colored fabrics hanging from the windows of the houses, — one of the invariable and most picturesque signs of public rejoicing in Italy, — doubtless impressed thousands and thousands of beholders, though the description of such scenes not unfrequently raises emotions which the scene itself did not inspire. The design of a beautiful female figure in chains, which drop from her limbs at the first word of the king, is in accordance with Italian taste, which loves the language of symbols.

WHILE we read the above accounts of the public rejoicing of the Venetians, we must not forget that among them is a party who view the events there taking place with very different eyes. The thorough-going papal sect, that hate freedom and public voting and the will of the people, who think there is no safety but in blind obedience to the Romish church, what will they do? If we open some German newspapers, we shall see. The "Augsburg Gazette" says, that the number of monks and nuns quitting

anti-monastic Italy, and seeking a new home in Catholic parts of Germany, is quite alarming. All the convents there are literally overflowing. In many places, new houses are going up as rapidly as possible. Oftentimes these fugitives bring extensive property with them, especially the Jesuits, who have transported a college, with its library and pupils.

THE question is sometimes asked, How is property that is funded for charitable uses cared for and managed as compared with property in private hands? It is not difficult to give a general answer to this question; but some precise statements were made at the late Social Congress at Manchester, Eng., which are quite worthy of note. Sir James P. K. Shuttleworth stated, that Parliament had appointed, within the last forty years, no less than four commissions to investigate the administration of public charities; and that these had brought to light an immense amount of "waste, misuse, neglect, fraud, and mismanagement." No less than three hundred and seventy millions of dollars represent the property devoted to charitable uses in the kingdom; and Sir James said that "no funds are worse administered."

ENGLISH Congregationalism is supposed to have had its origin in 1567, when the first church of this description was established in London. It is proposed to celebrate the third centennial of this event, which will occur next year; and some preparatory steps have already been taken.

SIR John Bowring, whose name is venerated in our churches, where so many of his hymns are used in public devotion, has lately published a second work on the poetry of the Magyars, giving translations from a new and highly popular writer. The Magyar language, understood by few who do not use it, has long been mastered by Sir John Bowring, who counts this as one of the twenty-two languages with which he is familiar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Massachusetts in the Rebellion; a Record of the Historical Position of the Commonwealth, and the Services of the leading Statesmen, the Military, the Colleges, and the People in the Civil War of 1861–65. By P. C. HEADLEY. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

This is a large octavo of 688 pages, in elegant style of printing and binding, with engraved likenesses of the leading statesmen and military officers who represented Massachusetts in the late struggle. It has biographical sketches of the Governor, the United-States Senators, and the Members of Congress; a general history of the mustering of the regiments; the names of the officers and chaplains; with some account, necessarily brief, of their marches, campaigns, and principal battles; and with narratives of individual heroism, sacrifice, and martyrdom. It has sketches of the heroic dead, though the list is very incomplete. The work is very fragmentary, by the necessities of the case; but is written in a spirit of the warmest admiration and loyalty, not only towards the Union, but towards the good old Commonwealth, and gives a record which redounds to her honor and glory. S.

Six Months in the White House with Abraham Lincoln. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. CARPENTER. New York: Hurd & Houghton. — This is a very modest book, making no pretensions to literary excellence, and not claiming to be a biography of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Carpenter was "turned in loose," with the freedom of the White House, while executing his great national painting. He saw and knew Mr. Lincoln in those hours when the character in its minutest shades comes out spontaneously, and he has poured out his treasures of anecdote and reminiscence with undisguised love and admiration of his subject. Though not a biography, no biography could illustrate Mr. Lincoln's traits more minutely and perfectly. The reader keeps on to the end with a never-failing

interest, and with a love of the good President that grows deeper; and closes the book with a sigh over the awful mystery of that Providence that permitted him to be taken from us in our time of sorest need. S.

Martyria; or *Andersonville Prison.* By AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN. Late Medical Inspector, United-States Army. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1866.

An exhaustive treatment of a very painful subject, — a subject which ought not to be dropped until the facts have been fairly and fully put upon record, and the record approved by those whose offences against humanity no bitterness of strife can excuse. We are glad to notice, that Dr. Hamlin, whose opportunities during his five years' service in the Federal armies of Virginia, of the South, and the South-west, justify him in expressing an opinion, does believe Gen. Lee to be implicated in the Andersonville outrages. He admits that he might have protested against them, although he well knew that the remonstrance would have been without effect. E.

Melibœus-Hipponax. The Biglow Papers, Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

This is one of our classics. The Yankee is here. The humor does not consist in bad spelling, — the spelling is the correct spelling, let the spelling books say what they please, — and through the mask look very earnest eyes, whilst the voice is that of a very wise and faithful preacher. It is one of those books for the times which will outlive the times. E.

Characteristics of Christ's Teachings drawn from the Sermon on the Mount. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. London and New York: Alexander Strahan, Publisher. Messrs. A. Williams & Co., agents for the sale in Boston. 1866.

Simple and direct in style, earnest and faithful in spirit, not dealing with any outward and formal difficulties, but leading the reader by a plain path to the heart of the matter, Dr. Vaughan's book will be of great service to those who would be brought closer to the mind and spirit through which God evermore reconciles the world unto himself. The little book is as comely in outward appearance as it is healthful in its contents. E.

Flower De Luce. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

A great deal besides Flower-de-Luce, sweet little poem as that is, goes to the making-up of this charming volume, which gives us the latest births of the poet's finely cultivated imagination, gathered from their dispersion, to go out no more. E.

Ladies, and Croquet-players of both sexes, will find the *Lady's Almanac* for the year 1867 very useful. It is issued by GEORGE COOLIDGE, and published by Lee & Shepard, 149, Washington Street.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Young Invincibles, published by Wm. V. Spencer, is a story for boys, full of patriotism, and very well told. A company of boys, at the opening of the war, formed themselves into a corps; and, catching the military spirit, marched and drilled under the instruction of an officer of the war of 1812–15. The book is illustrated with wood-cuts, and abounds in incidents and conversations which illustrate the character and spirit of the young patriots. The boys read it, and are delighted with it. S.

Haste and Waste, or the Young Pilot of Lake Champlain, by OLIVER OPTIC, is another story for young people, published by Lee & Shepard. The narrative is spirited; the interest well kept up; and the moral of the story, which is an important one for Young America to learn, is well brought out at the close. S.

A new Sunday-school Liturgy, designed also for family worship, has been compiled by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, and published by Walker, Fuller, & Co., under the title of "The Child's Book of Religion." It has more range and variety than any of its class which we have seen; the selections are made with admirable taste, especially in poetry; and they have a freshness which is exceedingly taking. The unreserved and exclusive humanitarianism of the book will spoil it as a manual for public or family use, except to those who are in agreement with the Christology of Mr. Frothingham. Jesus, as the New Testament presents him to us, is more than a saint and a good example.

S.

Climbing and Sliding is a child's romance, just published by Nichols & Noyes, written by the author of "Katharine Morris." Clarence, the hero, is a noble boy, who struggled upward through difficulty, sustained by moral principle and a good conscience. The story appeals to the best impulses of a boy's nature, and is a good book for boys to read; and the lessons are excellent ones to be laid to heart. S.

All in readiness for Christmas and the New Year are *Stories of Many Lands*, by that ever-welcome writer for children, GRACE GREENWOOD; and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are the publishers.

PAMPHLETS.

An Oration delivered at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, in Evergreen Cemetery, Brighton, Mass., on Thursday afternoon, July 26, 1866. By FREDERIC AUGUSTUS WHITNEY. With an Appendix, containing the other Exercises, and Notices of Deceased Soldiers. Boston: S. Chism, Franklin Printing-house.

Our brother has excellent qualifications for the occasion which his address commemorates: a mind enriched with historic studies, and full of poetic imagery; and a heart of quick and tender sympathies and patriotic fervor. All this is shown in the noble tribute here rendered to the fallen brave of his town, and the returned soldiers who gloriously represented her in the late struggle. S.

How New-York City is Governed. By JAMES PARTON. Reprinted from the "North-American Review." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

This pamphlet should be scattered broadcast over the land; besides being put into the hands of every tax-payer in the city which has brought such disgrace upon universal suffrage, through the selfishness of its more favored classes. E.

The Nation.—We say to all our readers, Take "THE NATION," if you can by any economizing, and read every line of it. It is full of manly, honest thought, expressed in plain, strong English, sure to build up and encourage the reader. E.